



*J. Wallis M.D. inv. & R. Hayman del.*

*C. Grignion Sculp.*

*He gave Himself a Ransom for All.*

*1 Tim. ii. 6.*

*Published by J. & J. Rivington.*



MEDITATIONS  
AND  
CONTEMPLATIONS.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

| VOL. I.                            | VOL. II.                         |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| MEDITATIONS among<br>the TOMBS;    | CONTEMPLATIONS on<br>the NIGHT;  |
| REFLECTIONS on a<br>FLOWER-GARDEN; | CONTEMPLATIONS<br>on the STARRY  |
| And, A DESCANT on<br>CREATION.     | HEAVENS; And,<br>A WINTER-PIECE. |

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By JAMES HERVEY, A.M.  
Rector of Weston-Favell, in Northamptonshire.

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The ELEVENTH EDITION.

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VOL. I.

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and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

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MDCCLIII.

04, 1142.



# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

**I** MUST intreat the Purchasers of the former Editions, to excuse the Freedom I have taken, in making some considerable Additions to this. It has been done at the Persuasion of several judicious Friends, who apprehended, the Piece might be more useful, and less unworthy of the public Patronage, if it touched upon some very interesting Subjects, hitherto omitted. As I had no Views, but to render the Performance more pleasing and serviceable; None, I hope, will be offended at my Practice, or complain of it as injurious. Nevertheless, as I would willingly avoid, whatever might seem to stand in need of an APOLOGY; I desire leave to declare,



*That no future Inlargements, or Alterations, shall be suffered to depreciate what, with the deepest Gratitude for their past Encouragement, I now commit to the Candour of the Public.*

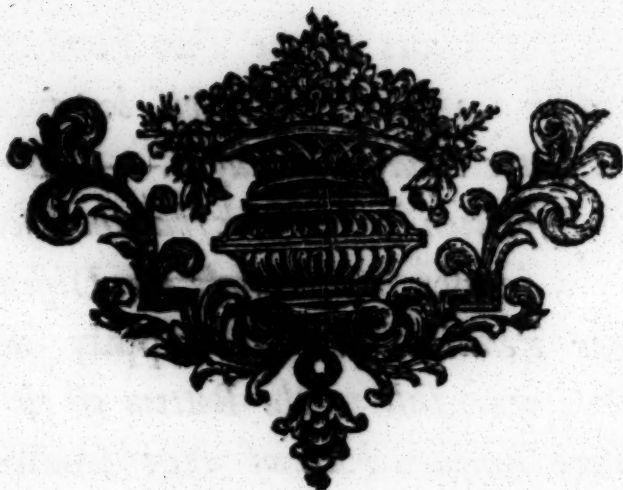
*It is owing to the delicate Design, the eloquent Pencil, and the still more amiable Condescension, of the very ingenious Dr. WALL, an eminent Physician at Worcester, that I am enabled to present my Readers with the Two beautiful and instructive Frontispieces——And, that these Volumes are thus elegantly adorned, without making any other Advance in the Price, than what unavoidably arises from the additional Number of Sheets, is owing to the Generosity of my honoured Friend, SIR THOMAS DRURY, Bart. Who, at his own Expence, furnished these costly Copper-plates, engraved by one of the finest Hands in the Kingdom. A Favour, which I take a very peculiar Satisfaction in acknowledging, not only as it is a signal Honour to the Author, and his Performance; but as it is also a pleasing and authentic Proof, that Christianity has it's Patrons in the superior Stations of Life: that there are Persons, who think it no  
Disgrace*

*Disgrace to their distinguished Rank, and ample Fortune, to countenance even the weakest Attempt, to promote the Interests of true Religion.*

*As for the MONUMENTAL Plate, having considered the most material Circumstances pretty largely (see Page 36.); I should have added nothing more in this Advertisement, had it not been to point out an important MORAL, suggested in the ARMS of the Two Families; not expressed in the Monument itself, but purposely inserted in the ensuing Draught.——It will on the first Inspection be observed, that the Escutcheon is rent in funder, to intimate the Dissolution of the near Relation, once so happily subsisting. The Fragments fall to the Bottom of the Plate, as Things comparatively of very small Consequence. The Motto, SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS\*, has not only a significant Reference to the Device of the Family Arms, to which it is annexed; but may be considered, as standing in a beautiful Connexion with that Celestial Crown,*

\* LET US PURSUE SUBLIMER OBJECTS.

*placed at the Top :—placed at the Top, as the  
GREAT SUBLIME OBJECT, TO THE PUR-  
SUIT OF WHICH All, who may in future  
Generations bear those ARMS, and All, who  
now behold them, are by these elevating Words  
affectionately invited.*







## The FRONTISPIECE

Presents the inside View of a Church—  
The Floor, the Pillars, and the Walls, are  
interspersed with sepulchral Stones, and fu-  
neral Inscriptions—On one Side, is the  
Monument of an Infant, adorned with an  
Urn, with a weeping Statue, and inscribed  
with the following Epitaph—*NASCENTES  
MORIMUR, No sooner born, than dead—*  
On a more elevated Tomb, and under an  
Assemblage of military Weapons, is pour-  
trayed a Warrior; supposed to be mortally  
wounded, expiring in the Attitude of Ado-  
ration, and with the Spirit of that noble  
Line,

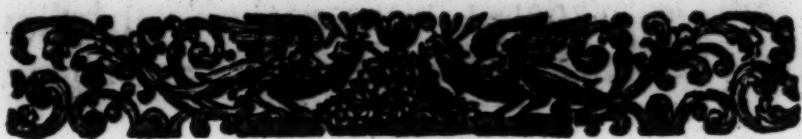
*“ O! save my Country, Heav’n!”—shall be  
thy last.*

A Youth, beholding the Representation of  
this gallant Patriot, seems to be struck with  
Admiration, and charmed with Delight. A

Minister diverts his Attention to an Object of infinitely higher Dignity, and greater Wonder. If the Hero died—*PRO PATRIA, In Defence of his Country*: CHRIST died—*PRO INIMICIS, For the Salvation of his Enemies*. An Instance this, of such disinterested, diffusive, and divine Benevolence; as makes all that Heroes have atchieved, and Patriots suffered, dwindle into Nothing, and scarce deserve our Notice.



VERSES



VERSES to Mr. HERVEY,  
ON HIS  
MEDITATIONS.

**I**N these lov'd Scenes, what rapt'rous  
Graces shine,  
Live in each Leaf, and breathe in ev'ry Line!  
What sacred Beauties beam throughout the  
Whole,  
To charm the Sense, and steal upon the Soul!  
In classic Elegance, and Thoughts---his own,  
We see our Faults, as in a Mirrour, shown:  
Each Truth, in glaring Characters exprest,  
All own the Twin Resemblance in their Breast:  
His easy Periods, and persuasive Page,  
At once amend, and entertain the Age:  
Nature's wide Fields all open to his View,  
He charms the Mind with something ever New:  
On Fancy's Pinions, his advent'rous Soul  
Wantons unbounded, and pervades the  
Whole:



From Death's dark Caverns in the Earth below,  
To Spheres, where Planets roll, or Comets glow.

See Him explore, with more than human  
Eyes,

The dreary Sepulchre, where *Granvil* lies :  
Converse with Stones, or monumental Brass,  
The rude Inscriptions,—or the painted Glass :  
To gloomy Vaults descend with awful Tread,  
And view the silent Mansions of the Dead.

To gayer Scenes He next adapts his Lines,  
Where lavish Nature in Embroid'ry shines :  
The Jess'mine Groves, the Woodbine's fragrant Bow'rs,  
With all the painted Family of Flow'rs :  
There, *Sacharissa* ! in each fleeting Grace,  
Read all the transient Honours of thy Face,

With equal Dignity, now see Him rise  
To paint the sable Horrors of the Skies :  
When all the wide Horizon lies in Shade ;  
And midnight Phantoms sweep along the  
Glade ;

All Nature hush'd--a solemn Silence reigns,  
And scarce a Breeze disturbs the sleeping Plains,

Last, yet not less, in Majesty of Phrase,  
He draws the full-orb'd Moon's expansive  
Blaze ; The

The waving Meteors, trembling from on high,  
 With all the mute Artill'ry of the Sky :  
 Systems on Systems, which in Order roll,  
 And dart their lambent Beams from Pole to  
 Pole.

Hail, mighty Genius ! whose excursive Soul  
 No Bounds confine, no Limits can controul :  
 Whose Eye expatiates, and whose Mind can  
 rove,

Through Earth, through Æther, and the  
 Realms above :

From things inanimate can direct \* the Rod,  
 In just Gradation, to ascend to God.

Taught by thy Lines, see hoary Age grows  
 wise,

And all the Rebel in his Bosom dies :

E'en thoughtless Youth, in Luxury of Blood,  
 Fly the infectious World, and dare--be Good :

Thy sacred Truths shall reach th' impervious  
 Heart ;

Discord shall cease, Disease forget to smart :  
 E'en Malice love, and Calumny commend ;  
 Pride beg an Alms, and Av'rice turn a Friend.

\* In Allusion to the Custom, of shewing curious Objects, and particularizing their respective Delicacies, by the *pointing* of a Rod.

Centred in CHRIST, who fires the Soul  
within,  
The Flesh shall know no Pain; the Soul, no Sin:  
E'en in the Terrors of expiring Breath,  
We bless the friendly Stroke, and live----in  
Death.

*Oxford, April 28. 1748.*



By a PHYSICIAN.

Celestial Meditant! whose Ardors rise  
Deep from the Tombs, and kindle to  
the Skies;  
How shall an earthly Bard's profaner String  
Resound the Flights of thy Seraphic Wing?  
When great ELIJAH, in the fiery Car,  
Flam'd visibly to Heav'n, a living Star,  
A Seer remain'd to *thunder* what he knew,  
And with his Mantle caught his Spirit too.

Wit, Fancy, Fire, and Elegance, have long  
Been lost in vicious, or ignoble Song:

Sunk



Sunk from the chaftefy Grand, the pure  
 Sublime,  
 They flatter'd Wealth and Pow'r, or murder'd  
 Time.  
 'Tis thine their devious Luftre to reduce,  
 To prove their nobleft Pow'r, their genuine  
 Ufe;  
 From earth-born Fumes to clear their tainted  
 Flame,  
 And point their Flight to Heav'n—from  
 whence they came.

O more than Bard in Profe! to whom belong  
 Harmonious Stile and Thought, in rhymelefs  
 Song;  
 Oft, by thy friendly Conduct, let me tread  
 The foftly whifp'ring Manfions of the Dead:  
 Where the grim Form, calcining Hinds and  
 Lords,  
 Grins at each fond Difinction Pride records.  
 Dumb, with immortal Energy they teach;  
 Lifelefs, they threaten; mould'ring, as they  
 preach  
 To each fucceeding Age, thro' ev'ry Clime,  
 The Span of Life, and endless Round of Time:  
 Hence may propitious Melancholy flow,  
 And Safety find me in the Vaults of Woe.

While

While ev'ry Virtue forms thy mental Feast,  
 I glow with fair Sincerity at least:  
 I feel (*thy Face unknown*) thy Heart refin'd,  
 And taste, with Bliss, the Beauties of thy Mind;  
 Collecting clearly, thro' thy sacred Plan,  
 What Reverence of God! what Love to Man!  
 —O! when at last our deathless Forms shall  
     rise,

And Flow'rs and Stars desist to moralize;  
 Shall then my Soul, by thine inform'd, survey,  
 And bear, the Splendors of essential Day?  
 But while my Thoughts indulge the glorious  
     Scope,

(My utmost Worth beneath my humblest  
     Hope)

Conscience, or some exhorting Angel, cries,  
 " No lazy Wishes reach above the Skies.  
 " Would you indeed the perfect Scenes survey,  
 " And share the Triumphs of unbounded  
     Day;  
 " His Love-diffusive Life with Ardor live;  
 " And die like this Divine Contemplative."

London, July 9. 1748.





By a PHYSICIAN.

**T**O form the Taste, and raise the nobler  
Part,  
To mend the Morals, and to warm the Heart;  
To trace the genial Source, we Nature call,  
And prove the God of Nature Friend of all;  
HERVEY for this his mental Landschape drew,  
And sketch'd the whole Creation out to View.

Th' enamel'd Bloom, and variegated Flow'r,  
Whose Crimfon changes with the changing  
Hour;  
The humble Shrub, whose Fragrance scents  
the Morn,  
With Buds disclosing to the early Dawn;  
The Oaks that grace *Britannia's* Mountains  
Side,  
And spicy *Lebanon's* superior \* Pride;  
All loudly SOV'REIGN EXCELLENCE proclaim,  
And animated Worlds confess the same.

The azure Fields that form th' extended Sky,  
The planetary Globes that roll on high,

\* The Cedar.

And



And solar Orbs, of proudest Blaze, combine,  
 To act subservient to the great Design.  
 Men, Angels, Seraphs, join the gen'ral Voice:  
 And in the Lord of Nature, ALL rejoice.

HIS, the grey *Winter's* venerable Guise,  
 It's shrowded Glories, and instructive Skies †;  
 HIS, the Snow's Plumes, that brood the Sick-  
     'ning Blade;  
 HIS, the bright Pendant, that impearls the  
     Glade;  
 The waving Forest, or the whisp'ring Brake;  
 The surging Billow, or the sleeping Lake.  
 The SAME, who pours the Beauties of the  
     Spring,  
 Or mounts the Whirlwind's desolating Wing.  
 The SAME, who smiles in Nature's peaceful  
     Form,  
 Frowns in the Tempest, and directs the Storm.

'Tis thine, bright Teacher, to improve the  
     Age;  
 'Tis thine, whose Life's a Comment on thy  
     Page.  
 Thy happy Page! whose Periods sweetly flow,  
 Whose Figures charm us, and whose Colours  
     glow.  
 Where *artless* Piety pervades the Whole,  
 Refines the Genius, and exalts the Soul.

† Referring to the *Winter-Piece*.

For

For let the Witling argue all he can,  
It is Religion still, that makes the Man.

'Tis *This*, my Friend, that streaks our  
Morning bright;  
'Tis *This*, that gilds the Horrors of our Night.  
When Wealth forsakes us, and when Friends  
are few;  
When Friends are faithless, or when Foes  
pursue;  
'Tis *This*, that wards the Blow, or stills the  
Smart;  
Disarms Affliction, or repels it's Dart;  
Within the Breast bids purest Rapture rise;  
Bids smiling Conscience spread her cloudless  
Skies.

When the Storm thickens, and the Thun-  
der rolls,  
When the Earth trembles to th'affrighted Poles;  
The virt'ous Mind, nor Doubts nor Fears assail;  
For Storms are Zephyrs, or a gentler Gale.

And when Disease obstructs the lab'ring  
Breath,  
When the Heart sickens, and each Pulse is  
Death;  
E'en then Religion shall sustain the Just,  
Grace their last Moments, nor desert their Dust.

*August 5. 1748.*



AS some *new Star* attracts th' admiring  
 Sight,  
 His Splendors pouring thro' the Fields of  
 Light,  
 Whole Nights, delighted with th' unusual Rays,  
 On the fair heav'nly *Visitant* we gaze :  
 So thy fam'd *Volumes* sweet Surprise impart ;  
 Mark'd by all Eyes, and felt in ev'ry Heart.  
 Nature, inform'd by Thee, new Paths has trod,  
 And rises, *here*, a Preacher for her GOD ;  
 By Fancy's Aids mysterious Heights she tries,  
 And lures us, by our Senses, to the Skies.  
 To deck thy *Stile* collected Graces throng,  
 Bold as the Pencil's *Tints*, yet soft as *Song*.  
 In Themes, how rich thy Vein ! how pure thy  
 Choice !  
 'Transcripts of Truths, own'd clear from Scrip-  
 ture's Voice :  
 Thy Judgment these, and Piety attest,  
 Transcripts—read only fairer in thy Breast.  
*There*, what thy Works would shew, we best  
 may see,  
 And all *they* teach in Doctrine, *lives* in Thee.  
 Oh !



Oh!—might they live!—Our Pray'rs their  
Strife engage;

But thy fix'd Languors yield us sad Presage.  
In vain skill'd *Med'cine* tries her healing Art:  
Disease, long Foe, entrenches at thy Heart.  
Yet on new Labours still thy Mind is prone,  
For a World's Good too thoughtless of thy own.  
Active, like Day's kind Orb, Life's Course you  
run,

It's Sphere still glorious, tho' a *setting Sun*.  
*Redemption* opes Thee wide her healing Plan,  
Health's *only* Balm, her sov'reign'st Gift to Man.  
Themes sweet like these thy Ardors, fresh,  
excite:

Warm at the Soul, they nerve thy Hand to  
write;

Make thy try'd Virtues in their Charms appear,  
*Patience*, rais'd *Hope*, firm *Faith*, and *Love*  
sincere;

Like a big Constellation, bright they glow,  
And beam out lovelier by thy *Night* of Woe.

Known were thy Merits to the Public long,  
Ere own'd thus feebly in my humble Song.  
Damp'd are my Fires; my Heart dark Cares  
depress;

A Heart, too feeling from it's own Distress.  
Proud on thy Friendship, yet, to build my Fame,  
I gain'd my Page \* a Sanction from *thy Name*.

\* SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

Weak these Returns (by Gratitude tho' led)  
 Where *mine* shall in thy fav'rite Leaves be read.  
 Yet, o'er my conscious Meanness Hope prevails;  
*Love* gives me Merit, where my Genius fails.  
 On *it's* strong Base my small Desert I raise,  
 Averse to Flatt'ry, as unskill'd to praise.

*Mile-End Green,  
 Feb. 23. 1749.*

MOSES BROWNE.



**W**Hence flow these solemn Sounds? this  
 raptur'd Strain?  
 Cherubic Notes my wond'ring Ear detain!  
 Yet 'tis a Mortal's Voice: 'Tis HERVEY sings:  
 Sublime he soars on Contemplation's Wings:  
 In ev'ry Period breathes ecstatic Thought.  
 HERVEY, 'twas Heav'n thy sacred Lessons  
 taught:  
 Celestial Visions bless thy studious Hours,  
 Thy lonely Walks, and thy sequestred Bow'rs.

What fav'ring Pow'r, dispensing secret Aids,  
 Thy cavern'd Cell, thy curtain'd Couch,  
 pervades?

Still

Still hov'ring near, observant of thy Themes,  
In Whispers prompts thee, or inspires thy  
Dreams?

JESUS! Effulgence of paternal Light!  
Ineffably divine! supremely bright!  
Whose Energy according Worlds attest,  
Kindled these Ardours in thy glowing Breast.  
We catch thy Flame, as we thy Page peruse;  
And Faith in ev'ry Object JESUS views.  
We in the bloomy breathing Garden trace  
Somewhat—like Emanations of his Grace:  
Yet must all Sweetness and all Beauty yield,  
*Idume's* Grove, and *Sharon's* flow'ry Field,  
Compar'd with JESUS: Meanly, meanly shows  
The brightest Lily, faint the loveliest Rose.

Divine Instructor! lead thro' midnight  
Glooms,  
To moralizing Stars, and preaching Tombs:  
Thro' the still Void a Saviour's Voice shall break,  
A Ray from *Jacob's* Star the Darkness streak:  
To him the fairest Scenes their Lustre owe;  
His Cov'nant brightens the celestial Bow;  
His vast Benevolence profusely spreads  
The yellow Harvests, and the verdant Meads.

Thy Pupil, HERVEY, a Redeemer finds  
In boundless Oceans, and in viewless Winds:



He reins at Will the furious Blasts, and guides  
The rending Tempests, and the roaring  
Tides.

O give, my Soul, thy Welfare to his Trust:  
Who rais'd the World, can raise thy sleeping  
Dust!

He will, he will, when Nature's Course is run,  
Midst falling Stars, and an extinguish'd Sun:  
He will with Myriads of his Saints appear.  
O may I join them, tho' the meanest there!

Tho' nearer to the Throne my HERVEY sings;  
Tho' I at humbler Distance strike the Strings;  
Yet both shall mingle in the same Employ,  
Both drink the Fulness of eternal Joy.

*Clerkenwell Green,  
Feb. 24. 1742.*

JOHN DUICK.



WHAT Numbers of our Race survey  
The Monarch of the golden Day,  
Night's ample Canopy unfurl'd,  
In gloomy Grandeur round the World,  
The Earth in Spring's Embroid'ry drest,  
And Ocean's ever-working Breast!

And

And still no grateful Honours rise  
 To him who spread the spacious Skies,  
 Who hung this air-suspended Ball,  
 And lives, and reigns, and shines, in All!

To chase our sensual Fogs away,  
 And bright to pour th' eternal Ray  
 Of Deity, inscrib'd around  
 Wide Nature to her utmost Bound,  
 Is HERVEY's Task: And well his Skill  
 Celestial can the Task fulfil:  
 Ascending from these Scenes below,  
 Ardent the Maker's Praise to show,  
 His sacred Contemplations soar,  
 And teach our Wonder to adore.

Now he surveys the Realms beneath,  
 The Realms of Horror, and of Death;  
 Now entertains his vernal Hours  
 In flow'ry Walks, and blooming Bow'rs;  
 Now hails the black-brow'd Night, that brings  
 Æthereal Dews upon her Wings;  
 Now marks the Planets, as they roll  
 On burning Axles round the Pole:  
 While *Tombs*, and *Flow'rs*, and *Shades*, and *Stars*,  
 Unveil their sacred Characters  
 Of Justice, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Love;  
 And lift the Soul to Realms above,

Where dwells the God, in Glory crown'd,  
Who sends his boundless Influence round.

So *Jacob*, in his blissful Dreams,  
Array'd in Heav'n's refulgent Beams,  
Saw from the Ground a Scale arise,  
Whose Summit mingled with the Skies:  
Angels were pleas'd to pass the Road,  
The Stage to Earth, and Path to God.

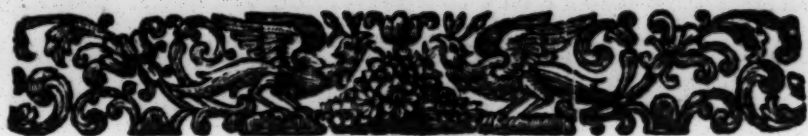
HERVEY, proceed: For Nature yields  
Fresh Treasure in her ample Fields;  
And in seraphic Ecstasy  
Still bear us to the Throne on high.  
*Ocean's* wild Wonders next explore,  
His changing Scenes, and secret Store;  
Or let dire EARTHQUAKE claim thy Toil,  
EARTHQUAKE, that shakes a guilty Isle.

So, if small Things may shadow forth,  
Dear Man, thy Labours, and thy Worth,  
The Bee upon the flow'ry Lawn  
Imbibes the lucid Drops of Dawn,  
Works them in his mysterious Mould,  
And turns the common Dew to Gold.

*London,*  
*May 26. 1750.*

THOMAS GIBBONS.





**D**elightful Author! whom the Saints  
inspire!

And whisp'ring Angels with their Ardors fire!  
From *Youth* like mine, wilt Thou accept of  
Praise?

Or smile with Candour on a Stripling's Lays?  
My little Laurel (but a Shoot at most)  
Has hardly more than one small Wreath to  
boast.

Such as it is—(Ah! might it worthier be!)  
It's scanty Foliage all is due to THEE.  
Oh! if, amongst the Honours of thy Brow,  
This slender Circlet may but humbly grow:  
If it's faint Verdure haply may find Place—  
A Foil to others;—Tho' it's own Disgrace;  
Accept it, HERVEY, from a Heart sincere;  
And, for the Giver's Sake,—the Tribute wear.

Thy Soul-improving Works perus'd, what  
Tongue  
Can hold from Praise, or check th' applausive  
Song?

But

But ah ! from whence shall Gratitude obtain  
 Language that may it's glowing Zeal explain?  
 How to such wond'rous Worth adapt a  
                     Strain? }

Describ'd by Thee, cold Sepulchres can charm;  
 Storms, calm the Soul; and freezing Winter,  
                     warm.

Clear'd from her gloomy Shades, we view  
                     pale Night

Surrounded with a Blaze of *mental* Light.

Lo! where she comes! all silent! pensive!  
                     flow!

On her dark Robe unnumber'd Meteors glow!  
 High on her Head a starry Crown she wears!  
 Bright in her Hand the Lamp of Reason bears!  
 Smiling,—behold! She points the Soul to  
                     Heav'n,

And bids the weeping Sinner be forgiv'n!

But when thy Fancy shifts this solemn Scene,  
 And ruddy Morning gilds the chearful Green;  
 With sudden Joy we view the Prospect chang'd,  
 And blushing Sweets in beauteous Order rang'd,  
 We see the Violets; smell the dewy Rose,  
 And each Perfume that from the Woodbind  
                     flows.

A boundless Perspective there greets our Eyes:  
 Rich Vales descend, and verdant Mountains  
                     rise.

The

The Shepherds Cottages, the rural Folds :  
All, that thy Art describes, the Eye beholds !

Amazing Limner ! whence this matchless  
Pow'r ?

Thy Work's a Garden !--ev'ry Word, a Flow'r !  
Thy lovely Tints almost the Bloom excel,  
And none but Nature's Self can paint so well !

Hail, holy Man !—henceforth thy Work  
shall stand  
(Like some fair Column by a Master-Hand,  
Which, whilst it props, adorns the tow'ring  
Pile)

At once to grace, and elevate our *Isle*.  
Tho' simple, lofty ; tho' majestic, plain ;  
Whose bold Design the Rules of Art restrain.  
In which the nicest Eye sees nothing wrong :  
Tho' polish'd, just ; and elegant, tho' strong.

ST. GEORGE MOLESWORTH.

*June 24. 1750.*







**I**N Pleasure's Lap the Muses long have lain,  
 And hung, attentive, on her *Siren* Strain:  
 Still toils the Bard beneath some weak Design,  
 And puny Thought but halts along the Line:  
 Or tuneful *Nothings*, stealing on the Mind,  
 Melt into Air, nor leave a Trace behind.  
 While to thy rapt'rous Prose, we feel, belong  
 The Strength of Wisdom, and the Voice of  
 Song:

This lifts the Torch of sacred Truth on high,  
 And points the Captives to their native Sky.

How false the Joys, which Earth or Sense  
 inspires,  
 That clog the Soul, and damp her purer Fires!  
 Truths, which thy solemn Scenes, my Friend,  
 declare,  
 Whose glowing Colours paint us as we are.  
 Yet not morosely stern, nor idly gay,  
 Dull Melancholy reigns, or Trifles sway;  
 Ill wou'd the Strains of Levity besit,  
 And fullen Gloom but sadden all thy Wit:  
 Truth,

Truth, Judgment, Sense, Imagination, join;  
 And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace, is thine.  
 Religion prompting the true End of Man,  
 Conspiring Genius executes the Plan :  
 Strong to convince, and elegant to charm,  
 Plaintive to melt, or passionate to warm.  
 Rais'd by Degrees, we elevate our Aim ;  
 And grow immortal, as we catch thy Flame ;  
 True Piety informs our languid Hearts,  
 And all the Vicious, and the Vain, departs.  
 So, when foul spreading Fogs creep slowly on,  
 Blot the fair Morn, and hide the golden Sun ;  
 Ardent he pours the boundless Blaze of Day,  
 Rides through the Sky, and shines the Mist  
 away.

O, had it been th' Almighty's gracious Will,  
 That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill ;  
 Had this poor Breast receiv'd the heav'nly  
 Beam,  
 Which spreads it's Lustre thro' thy various  
 Theme ;  
 That speaks deep Lessons from the silent *Tomb*,  
 And crowns thy *Garden* with fresh-springing  
 Bloom ;  
 Or, piercing thro' *Creation's* ample Whole,  
 Now sooths the *Night*, or gilds the *starry Pole* ;  
 Or marks how *Winter* calls her howling Train,  
 Her Snows and Storms, that desolate the Plain ;  
 With

[ xxx ]

With Thee the Muse should trace the pleasing  
Road,  
That leads from Nature up to Nature's God;  
Humble to learn, and, as she knows the more,  
Glad to obey, and happy to adore.

*Northampton,  
25 Aug. 1750.*

PETER WHALLEY.



TO





T O

Miss R----- T-----

MADAM,

**T**H E S E Reflections, the One on the *deepest*, the Other on the *gayest* Scenes of Nature; when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addressed to a Lady of the most valuable Endowments. Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a cordial Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas! lives no longer

xxxii DEDICATION.

longer on Earth; unless it be in the Honours of a distinguished Character, and the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

It is impossible, Madam, to wish You a richer Blessing, or a more substantial Happiness, than that the same Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the same Course of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement in requesting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Press*, is, that they are designed to cultivate the same sacred *Principle*, and to promote the same excellent *Practice*.

LONG, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiability of Youth, like the charming Subject of one of these Contemplations. But at the same time remember, that, with regard to such inferior Accomplishments, You must one Day *fade*, (may  
it

## D E D I C A T I O N.      xxxiii

it prove some very remote Period!) like the mournful Objects of the other. This Consideration will prompt You to go on, as you have begun, in adding the *Meekness* of *Wisdom*, and all the *Beauties* of *Holiness*, to the Graces of an engaging Person, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

AND might——O! might the ensuing Hints furnish You with the least Assistance, in prosecuting so desirable an End; might they contribute, in any Degree, to establish your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, administer to the Author such a Satisfaction, as Applause cannot give, nor Censure take away: A Satisfaction, which I should be able to enjoy, even in those awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is sinking in Darkness, and every Glory of this lower World disappearing for ever.

THESE Wishes, Madam, as they are a most agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, so they come attended with this additional



xxxiv DEDICATION.

Circumstance of Pleasure, that they are also  
the sincerest Expression of that very great  
Esteem, with which I am,

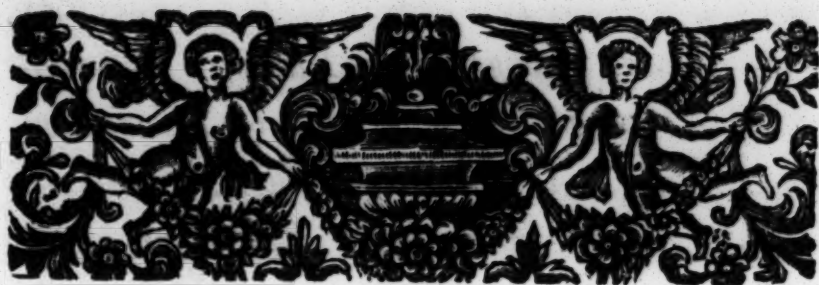
MADAM,

*Your most Obedient,*

*Most Humble Servant,*

Weston-Favell, near  
Northampton,  
May 20. 1746.

JAMES HERVEY.



## P R E F A C E.

**T**H E first of these occasional Meditations, begs leave to remind my Readers of their latter End; and would invite them to set, not their Houses only, but, which is inexpressibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any anxious Apprehensions: And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terrestrial Things, with all the Calmness of a cheerful Resignation, with all the Comforts of a well-grounded Faith.

*The other attempts to sketch out some little Traces of the All-sufficiency of our Redeemer, for the grand and gracious Purposes of everlasting Salvation. That a Sense of his unutterable Dignity, and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him, with Sentiments of the most profound Veneration; to long for an assured Interest in his Merits, with all the Ardency of Desire; and to trust in his powerful Mediation, with an Affiance not to be shaken by any Temptations, not to be shared with any Performances of our own.*

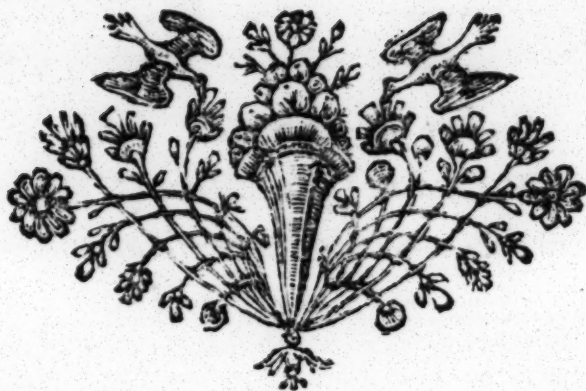
*I flatter myself, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs, may be welcome to the serious and humane Mind. Because, as there are few, who have not consigned the Remains of some dear Relations, or honoured Friends, to those silent Repositories; so there are none, but must be sensible, that this is the House appointed for all Living; and that they themselves, are shortly to remove into the same solemn Mansions.—And who would not turn aside, for a while, from the most favourite Amusements, to view the Place, where his once-loved Com-*



panions lie? *Who would not sometimes survey those Apartments, where he himself is to take up an Abode, till Time shall be no more?*

*As to the other little Essay, may I not humbly presume, that the very Subject itself will recommend the Remarks? For, who is not delighted with the Prospect of the blooming Creation, and even charmed with the delicate Attractions of Flowers? Who does not covet to assemble them in the Garden, or wear them in a Nosegay? Since this is a Passion so universal, who would not be willing to render it productive of the sublimest Improvement?—This Piece of holy Frugality, I have ventured to suggest, and endeavoured to exemplify, in the Second Letter; that, while the Hand is cropping the transient Beauties of a Flower, the attentive Mind may be enriching itself with solid and lasting Good.—And I cannot but entertain some pleasing Hopes, that the nicest Taste may receive and relish religious Impressions, when they are conveyed by such lovely Monitors; when the instructive Lessons are found, not on the Leaves of some formidable Folio, but stand legible on the fine Sarcenet of*

*a Narcissus; when they savour not of the Lamp  
and Recluse, but come breathing from the fra-  
grant Bosom of a Jonquil.*



M E D I-

# MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

# T O M B S.

---

*Every Stone that we look upon, in this Repository of past Ages,  
is both an Entertainment, and a Monitor.*

Plain-Dealer, Vol. I. No. 42.

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T H E  
C O N T E N T S.

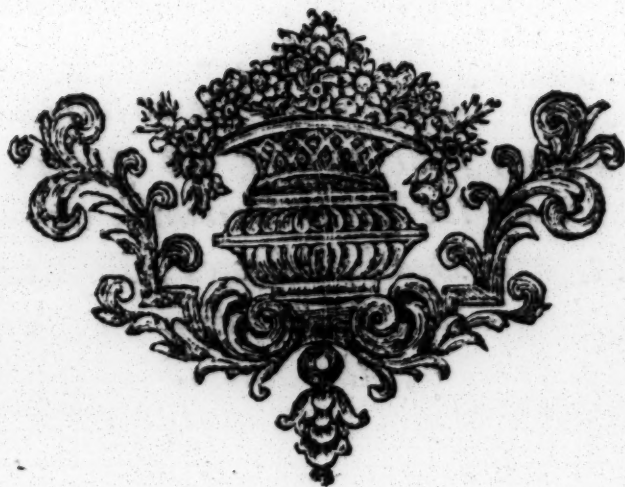
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# MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

## T O M B S.

---

In a LETTER to a LADY.

---

MADAM,

**T**RAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at a considerable Village, in that County: Where, finding myself under an unexpected Necessity of staying a little, I took a Walk to the *Church* \*. The Doors, like the Heaven to which they lead, were wide open; and rea-

\* I had named, in some former Editions, a *particular Church*, viz. KILKHAMPTON; where several of the Mo-



dily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleas-  
ed with the Opportunity, I resolved to spend  
a few Minutes under the sacred Roof.

IN a Situation so *retired* and *awful*, I could  
not avoid falling into a Train of Meditati-  
ons, *serious* and *mournfully pleasing*. Which,  
I trust, were in some degree profitable to *me*,  
while they possessed and warmed my  
Thoughts; and, if they may administer any  
Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are  
recollected, and committed to writing, I  
shall receive a fresh Pleasure from them.

IT was an *antient Pile*; reared by Hands,  
that, Ages ago, were mouldered into Dust.  
-----Situate in the *Centre* of a large *Burial-*  
*Ground*; remote from all the Noise and Hur-  
ry of tumultuous Life.----The Body *spacious*;  
the Structure *lofty*; the whole *magnificently*  
*plain*. A Row of *regular Pillars* extended  
themselves through the Midst; and support-

numents, described in the following Pages, *really exist*.  
But, as I thought it convenient, to mention some Cases  
*here*, which are not, according to the best of my Re-  
membrance, referred to in any Inscriptions *there*; I have  
now omitted the *Name*: that *Imagination* might operate  
more freely, and the *Improvement* of the Reader be con-  
sulted, without any thing that should look like a *Variation*  
from the Truth of *Fact*.

ed the *Roof* with Simplicity, and with Dignity.----The Light, that passed through the Windows, seemed to shed a kind of *luminous Obscurity*; which gave every Object a *grave* and *venerable* Air.---The deep *Silence*, added to the gloomy Aspect, and both heightened by the Loneliness of the Place, greatly increased the *Solemnity* of the *Scene*.----A sort of *religious Dread* stole insensibly on my Mind, as I advanced, all pensive and thoughtful, along the inmost Isle. Such as hushed every *ruder Passion*, and dissipated all the *gay Images* of an alluring World.

HAVING adored that *Eternal Majesty*, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footstool-----I took particular Notice of a handsome *Altar-piece*; presented, as I was afterwards informed, by the *Master-Builders* of *Stow*\*; out of Gratitude, I presume, to that gracious God, who carried them through their Work, and en-

\* The Name of a noble Seat, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*: remarkable formerly for its excellent Workmanship, and elegant Furniture; once the grand Resort of the Quality and Gentry of the West; but now demolished, laid even with the Ground, and scarce one Stone left upon another.----So that Corn may grow, or Nettles spring, where *Stow* lately stood.

abled them to “ bring forth their Top-stone  
“ with Joy.”

O! how amiable is *Gratitude*! especially when it has the *supreme Benefactor* for it's Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude, as the most exalted Principle, that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has something noble, disinterested, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generously devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's self. But the Exercises of Gratitude subsisted in *Paradise*, when there was *no Fault* to deplore; and will be perpetuated in *Heaven*, when “ God shall be *All in all*.”

THE Language of this sweet Temper is, “ I am unspeakably obliged: What Return  
“ shall I make?”---And, surely, it is no improper Expression of an unfeigned Thankfulness, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* “ the *Place* where his Honour dwel-  
“ leth.” Of old, the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not, now, be fordid or contemptible. It must grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houses wainscoted with *Cedar*, and painted with *Vermilion*;



while the Temple of the Lord of Hosts is destitute of every *decent* Ornament.

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon's* fine *Address* to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous *Temple*. With immense Charge, and exquisite Skill, he had erected the most rich and finished Structure, that the Sun ever saw. Yet, upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the transcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he *exalts* the one, and *abases* the other!----- The Building was too *glorious*, for the mightiest Monarch to inhabit; too *sacred*, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too *mean*, for the Deity to reside in. It was, and the Royal Worshiper acknowledged it to be, a most marvellous Vouchsafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his Name there." The whole Passage breathes such a *Delicacy*, and is animated with such a *Sublimity* of Sentiment, that I cannot persuade myself to pass on without repeating it. \* *But will GOD*

\* 1 Kings viii. 27. *But will*---A fine abrupt Beginning, most significantly describing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind!----*GOD*: He uses no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Discernment would have been fond to multiply them: But speaks of the Deity, as an incomprehensible Being, whose Excel-

*indeed dwell on Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain thee; how much less this House that I have builded!---* Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wisest of Men. Who would not choose to possess such an *elevated Devotion*, rather than to own all the *glittering Materials* of that sumptuous Edifice?

WE are apt to be struck with Admiration, at the *beautiful Grandeur* of a masterly Per-

lency is exalted above all Praise.----*Dwell*: To bestow on sinful Creatures a propitious Look, or favour them with a transient Visit of Kindness, would have been an unutterable Obligation: Will he then vouchsafe to fix his Abode, and take up his stated Residence among them?---*Indeed*: A Word, in this Connexion, exceedingly emphatical; expressive of a Condescension, wonderful and extraordinary almost beyond all Credibility.----Then a most important Reason is suggested for the preceding Admiration: *Behold*: Intimating the continued, or rather the increasing Surprise of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer.-----*Behold! the Heaven*: The spacious Concave of the Firmament; that wide-extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, is too scanty an Apartment for the Godhead. Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens*: Those vastly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey; to which our very Thoughts can hardly soar; even These (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for JEHOVAH: even these dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Essence; even These "are as nothing before him." ---*How much less* proportionate is this poor diminutive Speck (which I have been erecting and embellishing), to so august a Presence, so immense a Majesty!

formance

formance in Architecture. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the antient Sanctuary, should have made the *superficial Observation* of the Disciples, “What manner of Stones, and “what Buildings are here!”----But what a *nobler* Turn of Thought, and *juster* Taste of Things, does it discover; to join with *Israel's* King, in celebrating the *Condescension* of the Divine Inhabitant! That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immensity with his Glory, should, in a peculiar manner, fix his Abode there! Should *there* manifest an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Presence; permit sinful Mortals to approach his Majesty; and promise “to make them joyful in his House of Prayer!”----*This* should more sensibly affect our *Hearts*, than the most *curious Arrangement* of Stones can delight our *Eyes*.

NAY, the everlasting God does not disdain to *dwell* in our *Souls* by his Holy Spirit; and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.---Tell me, ye that frame critical Judgments, and balance nicely the Distinction of Things, “Is this most astonishing, or most rejoicing?”----He *humbleth* himself, the Scripture assures us, even to *behold* the Things that



are in *Heaven*\*. 'Tis a most condescending Favour, if HE pleases to take the least approving Notice of Angels and Archangels, when they bow down in Homage from their celestial Thrones: And yet will he graciously regard, will he be *intimately united* to poor, polluted, *breathing Dust*?---O! unparallel'd Honour! Invaluable Privilege! Be this my Portion, and I shall not covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

BUT let me remember, what a *Sanctity of Disposition*, and *Uprightness of Conversation*, so exalted a Relation demands: Remember this, "and rejoice with Trembling."---Durst I commit any Iniquity, while I tread these hallowed Courts? Could the *Jewish High Priest* allow himself in any known Transgression, while he made that solemn yearly Entrance † into the *Holy of Holies*, and stood before the immediate Presence of *JEHOVAH*? No, truly. In *such* Circumstances, a thinking Person must shudder at the most remote Solicitation, to any wilful Offence. I should *now* be shocked at the *least* Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehensive of every Appearance of Evil.----And why do

\* Psal. cxiii. 6.

† Hebr. ix. 7.

we not carry this *holy Jealousy*, into all our ordinary Life? Why do we not, in every Place, \* *reverence ourselves*; as Persons dedicated to the Divinity, as *living Temples* of the Godhead? For, if we are real, and not merely nominal Christians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promise, † *dwells in us, and walks in us.*----O! that this one Doctrine of our Religion might operate, with an abiding Efficacy, upon our Consciences! It would be instead of a *thousand Laws*, to regulate our Conduct; instead of a *thousand Motives*, to quicken us in Holiness. Under the Influence of *such a Conviction*, we should study to maintain a *Purity* of Intention; a *Dignity* of Action; and “to walk worthy of HIM,” who has called us to this *most sacred Union* with his blessed Self.

THE next Thing, that engaged my Attention, was the *Lettered Floor*: The Pave-

\* ——— παντων δε μαλιστα ισχυνεις αυτον, Was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and supposed to be the best moral Precept, ever given to the heathen World. With what superior Force, and infinite Advantage, does the Argument take place in the Christian Scheme! Where we are taught to regard ourselves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, that have *Reason* for our Monitor; but as *consecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the most consummate Perfection ever *with us, ever in us.*

† 2 Cor. vi. 16.

ment,

ment, somewhat like *Ezekiel's* Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I soon perceived the Comparison to hold good in another respect, and the *Inscriptions* to be Matter of "*Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe\**." They seemed to court my Observation; silently inviting me to read them, And what would these *dumb* Monitors inform me of?----" That beneath their little Circumferences, were deposited such and such *Pieces of Clay*, which once *lived*, and *moved*, and *talked*: That they had received a Charge to preserve their Names, and were the remaining *Trustees* of their *Memory*."

AH! said I, is such my Situation! The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow Creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reason to cry out, with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place†!* Seriousness, and Devotion, become this House for ever. May I never enter it lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

*Ob! that they were wise ||!* said the inspired Penman. It was his last Wish for his dear People: He breathed it out, and gave

\* Ezek. ii. 10.  
xxxii. 29.

† Gen. xxviii. 17.

|| Deut.



up the Ghost.----But what is Wisdom? It consists not in refined Speculations; accurate Researches into Nature; or an universal Acquaintance with History. The divine Law-giver settles this important Point, in his next Aspiration: *Oh! that they understood this!* That they had right Apprehensions of their spiritual Interests, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to discern, and Inclinations to pursue, the Things which belong to their Peace!----But how shall they attain this valuable Knowledge? I send them not, adds the illustrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may much more expeditiously acquire this Science of Life, *by considering their latter End.* This *Spark* of Heaven is often lost, under the *Glitter* of pompous Erudition; but shines clearly, in the *gloomy* Mansions of the *Tomb*. Drowned is this gentle *Whisper*, amidst the *Noise* of mortal Affairs; but speaks distinctly, in the *Retirements* of serious *Contemplation*.----Behold! how providentially I am brought to the *School of Wisdom!* \* The

\* The Man how wise, who, sick of gaudy Scenes,  
Is led by Choice to take his favourite Walk  
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress Shades,  
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic Ray!  
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,  
Visit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!

*Night-Thoughts.*

Grave,

Grave, is the most faithful † Master; and these Instances of Mortality, the most instructive Lessons.---Come then, *calm Attention*, and compose my Thoughts; Come, thou *celestial Spirit*, and enlighten my Mind; that I may so peruse these awful Pages, as to become “wise unto Salvation.”

EXAMINING the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a \* *promiscuous Multitude*. They were *buddled*, at least they *rested* together, without any regard to *Rank* or *Seniority*. None were ambitious of the uppermost Rooms, or chief Seats, in this House of Mourning. None entertained fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darksome Cells. The *Man* of *Years* and *Experience*, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, was content to lie down at the Feet of a *Babe*. In this House appointed for all Living, the *Servant* was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same Story, with his *Master*. The *poor Indigent* lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most *opulent Possessor*. All the Distinction that subsisted, was, a grassy Hillock, bound

† Wait the great Teacher Death.

Pope.

\* *Mista Senum ac Juvenum densantur Funera.* Hor.

with

with Officers; or a sepulchral Stone, ornamented with Imagery.

WHY then, said my working Thoughts, oh! why should we raise such a mighty Stir, about *Superiority* and *Precedence*; when the next Remove, will reduce us all to a State of *equal Meanness*? Why should we exalt ourselves, or debase others; since we must all, one Day, be upon a common Level, and blended together in the same undistinguished Dust? Oh! that this Consideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and sink our *Imaginations* as low, as our *Habitation* will shortly be!

AMONG these confused Relics of Humanity, there are, without doubt, Persons of *contrary Interests*, and *contradicting Sentiments*: But Death, like some able Days-man, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties; and brought all their Differences to an \* amicable Conclusion. Here Enemies, *sworn Enemies*, dwell together in *Unity*. They drop every embittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps, their crum-

\* *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta,  
Pulveris exigui factu compressa quiescent.*



bling Bones *mix*, as they *moulder* : and those who, while they lived, stood aloof in *irreconcilable Variance* ; here fall into *mutual Embraces*, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave.---Oh ! that we might learn from these friendly Ashes, not to perpetuate the *Memory of Injuries* ; not to foment the *Fever of Resentment* ; nor cherish the *Turbulence of Passion* : that there may be as little Animosity and Disagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead !---But I suspend for a while such *general Observations*, and address myself to a more *particular Inquiry*.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of One, who breathed out it's tender Soul, almost in the Instant of receiving it.---There, the peaceful *Infant*, without so much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, “ \* lies still and is quiet ; it sleeps and is at “ Rest.” Staying only to wash away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a speedy Adieu to Time, and terrestrial Things.---What did the little hasty Sojourner find, so forbidding and disgustful in

\* Job iii. 13.

our upper World, to occasion its precipitant Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its suffering Saviour, that when He had tasted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink \*: And did our new-come Stranger, begin to *sip* the Cup of Life: but, perceiving the *Bitterness*, turn away it's Head, and refuse the *Draught*? Was this the Cause, why the wary Babe only opened it's Eyes; just looked on the Light; and then withdrew, into the more inviting Regions of undisturbed Repose?

O! fortunate Voyager; that wast no sooner *launched*, than *arrived* at the *Haven* †!— But more happy *they*, who have passed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troublesome and dangerous World; who, “thro’ many Tribulations, have entered” “into the Kingdom of Heaven;” and thereby brought *Honour* to their Divine Convoy, administred *Comfort* to the Companions of their Toil, and left an instructive *Example* to succeeding Pilgrims.

\* Matth. xxvii 34.

† Happy the Babe, who, privileg'd by Fate  
To shorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,  
Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,  
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.

Prior's Sol.

O! happy Probationer! *accepted*, without being *exercised*! it was thy peculiar Privilege, not to *feel* the slightest of those Evils, which *oppress* thy surviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans from the most manly Fortitude, or most elevated Faith. The Arrows of *Calamity*, barbed with Anguish, are *often* fixed deep in our choicest Comforts. The fiery Darts of *Temptation*, shot from the Hand of Hell, are *always* flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, sweet Babe, both these *Distresses* and *Dangers* were alike unknown.

CONSIDER this, ye *mourning Parents*, and dry up your Tears. Why should you lament, that your Little-ones are crowned with Victory, before the Sword was drawn, or the Conflict begun?----Perhaps, the supreme Disposer of Events, foresaw some inevitable *Snare* of *Temptation* forming, or some dreadful *Storm* of *Adversity* impending. And why should you be so dissatisfied, with that *kind Precaution*; which housed your pleasant Plant, and removed into Shelter a tender Flower, before the Thunders roared: before the Lightnings flew: before the Tempest poured it's Rage?----O remember! they  
are



are not *lost*, but *taken away from the Evil to come* \*.

AT the same time, let *Survivors*, doomed to bear the Heat and Burden of the Day, reflect, for their Encouragement----That it is more honourable to have entered the Lists, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. They, who have bore the Cross, and submitted to afflictive Providences, with a chearful Resignation; have girded up the Loins of their Mind, and performed their Master's Will, with an honest and persevering Fidelity :---These, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as Stars of the *first Magnitude* in Heaven. They will shine with brighter Beams, be replenished with stronger Joys, in their LORD's everlasting Kingdom.

HERE lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blasted Expectation of an indulgent Father.---The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bid fair for Manhood: but just as the *Cedar* began to tower; and promised, ere long, to be the Pride of the Wood, and Prince

\* Isa. lvii. 1.

among the neighbouring Trees;---behold! the *Ax* is laid unto the Root; the fatal *Blow* struck; and all it's *branching Honours* tumbled to the Dust.--And did he fall alone? O! no: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleasing Prospects of Her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

DOUBTLESS, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents, following the breathless Boy, to his long Home. Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all overwhelmed with Sorrows, they stood, like weeping Statues, on this very Spot.----Methinks, I see the deeply-distressed Mourners attending the sad Solemnity: How they wring their Hands, and pour Floods from their Eyes!----Is it Fancy? or do I really hear the passionate *Mother*, in an Agony of Affliction, taking her final Leave of *the Darling* of her Soul? Dumb she remained, while the *awful Obsequies* were performing; dumb with Grief, and leaning upon the Partner of her Woes. But now the inward Anguish struggles for Vent; it grows too big to be repressed. She advances to the Brink of the Grave. All her Soul is in her Eyes. She fastens one more Look upon the *dear doleful Object*, before the Pit shuts it's  
Mouth

Mouth upon him. And as she looks, she cries;---in broken Accents, interrupted by many a rising Sob, she cries,----“ Farewel,  
 “ my Son! my Son! my only Beloved!  
 “ Would to God I had died for thee!--Fare-  
 “ wel, my Child! and farewell, all my earthly  
 “ Happiness!--I shall never more see Good,  
 “ in the Land of the Living.---Attempt not  
 “ to comfort me.---I will go mourning, all  
 “ my Days, till my grey Hairs come down,  
 “ with Sorrow, to the Grave.”

FROM this affecting Representation, let Parents be convinced, how highly it concerns them to *cultivate* the *Morals*, and *secure* the *immortal* Interest, of their Children.---If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your Bowels yearn over those amiable Pledges of conjugal Endearment; O! spare no Pains; give all Diligence, I intreat you, to “ bring them up in the Nurture and  
 “ Admonition of the LORD.” Then, may you have Joy in their Life, or Consolation in their Death. If their *Span* is *prolonged*; their unblameable and useful Conduct will be the Staff of your Age, and a Balm for declining Nature. Or, if the Number of their *Years be cut off* in the *midst*; you may commit their Remains to the Dust, with much



the same comfortable Expectations, and with infinitely more exalted Views, than you send the Survivors to *Places of genteel Education*. You may commit them to the Dust, with cheering Hopes of receiving them again to your Arms, *inexpressively improved* in every noble and endearing Accomplishment.

'Tis certainly a *severe Trial*; and much more afflictive, than I am able to imagine; to resign a *lovely blooming Creature*, sprung from your own Loins, to the gloomy *Recesses of Corruption*: after having been long dandled upon your Knees; united to your Affections by a thousand Ties of Tenderness; and now become, both "the Delight of  
" your Eyes," and Support of your Family:---To have such a one torn from your Bosom, and thrown into Darkness; doubtless, it must be like a *Dagger* in your Hearts. ---But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul separated from God; and for *shameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety*, consigned over to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Distress, and add a *distracting Emphasis* to all your *Sighs*, if you should follow the pale Corpse with these bitter Reflections!----" This dear Creature, though long  
" ago

“ ago capable of knowing Good from Evil,  
 “ is gone *out* of the World, before it had  
 “ learned the great Design of coming *into* it.  
 “ A short-lived, momentary Existence, it  
 “ received from me; but no good Instructi-  
 “ ons, no holy Admonitions, nothing to  
 “ further it's Well-being in that everlasting  
 “ State, upon which it is now entered. The  
 “ *poor Body* is consigned to the Coffin, and  
 “ carried out to consume away, in the cold  
 “ and silent Grave. And what Reason have  
 “ I to suppose, that the *precious Soul* is in a  
 “ better Condition? May I not justly fear,  
 “ that, sentenced by the righteous Judge, it  
 “ is going, or gone away, into the Pains of  
 “ endless Punishment?---Perhaps, while I  
 “ am *bewailing* it's untimely *Departure*; it  
 “ may be *curfing*, in outer Darkness, that  
 “ ever to be deplored, that most calamitous  
 “ *Day*, when it was born of such a careless,  
 “ ungodly Parent, as I have been.”

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of  
 that Worm which nevers dies, can equal the  
 Anguish of these self-condemning Thoughts.  
 The *Tortures of a Rack* must be an easy Suf-  
 fering, compared with the *Stings* and *Horror*  
 of such a *Remorse*.---How earnestly do I wish;  
 that, as many as are intrusted with the *Ma-*

*nagement of Children*, would take timely Care to prevent these intolerable Scourges of Conscience; by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Christ, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

On this Hand is lodged One, whose Sepulchral Stone tells a most pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclined over the sleeping Ashes, hang down their Heads with that *pensive Air*! None can consider so mournful a Story, without feeling some Touches of sympathizing Concern.---His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death *sudden*; himself cut down in the *Prime* of Life, amidst all the Vivacity and Vigour of *Manhood*; while “ his Breasts “ were full of Milk, and his Bones moistened with Marrow.”---Probably, he entertained no Apprehensions of the evil Hour: And indeed, who could have suspected, that so bright a *Sun* should go down at *Noon*? To human Appearance, his Hill stood strong: Length of Days seemed written in his sanguine Countenance: He solaced himself with the Prospect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfaction.---When, lo! an unexpected Stroke descends! descends from that mighty Arm, which “ overturneth the Mountains “ by their Roots; and crushes the imaginary  
“ Hero,



“ Hero, \* *before the Moth;*” as quickly, and more easily, than our Fingers squeeze such a feeble fluttering Insect to Death.

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on.---Were not such the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? “ Yet a very little  
“ while, and I shall possess the utmost of  
“ my Wishes: I shall call my Charmer  
“ mine; and, in *her*, enjoy whatever my  
“ Heart can crave.”---In the midst of such enchanting Views, had some faithful Friend but *softly reminded* him of an opening Grave, and the End of all Things: how *unseasonable*, would he have reckoned the Admonition; and how *impertinent*, the Person that admi-

\* *Job* iv. 19. לפני עש---*Ad instar, ad modum Tineæ.*  
---I retain this Interpretation, both as it is most suitable to my Purpose, and as it is patronized by some eminent Commentators; especially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Passage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth*: Making it to represent a Creature so exceedingly frail, that even a Moth, flying against it, may dash it to Pieces.--Which, besides it's closer Correspondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, presents us with a much finer Image of the most extreme Imbecillity. For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakness, to be crushed by the feeble Flutter of the feeblest Creature, than only to be crushed as easily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man.---The *French* Version is very expressive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermisseau.*

nistred it! Yet, though all warm with Life, and rich in visionary Bliss, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.---O! dreadful Vicissitude! to have the *bridal* \* *Festivity* turned into the *funeral Solemnity*. O! deplorable Misfortune! to be shipwrecked even in the Haven! and, perish in Sight of Happiness!---What a memorable Proof is here of the *Frailty of Man*, in his *best Estate*! Look, O! look on this Monument, ye *Gay* and *Careless*! Attend to this Date; and boast no more of To-morrow!

Who can tell, but the *Bride-maids*, girded with Gladness, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richest Covers, and dressed it in Pillows of Down? When---Oh! trust not in Youth, or Strength, or in any thing mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath

\* A Distress of this Kind is painted in very affecting Colours by *Pliny*, in an Epistle to *Marcellinus*; *O triste plane acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipsa Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Maerore mutatum est! Non possum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo Vulnus acceperim, quum audiui Fundanum ipsum (ut multa luctuosa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Vestes, Margaritas, Gemmas, fuerat erogaturus, hoc in Thura, & Unguenta, & Odores, impenderetur.*

Plin. Lib. v. Epist. 26.

the



the unchangeable GOD---Death, relentless Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Dust of the Earth. Unto this he must be conveyed, not with a splendid Procession of *joyous Attendants*; but stretched in the *gloomy Hearse*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he must take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be released, "till the Heavens are no more."---In vain does the *consenting Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouse. Did she not, like *Sifera's* Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why his Chariot was so long in coming?" Little thinking, that the *intended Bridegroom* had for ever done with transitory Things! That now everlasting Cares employ his Mind, without one single Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda*!----Go, disappointed Virgin! Go, mourn the *Uncertainty* of all *created* Bliss! Teach thy Soul to aspire after a sure and *immutable Felicity*! For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* sleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World---and *thee*.

HITHERTO, one is tempted to exclaim against the *King of Terrors*, and call him  
*capriciously*



*capriciously cruel.* He seems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Register, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Passing over the Couch of decrepit Age, he has nipped *Infancy* in it's *Bud*; blasted *Youth* in it's *Bloom*; and torn up *Manhood* in it's full *Maturity*.--- Terrible indeed are these Providences, yet not unsearchable the Counsels :

*For us they sicken, and for us they die\*.*

SUCH Strokes, must not only grieve the *Relatives*, but *surprise* the whole *Neighbourhood*. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a *Remedy* for our *Carnal Security*. Such Passing-Bells, inculcate loudly our LORD's Admonition; "Take ye heed, watch, and pray: "for you know not, when the Time is,"--- We *nod*, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very *Verge* of a tremendous *Precipice*. These astonishing Dispensations, are the kind Messengers of Heaven; to *rouse* us from our *Supineness*, and quicken us into timely Circumspection. I need not, surely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conscience be

\* Night-Thoughts.

awake,

awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning---“ O ! ye Sons of Men, in the Midst of  
 “ Life you are in Death. No State, no Cir-  
 “ cumstances, can ascertain your Preserva-  
 “ tion a single Moment. So *strong* is the Ty-  
 “ rant's Arm, that nothing can resist it's  
 “ Force; so *unerring* his Aim, that nothing  
 “ can elude the Blow : *Sudden* as Lightning,  
 “ sometimes, is his Arrow launched; and  
 “ wounds, and kills, in the Twinkling of  
 “ an Eye. Never promise yourselves Safety  
 “ in any Expedient, but constant Prepara-  
 “ tion. The fatal Shafts fly so promiscu-  
 “ ously, that none can guess the next Vic-  
 “ tim. Therefore, *be ye always ready : for in*  
 “ *such an Hour as ye think not*, the final Sum-  
 “ mons cometh.”

*Be ye always ready : for in such an Hour as*  
*Ye think not*----Important Admonition ! Me-  
 thinks, it reverberates from Sepulchre to Se-  
 pulchre; and addresses me, with Line upon  
 Line, Precept upon Precept.---The reiterated  
 Warning, I acknowledge, is too needful;  
 may co-operating Grace, render it effectual!  
 The momentous Truth, though worthy to be  
*engraved*, on the Tables of a most *tenacious*  
 Memory; is *slightly sketched*, on the transient  
 Flow of Passion. We see our Neighbours  
 fall;



fall; we turn pale at the Shock; and feel a trembling Dread. No sooner are they removed from our Sight; but, driven in the Whirl of Business, or lulled in the Languors of Pleasure, we forget the Providence, and neglect it's Errand. The Impression made on our unstable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow, through the penetrated Air; or the Path of a Keel, in the furrowed Wave.---Strange Stupidity! To cure it, another Monitor bespeaks me, from a neighbouring Stone. It contains the Narrative of a poor Mortal, *snatched* from his Friends, and *hurried* to the awful Bar; without Leisure, either to take a *last Farewel* of the One, or to put up so much as a *single Prayer* preparatory for the Other: killed, according to the usual Expression, by a sudden Stroke of *Casualty*.

WAS it then a random Blow? Doubtless, the Stroke came from an *aiming*, though invisible *Hand*. God presideth over the Armies of Heaven; God ruleth among the Inhabitants of the Earth; and God conducteth, what Men call *Chance*. Nothing, nothing comes to pass through a blind and undiscerning Fatality. If Accidents happen; they happen according to the exact Foreknowledge,



lege, and in Consequence of the determinate Counsels, of almighty Wisdom. The LORD, with whom are the Issues of Death, signed the *Warrant*, and gave the high *Commission*: The seemingly fortuitous *Disaster* was only the *Minister*, appointed to execute the supreme Decree. When the impious Monarch was mortally wounded, it seemed to be a casual Shot. *A certain Man drew a Bow, at a Venture\*---At a Venture*, as he thought: But his Hand was strengthened, by an omnipotent Aid; and the Shaft levelled, by an unerring Eye. So that, what we term *Casualty*, is really *Providence*; accomplishing deliberate Designs, but concealing it's own Interposition---How comforting this Reflection! How admirably adapted, to sooth the throbbing Anguish of the Mourners, and compose their Spirits into a quiet Submission! How excellently suited, to dissipate the Fears of godly Survivors, and create a calm Intrepidity even amidst innumerable Perils!

O! how *thin* is the *Partition*, between this World and another! How *short* the *Transition*, from Time to Eternity! The Partition, nothing more than the Breath in our Nost-

\* 1 Kings xxii. 34.

rils; and the Transition may be made, in the Twinkling of an Eye.—Poor *Cbrenylus*, I remember, arose from the Diversion of a Card-Table, and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkneſs.—One Night, *Corinna* was all Gaiety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball: The next Night, ſhe lay pale and ſtiff, an extended Corpſe, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering Dead.—Young *Atticus* lived to ſee his ample and commodious Seat completed: but not to ſpend one joyous Hour, under the ſtately Roof. The Sashes were hung, to admit the Day; but the Maſter's Eyes are cloſed in Death. The Chambers were furniſhed, to invite Repoſe; but their Lord reſts in the lower Parts of the Earth. The Gardens were planned, and a thouſand elegant Decorations deſigned; but their intended Poſſeſſor, is gone down to “the Place of Skulls;” gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

WHILE I am *recollecting*, many, I queſtion not, are *experiencing*, the ſame tragical Viſſitude. The Eyes of that ſublime Being, —who ſits upon the Circle of the Earth, and views all it's Inhabitants with one comprehensive Glance, —even now behold many Tents  
in



in Affliction: Such Affliction, as overwhelmed the *Egyptians* in that fatal Night, when the destroying Angel sheathed his Arrows in all the Pride of their Strength.--Some, sinking to the Floor from their *easy Chair*; and deaf even to the most piercing Shrieks of their distracted Relations.--Some, giving up the Ghost, as they are reclined, all alone, under the *shady Arbour*, to taste the Sweets of the flowery Scene.---Some, as they sail, associated with a *Party of Pleasure*, along the Silver Stream, while Wine and Music flow around.---Some *intercepted*, as they are returning Home; and some *interrupted*, as they enter upon an important Negotiation.---Some arrested, with the *Gain of Injustice* in their Hands; and some surprised, in the immediate Act of *Lewdness*, or of *Cruelty*.

LEGIONS, Legions of Disasters, such as no Prudence can foresee, no Care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our Doom. A *starting Horse* may throw his Rider; and at once dash his Body against the Stones, and fling his Soul into the invisible World. A *Stack* of *Chimneys* may tumble into the Street, and crush the unwary Passenger under the Ruins; or, even a *Tile*, *dropping* from the Roof, may be as fatal as the Fall of the whole Structure.

---So



—So frail, so very attenuated is the *Thread of Life*, that it not only bursts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The most common Occurrences, those, from which we suspect not the least Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Destruction. A Grape-stone, a despicable Fly, may be more mortal than *Goliath*, with all his formidable Armour.---- Nay, if God give Command, our very *Comforts* become *killing*. The Air we breathe, is our Bane; and the Food we eat, the Vehicle of Death.---That last Enemy has unnumbered Avenues for his Approach. Yea; lies entrenched in our very Bosom, and holds his Fortrefs even in the Seat of our Life. The crimson Fluid, which *distributes Health*, is impregnated with the *Seeds of Death*\*. Some unseen Impediment may obstruct it's Passage, or some unknown Violence may divert it's Course; in either of which Cases, it acts the Part of a poisonous Draught, or a deadly Stab. The Body is a *delicately fine* Machine; consisting of ten thousand Parts, playing ten thousand Motions: and a very *small Pin*

\* As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,  
 Receives the lurking Principle of Death;  
 The young Disease, that must subdue at length,  
 Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with his  
 Strength. Pope's *Ethics*.

taken out, may disconcert the whole Frame; a *single Wheel* clogged, may put a Stop to all the vital Movements.

SINCE then we are so liable to be dispossessed of our earthly Tabernacle, let Us look upon Ourselves only as *Tenants at Will*; and hold Ourselves in perpetual Readiness, to depart at a Moment's Warning. Without such an *habitual* Holiness, we are like Wretches, that sleep on the Top of a Mast, while a horrid Gulph yawns, or furious Waves rage, below. And where can be the Peace, what the Satisfaction, of such a State? ---Whereas, a prepared Condition will inspire a Chearfulness of Temper, not to be ruffled by every low Vexation; and create a Firmness of Mind, not to be overthrown by the most threatening Dangers. When the *City* is fortified with Walls, furnished with Provision, guarded by able and resolute Troops; what have the *Inhabitants* to fear? what may they not enjoy? So, just so, or rather by a *much surer* Band, are connected the *real* Taste of Life, and the *constant* Thought of Death.

I SAID, *Our very Comforts may become killing.*  
---And see the Truth inscribed by the Hand,



sealed with the Signet, of Fate. The Marble, which graces yonder Pillar, informs me, that, near it, are deposited the Remains of my valuable Friend *Sophronia*; who died in *Child-bed*.---How often does this Calamity happen! The Branch shoots; but the Stem withers. The Babe springs to Light; but She that bare Him, breathes her last. She gives Life, but (O pitiable Consideration!) gives it at the Expence of her own; and becomes, at once, a *Mother*, and a *Corpse*.---Or else, perhaps, She expires in severe Pangs, and is Herself a Tomb for her Infant; while the melancholy Complaint of a Monarch's Woe, is the Epitaph for them both: *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth*\*.---Less to be lamented, in my Opinion, *this* Misfortune, than the *other*. Better, for the tender Stranger, to be stopped in the Porch; than to enter, only to converse with Affliction. Better, to find a Grave in the Womb; than to be exposed on a hazardous World, without the Guardian of it's infantile Years, without the faithful Guide of it's Youth.

THIS Monument is distinguished by it's finer Materials, and more delicate Appenda-

\* Isa. xxxvii. 3.



ges. It seems to have taken it's Model from an affluent Hand; directed by a generous Heart; that thought, it could never do enough for the Deceased.--It seems, also, to exhibit an *emblematical Picture* of *Sophronia's* Person and Accomplishments. Is her Beauty, or, *more* than Beauty, her white-robed Innocence, represented by the snowy *Colour*? The *Surface*, smoothly polished, like her amiable Temper, and engaging Manners: The *Whole* elegantly adorned, without either extravagant Pomp, or sordid Negligence; like her undissembled Goodness, remote from the least Ostentation, yet in all Points exemplary.---But ah! how vain, were all these endearing Charms! How vain, the Lustre of thy sprightly Eye! How vain, the Bloom of thy bridal Youth! How vain, the Honours of thy superior Birth! How *unable* to *secure* the lovely Possessor, from the *savage Violence* of Death!----How ineffectual, the universal Esteem of thy Acquaintance; the Fondness of thy transported Husband; or even the spotless Integrity of thy Character; to prolong thy Span, to procure Thee a short Reprieve!---The Concurrence of all these Circumstances, reminds me of those beautiful and tender Lines,

*How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails Thee not;  
To whom related, or by whom begot.*

*A Heap of Dust alone remains of Thee :*

*'Tis all THOU art !—and all the PROUD  
shall be \* !*

Pope's Miscell.

\* These Verses are inscribed on a small, but very elegant Monument, lately erected in the great Church at Northampton : Which, in the *Hieroglyphical* Decorations, corresponds with the Description introduced on this Subject; and particularly, that it is dedicated to the Memory of an *amiable* Woman, Mrs. ANNE STONHOUSE; the excellent Wife of my *worthy* Friend Dr. STONHOUSE: who has had the Distress, to see all the Efforts of that *healing* Art, to which I, and so many Others, have been *greatly* indebted, failing in their Attempts to preserve a Life *much dearer* to Him than his own.

*Nec profunt Domino, quæ profunt omnibus, Artes.*

No longer his all-healing Art avails;  
But ev'ry Remedy its Master fails.

He has, however, sought some Consolation, in the midst of this *tender* Anguish, by teaching the sepulchral Marble to speak, at once, his Esteem for *her* Memory; and his Veneration for *that* Religion, which She so eminently adorned; by summing up her Character, in that concise, but comprehensive Sentence, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN. *Concise* enough, to be the Motto for a mourning Ring; yet as *comprehensive*, as the most enlarged Sphere of personal, social, and religious Worth. For, whatsoever Things are pure; whatsoever Things are lovely; whatsoever Things are of good Report; are they not all included in that grand and noble Aggregate, *A sincere Christian?*

The first Lines, considered in such a Connection, are wonderfully plaintive and pathetic;

*How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails Thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot.*

YET,



YET, though unable to divert the Stroke, Christianity is sovereign to pluck out the Sting, of Death. Is not this the silent Language of those *Lamps*, that burn; that *Heart*, which flames; those *Palms*, that flou-

They sound, at least in *my* Ears, like the Voice of Sorrow, mingled with Admiration. The Speaker seems to have been lost, for a while, in melancholy Contemplation; suddenly breaks out into this abrupt Encomium; then, melts into Tears, and can proceed no farther. Yet, in this Case, how eloquent is Silence! While it hints the universal Esteem, which attended, the Superiority of Birth, which distinguished, the Deceased; it expresses, beyond all the Pomp of Words, the yearning Affection, and Heart-felt Distress, of the *Husband*. Amidst a Group of monumental Marbles, which are lavish of their Panegyric; *this*, I think, resembles that incomparable Address of the Painter: who, having placed, round a beautiful expiring Virgin, her Friends in all the Agonies of Grief; represented the *unequalled* Anguish of the *Father*, with far greater Liveliness and Strength, or rather with an inexpressible Emphasis, by drawing a Veil over *his* Face.

If the last Lines, are a wide Departure from the beaten Track of our modern Epitaphs, and the very Reverse of their high-flown Compliments,

*A Heap of Dust alone remains of Thee!*

'Tis all THOU art!---and all the PROUD shall be!

they are not without their Precedent, and that of the most consummate Kind. Since they breathe the very Spirit of that sacred Elegy, in which all the Heart of the Hero, and the Friend, seems to be dissolved; *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!* 2 Sam. i. 27. — They remind the Reader, of that awful Lesson, which was originally dictated by the supreme Wisdom; *Dust*



rish; that *Crown*, which glitters, in the well-imitated and gilded Marble? Do they not, to the discerning Eye, describe the Vigilance of her Faith; the Fervency of her Devotion; her Victory over the World; and the cele-

*Thou art, and unto Dust Thou shalt return*, Gen. iii. 19.

— They inculcate, with all the Force of the most convincing Evidence, that solemn Admonition, delivered by the Prophet; *Cease Ye from Man, whose Breath is in his Nostrils; for wherein is HE to be accounted of?* Isa. ii. 22.

That no Reader, however inattentive, might mistake the Sense and Design of *this Part* of the *fourth Line*,

'Tis ALL Thou art! —

it is guarded above and beneath. — *Above*, is an expanded Book, that seems to be waved, with an Air of Triumph, over the Emblem of Death. Which we cannot but suppose to be the Volume of Inspiration, as it exhibits a kind of *Abridgment* of it's whole Contents, in those animated Words; BE YE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM, WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES, *Heb. vi. 12.* — *Beneath*, that every Part might be pregnant with Instruction, are those striking Reflections; worthy the Consideration of the *highest* Proficient in Knowledge and Piety, yet obvious to the Understanding of the most *untaught* Reader; LIFE, HOW SHORT! ETERNITY, HOW LONG! — May my Soul learn the forcible Purport of this *short Lesson*, in her contracted Span of *Time!* and all *Eternity* will not be too long, to rejoice in having learned it.

*As the Doctor has ordered a little Copper Plate of the Monument to be engraven, for a few of his particular Acquaintance; He has indulged me in the Liberty of presenting my Readers with the Draught, at the End of this Part of my Work; to which therefore I refer them, for a farther Illustration of the Description.*

ftial

stial Diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that Day \*?

How happy the Husband, in such a Sharer of his Bed, and Partner of his Fortunes! Their Inclinations were nicely-tuned *Unisons*, and all their Conversation was *Harmony*. How filken the Yoke to such a Pair, and what Blessings were twisted with such Bands! Every Joy was heightened, and every Care alleviated. Nothing seemed wanting to consummate their Bliss, but a hopeful Progeny, rising around them.---That they might see *Themselves*, multiplied in their Little ones; see their mingled Graces, transfused into their Offspring; and feel the Glow of their Affection *augmented*, by being *reflected* from their Children. “Grant Us this Gift, said “their united Prayers, and our Satisfactions are crowned: We request no more.”

ALAS! how *blind* are Mortals to *future* Events! How unable to discern, what is really Good †! *Give me Children*, said *Rachel*, or

\* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

† *Nescia Mens Hominum Fati, Sortisque futuræ!  
Turno Tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum,  
Intactum Pallanta; & cum Spoka ista Diemque  
Oderit.----*

Virg.  
else



*else I die* \*. An Ardor of Impatience, altogether unbecoming; and as mistaken, as unbecoming. She dies, not by the *Disappointment*, but by the *Accomplishment*, of her Desire. If Children are, to Parents, like a flowery Chaplet, whose Beauties blossom with Ornament, and whose Odours breathe Delight; Death, or some fell Misfortune, may find Means to entwine themselves with the lovely Wreath. Whenever our Souls are poured out, with passionate Importunity, after any inferior Acquisition: it may be truly said, in the Words of our Divine Master, *Ye know not what Ye ask*.---Does Providence with-hold the Thing that we long for? It denies in Mercy; and only with-holds the Occasion of our Misery, if not the Instrument of our Ruin. With a sickly Appetite, We often loath what is wholesome, and linger after our Bane. Where, *Imagination* dreams of unmingled *Sweets*; There, *Experience* frequently finds the *Bitterness* of Woe.

THEREFORE, may We covet immoderately, neither *this*, nor *that* Form of earthly Felicity; but refer the Whole of our Condition, to the Choice of unerring Wisdom.

\* Gen. xxx. 1.



May We learn to renounce our own Will ; and be ready to make a Sacrifice of our warmest Wishes, whenever they run counter to the good Pleasure of God. For, indeed, as to obey his Laws, is to be perfectly free ; so, to *resign Ourselves* to his Disposal, is to *establish* our own *Happiness*, and to be secure from Fear of Evil.

HERE, a small and plain Stone is placed upon the Ground. Purchased, one would imagine, from the little Fund, and formed by the Hand, of Frugality itself. Nothing costly : not one Decoration added : only a very short Inscription ; and that so effaced, as to be scarcely intelligible.---Was the Depository unfaithful to it's Trust ? Or were the Letters worn, by the frequent Resort of the surviving Family ; to mourn over the Grave, and revive the Remembrance, of a most valuable and beloved Relative ?---For I perceive, upon a closer Inspection, that it covers the Remains of a Father. A *religious Father* ; snatched from his growing Offspring, before they were settled in the World, or so much as their Principles fixed by a thorough Education.

THIS,

THIS, sure, is the most complicated Woe, that has hitherto come under our Consideration. The *Solemnities* of such a *dying Chamber*, are some of the most melting and melancholy Scenes imaginable.---There lies the affectionate Husband; the indulgent Parent; the faithful Friend; and the generous Master. He lies in the last Extremities, and on the very Point of Dissolution. Art has done its All. The raging Disease mocks the Power of Medicine. It hastens, with resistless Impetuosity, to execute it's dreadful Errand; to rend asunder the silver Cord of Life, and the more delicate Tye of mutual Love.

A *Servant* or two, from a revering Distance, cast many a wishful Look, and condole their honoured Master in the Language of Sighs. The condescending Mildness, with which *He* was wont to give, and the dutiful Alacrity, with which *they* always received, his easy Commands; now imbitter their Grief, and make it trickle plentifully down their honest Cheeks.---His *Friends*, who have so often gladdened his Mind with their enlivening Converse, are miserable Comforters. A sympathizing and mourning Pity, is all the Relief, they are able to contribute: unless it be augmented by their silent Prayers  
 4 for



for the Divine Succour, and a Word of Consolation suggested from the Scripture\*.

---Those poor Innocents, the *Children*, croud around the Bed; drowned in Tears, and almost frantic with Grief, they sob out their little Souls, and passionately cry; "Will He  
" leave Us? Leave Us, in a helpless Condi-  
" tion! Leave Us, to an injurious World!"

---These separate Streams are all united in the distressed *Spouse*, and overwhelm her Breast with a Tide of Sorrows. In Her, the *Lover* weeps; the *Wife* mourns; and all the *Mother* yearns. To Her, the Loss is beyond measure aggravated, by Months and Years of *delightful* Society, and *exalted* Friendship. Where, alas! can She find such *cordial* Affection, or repose such *unreserved* Confidence? Where find so *discreet* a Counsellor; so *improving* an Example; and a Guardian, so sedulously attentive to the Interests of herself, and her Children? See; how she hangs over

\* Texts of Scripture, proper for such an Occasion; containing Promises-----of Support under Affliction, *Lam.* iii. 32. *Heb.* xii. 6. *2 Cor.* iv. 17.----of Pardon, *Isai.* liii. 5. *Isai.* i. 18. *1 John* ii. 1, 2. *Acts* x. 43.----of Justification, *Rom.* v. 9. *Rom.* viii. 33, 34. *2 Cor.* v. 21.----of Victory over Death, *Psalms* xxiii. 4. *Psalms* lxxiii. 26. *1 Cor.* xv. 56, 57.----of a happy Resurrection, *John* vi. 40. *2 Cor.* v. 1. *Rev.* vii. 16, 17.



the languishing Bed; most tenderly solicitous to sooth the bitter Agonies of her *dearer Self*; and, if it were possible, lengthen out a Life, on which her own Comfort, and the Support of her Little ones, principally depend. Behold her Hands, trembling under direful Apprehensions, yet wiping the cold Dews from the livid Cheeks; sometimes, staying the sinking Head on her gentle Arms, or resting it on her compassionate Bosom. See! how She gazes, with a speechless Ardor, on the pale Countenance, and meagre Features. While all her soft Passions beat unutterable Fondness, and her whole Soul is wounded with exquisite Anguish,

THE *Sufferer*, all patient and adoring, yields to the divine Will; and, by Submission, becomes superior to his Affliction. He is sensibly touched with the disconsolate State of his Attendants; and pierced with an anxious Concern, for the Wife, who will soon be a *destitute Widow*; for the Children, who will soon be *fatherless Orphans*. Yet, “though  
“ cast down, not in Despair.” He is greatly refreshed, by his Trust in the everlasting Covenant, and his Hope of approaching Glory. Religion gives a Dignity even to Distress. At each Interval of Ease, he comforts

forts his very Comforters ; and suffers with all the Majesty of Woe.

THE *Soul*, just going to abandon the tottering Clay, collects all her Force, and exerts her *last* Efforts. The good Man raises himself on his Pillow ; extends a kind Hand to his Servants, which is bathed in Tears ; takes an affecting Farewel of his Friends ; clasps his Wife in a feeble Embrace ; kisses the dear Pledges of their mutual Love ; and then pours all that remains of Life, and of Strength, in the following Words;---“ I  
“ die, *my dear Children* : but GOD, the ever-  
“ lasting GOD, will be with You.---Though  
“ You lose an earthly Parent ; You have a  
“ Father in Heaven, who lives for ever-  
“ more.---Nothing, nothing but an unbe-  
“ lieving Heart, and irreligious Life, can ever  
“ separate You, from the Regards of his  
“ Providence---from the Endearments of his  
“ Love.”

He could go no farther. His Heart was full ; but Utterance failed.---After a short Pause, prompted by affectionate Zeal, with Difficulty, great Difficulty, He added;---  
“ You, the dear *Partner* of my Soul, You  
“ are



" are now the only Protector of our Or-  
 " phans.---I leave You under a Weight of  
 " Cares.--But GOD, who defendeth the Cause  
 " of the Widow---GOD, whose Promise is  
 " Faithfulness and Truth---GOD hath said,  
 " *I will never leave Thee, nor forsake Thee* \*.  
 " ---This revives my drooping Spirits---Let  
 " this support the Wife of my Bosom--And  
 " now, O Father of Compassions, into thy  
 " Hands I commend my Spirit---encourag-  
 " ed by thy *promised* Goodness, *I leave my*  
 " *fatherless*---

HERE, He fainted : fell back upon the  
 Bed ; and lay, for some Minutes, bereft of  
 his Senses. As a *Taper*, upon the very Point  
 of Extinction, is sometimes suddenly rekind-  
 led, and leaps into a quivering Flame : So  
*Life*, before it totally expired, gave a part-  
 ing Struggle, and once more looked Abroad  
 from the opening Eye-lids.----He would fain  
 have spoke ; fain have uttered the Sentence,  
 he began. More than once he assayed : but  
 the *Organs* of *Speech*, were become like a  
 broken Vessel ; and nothing but the *obstruct-*  
*ing Phlegm*, rattled in his Throat. His *As-*  
*pect*, however, *spoke* Affection inexpressible.

\* Heb. xiii. 5.



With all the Father, all the Husband, still living in his Looks; he takes one more View of the *dear Creatures*, whom he had often beheld with a parental Triumph. He turns his dying Eyes on that *beloved Woman*, whom he never beheld but with a Glow of Delight. Fixed in this Posture, amidst Smiles of Love, and under a Gleam of Heaven, they shine out their last.

UPON this, the silent Sorrow bursts into loud Laments. They weep, and refuse to be comforted. Till some Length of Time, had given Vent to the Excess of Passion; and the Consolations of Religion, had stanch'd their bleeding Woes. Then, the afflicted Family search for the Sentence, which fell *unfinished* from those loved, those venerable, and pious Lips: They find it recorded by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, containing the Direction of infinite Wisdom, and the Promise of almighty Goodness; *Leave thy fatherless Children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy Widows trust in me* \* .---This, now, is the *Comfort* of their Life, and the *Joy* of their Heart. They treasure it up, in their Memories, as an *inexhaustible* Fund, to supply all their Ne-

\* Jerem. xlix. 11.

cessities;

cessities; and to ensure the Blessing of Success, on all their *honest* Labours. They are rich; they are happy; in this *sacred* Pledge of the Divine Favour. They fear no Evil; they want no Good; because God is their Guide, and their Guardian God.

No sooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's *Decease*, but a second, a third, a long Succession of these melancholy Monitors, croud upon my Sight †. ---That which has fixed my Observation, is one of a more *grave* and *solemn* *Aspect* than the former. I suppose, it preserves the Relics of a more aged Person. One would conjecture, that he made somewhat of a Figure, in his Station among the Living; as his Monument does, among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone, " *Who, or what, is beneath it's Surface?*" --- I am informed, He was once the Owner of a considerable Estate; which was much improved, by his own Application and Management: That, he left the World in the *busy* Period of Life; advanced a little beyond the *Meridian*.---Probably, replied my musing Mind, one of those *indefatigable* *Drudges*,

† — *Plurima Mortis Imago.*

Virg.

who



who rise early ; late take Rest ; and eat the Bread of Carefulness ; not to secure the Loving-kindness of the LORD : not to make Provision for any reasonable Necessity : but only to *amass* together ten thousand times more, than they can possibly *use*. Did he not lay Schemes for enlarging his Fortune, and aggrandizing his Family ? Did he not purpose to join Field to Field, and add House to House ; till his *Possessions* were almost as vast, as his *Desires* ? That, then, he would \* fit down, and enjoy what he had acquired ; breathe a while from his toilsome Pursuit of things temporal, and, perhaps, think a little of Things eternal.

BUT see the *Folly* of *worldly Wisdom* ! How silly, how childish, is the Sagacity of (what is called) manly and masterly Prudence ; when it contrives more solicitously for TIME, than it provides for ETERNITY ! How strangely infatuated are those subtil Heads ; that weary themselves, in concerting Measures for *Shadows* of a *Day* ; and scarce bestow a Thought, on *everlasting Realities* !----

\* -----*Hac mente laborem*

*Sese ferre, sones ut in otia tuta recedant,*

*Atunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria.*-----Hor.

VOL. I.

E

When



When every Wheel moves on smoothly ; when all the well-disposed Designs are ripening apace for Execution ; and the long-expected Crisis of Enjoyment seems to approach ; behold ! God from on high laughs at the *Babel-builder* ; Death touches the labour'd Bubble, and immediately it breaks. The Cobweb, most *finely spun* indeed, but more *easily dislodged*, is swept away in an Instant ; and all the abortive Projects are buried, in the same Grave, with their Projector. So true is that Verdict, which the Wisdom from above passes, on these *successful Unfortunates* :  
 “ They walk in a vain Shadow, and disquiet  
 “ themselves in vain\*.”

SPEAK, ye, that attended such a one in his last Minutes ; ye, that heard his *expiring Sentiments* ; did he not cry out, in the Language of disappointed Sensuality, “ O Death !  
 “ how terrible is thy Approach, to a Man  
 “ that has devoted himself to the Pursuit of  
 “ *present* Satisfactions, and exercised no Concern for the never-ending *Hereafter* !  
 “ Where, alas ! is the Profit, where the  
 “ Comfort, of entering deep into the Knowledge, and of being dextrous in the Dis-

\* Psal. xxxix. 6.

“ patch,

“ patch, of earthly Affairs; since I have,  
 “ all the while, neglected *the One thing need-*  
 “ *ful!* Destructive Mistake! I have been at-  
 “ tentive to every *inferior Interest*; I have  
 “ laid myself out on the *Trifles* of a *Moment*:  
 “ but have disregarded *Heaven*; have for-  
 “ got *eternal Ages!* Oh! that my Days”---  
 Here, He was going on to breathe some  
*fruitless Wishes*; or to form, I know not what,  
*ineffectual Resolutions*. But, a sudden Con-  
 vulsion shook his Nerves; disabled his  
 Tongue; and, in less than an Hour, dissolv-  
 ed his Frame.

MAY the *Children of this World* be warned,  
 by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother;  
 and gather Advantage, from his Misfortune.  
 Why should they pant, with impatient Ar-  
 dor, after *White and Yellow Earth*; as if the  
 Universe did not afford sufficient for every  
 one to take a little? Why should they *lade*  
 themselves with *thick Clay*; when they are to  
 “ *run* for an incorruptible Crown, and press  
 “ towards the Prize of their high Calling?”  
 Why should they overload the Vessel, in  
 which their everlasting ALL is embarked;  
 or fill their Arms with *Superfluities*, when  
 they are to swim for their *Lives*? Yet, so pre-  
 posterous is the Conduct of those Persons,



who are *all Industry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which perisheth; but are scarce so much as *faintly desirous*, of being rich towards God.

O! that we may walk from henceforth through all these glittering Toys, at least with a wise Indifference, if not with a superior Disdain! Having enough for the Conveniences of Life, let us only *accommodate ourselves* with Things below, and *lay up* our *Treasures* in the Regions above.----Whereas, if we indulge an anxious Concern, or lavish an inordinate Care, on any transitory Possessions; we shall rivet them to our Affections with so firm an Union, that the utmost Severity of Pain must attend the separating Stroke. By such an *eager Attachment*, to what will certainly be ravished from us; we shall only insure to ourselves *accumulated Anguish*, against the agonizing Hour: We shall plant, aforehand, our dying Pillow with Thorns\*.

\* Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;  
A broken Reed at best, but oft a Spear:  
On its sharp Point Peace bleeds and Hope expires.

*Night-Thoughts, No. III.*

SOME,



SOME, I perceive, arrived at Threescore Years and Ten, before they made their Exit; nay, some few resigned not their Breath, till they had numbered Fourscore revolving Harvests. These, I would hope, “remem-  
 “bred their Creator in the Days of their  
 “Youth;” before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow:---Before that low Ebb of languishing Nature, when *the Keepers of the House tremble, and those that look out of the Windows are darkened\**: when even the Lighting down of *the Grasshopper, is a Burden* on the bending Shoulders; and *Desire itself fails* in the listless, inactive, lethargic Soul:---- Before those heavy Hours come, and those tiresome Moments draw nigh; in which, there is too much Reason to say, “*We have*  
 “*no Pleasure in them; no Improvement from*  
 “*them.*”

If their Lamps were unfurnished with Oil; how unfit must they be, in such decrepit

\* Eccles. xii. 3, 5. I need not remind my Reader, that, by the *former* of these *figurative* Expressions, is signified The *enervated* State of the *Hands and Arms*; by the *latter*, the *Dimness* of the *Eyes*, or the total *Loss* of *Sight*: that, taken in Connexion with other Parts of the Chapter, they exhibit, in a Series of *elegant Similitudes*, a Description of the *various Infirmities*, which accompany *Old Age*.

Circumstances, to go to the Market, and buy \*! For, besides a Variety of Disorders, arising from the enfeebled Constitution; their Corruptions must be surprisngly strengthened, by such a long Course of Irreligion. *Evil Habits* must have struck the deepest Root; must have twisted themselves with every Fibre of the Heart; and be as thoroughly *ingrained* in the *Disposition*, as the Soot in the *Ethiopian's* Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If such a One, under such Disadvantages, surmounts all the Difficulties, that lie in his Way to Glory; it must be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If such a One escapes Destruction, and is saved at the last; it must, without all peradventure, be---*so as by Fire* †.

THIS is the Season, that stands in need of *Comfort*; and is very improper, to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Husbandman should now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or scatter the Seed.---Nothing, 'tis true, is impossible with God: He said, *Let there be Light, and there was Light*: Instantaneous Light, diffused, as quick as

\* Matt. xxv. 9,

† 1 Cor. iii. 15,



Thought, through all the dismal Dominion of primeval Darknefs. At his Command, a Leprofy of the longeſt Continuance, and utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, that has lain dead in Trefpaſſes and Sins, not Four Days only, but Fourſcore Years.---Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch *inexpreſſible Importance*, to ſo *dreadful* an *Uncertainty*. God may ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abusers of his Long-ſuffering ſhall “ never enter in-  
“ to his Reſt.”

YE therefore, that are *vigorous* in Health, and *blooming* in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours, to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes: ſuch as may render You meet, for the Inheritance of Saints in Light; and aſcertain your Title to a State of *immortal Youth*; to a Crown of *eternal Glory*\*.---Stand not, all the Prime of your

\* May I be permitted to recommend, as a Treafure of inefſtimable Value, and a Treatiſe particularly appoſite to my Subject, DR. LUCAS'S INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS? That Part eſpecially, which diſplays the Method, and enumerates the Advantages, of *Improving Life, or living much in a little Time*. Chap. III. p. 158. of the



Day, idle : trifle no longer with the Offers of this immense Felicity : but make Haste, and delay not the Time to keep God's Commandments. While you are loitering in a *gay Insensibility*, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for speedy Victims.---Not long ago, I happened to 'spy a thoughtless *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly busied, in dressing his pretty Plumes ; or hopping carelessly, from Spray to Spray. A Sportsman, coming by, observes the feathered Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind, flies the leaden Death ; and, in a Moment, lays the silly Creature, breathless on the Ground.---Such, *such* may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occasion of *obtaining* Grace To-day ; and wantonly *postpones* the Improvement of it, till To-morrow. He may be cut off, in the midst of his Folly ; and ruined *for ever*, while he is dreaming of being *wise hereafter*.

6th Edit.---An *Author* ; in whom the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Christian, are most happily united.---A *Performance* ; which, in point of solid Argument, unaffected Piety, and a Vein of Thought amazingly fertile, has, perhaps, no Superior.---Nor can I wish my Reader a more refined Pleasure, or a more substantial Happiness ; than that of having the Sentiments of this entertaining and pathetic Writer, wove into the very Texture of his Heart.

SOME,

SOME, no doubt, came to *this* their last Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; “as  
 “ a Shock of Corn, ripe with Age, and la-  
 “ den with Plenty, cometh in, in his Sea-  
 “ son \*.”—These were Children of Light,  
 and *wise* in their Generation: Wise towards  
 GOD; wise for their most important Con-  
 cerns; and wise for that blissful Eternity,  
 they now inherit.—*Rich* also they were,  
 more honourably and permanently rich, than  
 all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth  
 of the *One* has made itself Wings, and is  
 irrecoverably gone: while the wretched Ac-  
 quirers are transmitted, to that Place of  
 Penury and Pain; where, not so much as  
 one Drop of Water is allowed, to cool their  
 scorched Tongues. Whereas, the Stores of  
 the *Other* still abide with them; will never  
 depart from them; but make them glad, for  
 Ever and Ever, in the City of their God.  
 Their Treasures were such, as no created  
 Power could *take away*; such as none but in-  
 finite Beneficence can *bestow*; and (Oh!  
 comfortable to consider!) such as I, and  
 every indigent longing Sinner, may *obtain*;  
 Treasures of heavenly Knowledge, and

\* Job v. 26.



saving Faith; Treasures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteousness.

HERE \* lie their *Bodies*, in “peaceable Habitations, and quiet Resting-places.”

\* Some, I know, are offended at our burying Corpses within the Church; and exclaim against it, as a very great *Impropriety* and *Indecency*: but this, I imagine, proceeds from an excessive and *mistaken Delicacy*. Let proper Care be taken to secure from Injury, the *Foundations* of the *Building*; and to prevent the Exhalation of any *noxious Effluvia*, from the putrefying Flesh: and I cannot discover any Inconveniencies, attending this Practice.

The Notion, that noisome Carcases (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place consecrated to religious Purposes, seems to be derived from the *antiquated Jewish Canon*: whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Person, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the *Jews* were scrupulously careful to have their Sepulchres built at a Distance from their Houses; and made it a Point of Conscience, not to suffer any Cemeteries to subsist in the City. But, as this was a Rite purely *ceremonial*; it seems to be intirely superseded by the *Gospel Dispensation*.

I cannot forbear thinking, that, under the Christian Oeconomy, there is a Propriety and Usefulness in the Custom.---*Usefulness*, because it must render our solemn Assemblies more venerable and awful. For, when we walk over the Dust of our Friends, or kneel upon the Ashes of our Relations; this awakening Circumstance must strike a lively Impression of our own Mortality. And what Consideration can be more effectual, to make us serious and attentive in Hearing; earnest and importunate in Praying?---As for the *Fitness* of the Usage, it seems perfectly suitable to the Design of those sacred Edifices.

Here,



Here, they have thrown off every *Burden*, and are escaped from every *Snare*. The Head aches no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Flesh is no longer racked with acute, nor pines away under lingering, Distempers. Here, they receive a final Release from Pain, and an everlasting Discharge from Sorrows. Here, *Danger* never

They are set apart for God; not only to receive his Worshipers, but to preserve the Furniture for holy Ministrations, and what is, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Divine Majesty. And are not the Bodies of the Saints the Almighty's Property? Were they not *once* the Objects of his *tender Love*? Are they not *still* the Subjects of his *special Care*? Has He not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect; and charged the Ocean, and enjoined the Grave, to keep them till *that Day*? Are they not precious in his Esteem? So precious, that when Mountains bright with *Gems*, or rich with *Mines*, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; *These* shall be rescued from the fiery Ruin; *These* shall be translated into JEHOVAH's Kingdom, and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his Jewels;" made "his peculiar Treasure;" made to shine as the Brightness of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever.

Is not CHRIST the *L O R D* of our *Bodies*? Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold, but, with his Divine Blood. And, if the blessed JESUS purchased the Redemption of our Bodies, at so infinitely dear a Rate; can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he should dislike to have them reposed, under his own Habitation?----Once more; Are not the Bodies of the Faithful, *Temples of the Holy Ghost*? And is there not, upon this Supposition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the least *Indecorum*; in remitting these

threatens

threatens them, with her terrifying Alarms; but *Tranquillity* softens their Couch, and *Safety* guards their Repose.—Rest then, ye precious Relics, within this hospitable Gloom: Rest in gentle Slumbers, till the last Trumpet shall give the welcome Signal; and sound aloud, through all your silent Mansions,  
 “ Arise; shine; for your Light is come, and  
 “ the Glory of the LORD is risen upon  
 “ You\*.”

To these, how *calm* was the *Evening* of Life! In what a smiling Serenity, did their Sun go down! When their Flesh and their Heart failed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an All-sufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now risen again for

Temples of Flesh, to the Temples made with Hands? They are Vessels of Honour; Instruments of Righteousness; and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the safest, most honourable Repositories.

Upon the Whole, since the LORD JESUS has purchased them, at the Expence of his Blood; and the blessed Spirit has honoured them, with his in-dwelling Presence; since they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality: Why should it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a transient Rest, in their Heavenly Father's House? Why may they not lie down and sleep, in the *outer Courts*; since they are soon to be introduced, into the *inmost Mansions* of everlasting Honour and Joy?

\* Isai. lx. 1.



*their* Justification! How cheering the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Transgressions, and Peace with God, through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD! How did this *as-  
swage* the *Agonies*, and *sweeten* the *Bitterness* of Death?---Where now is Wealth, with all her golden Mountains? Where is Honour, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the vain Poms of a deluded World? Can *they* administer any Support, in this last Extremity? Can *they* compose the affrighted Thoughts; or buoy up the departing Soul, amidst all the Pangs of Dissolution?---The Followers of the Lamb 'seem pleased and triumphant, even at their last Gasp. "God's everlasting Arms are underneath\*" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whispers Peace and Consolation, to their Consciences. In the Strength of these heavenly Succours, they quit the Field of Battle, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with "Hopes full of Immortality."

AND now they are gone.---The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body sleeps in Death: the Soul launches into the invisible State.---But, who can imagine the

\* Deut. xxxiii. 27.



delightful Surprize, when they find themselves furrounded by *guardian Angels*, instead of *weeping Friends*? How securely do they wing their Way, and pass through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of those celestial Guides!—The *Vale of Tears* is quite lost. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the *Frontiers* of inexpressible *Felicity*. They “are come to the City of “ the Living God:” while a Voice, sweeter than Music in her softest Strains; sweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphim; congratulates their Arrival, and bespeaks their Admission: “ Lift up your Heads, O ye “ Gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting “ Doors; that the Heirs of Glory may enter in.”

HERE, then, let us leave “ the Spirits and “ Souls of the Righteous;” escaped from an entangling *Wilderness*, and received into a *Paradise* of Delights! escaped from the Territories of Disquietude, and settled in Regions of unmolested Security\*! Here, they

\* *Seneca's* Reflections upon the happy State of holy Souls, delivered from the Burden of the Flesh, are truly admirable.----*In hoc tam procelloso, & in omnes Tempestates exposito navigantibus Mari, nullus Portus, nisi Mortis est.*

fit down with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here, they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne of the Lamb: rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *assured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliss; when  
 “ God shall call the Heavens from above,  
 “ and the Earth, that he may judge his  
 “ People.”

“ FOOLS accounted their Life Madness,  
 “ and their End to be without Honour:  
 “ but, they are numbered among the Chil-  
 “ dren of God; and their Lot, their di-  
 “ stinguished and eternal Lot, is among the  
 “ Saints\*!” However, therefore, an *un-*  
*discerning* World may *despise*, and a *profane*  
 World *vilify*, the truly Religious; be this the  
 supreme, the invariable Desire of my Heart!  
 “ Let me live the Life, and die the Death,  
 “ of the Righteous. Oh! let my latter End,  
 “ and future State, be like theirs!”

*Ne itaque invideris Fratri tuo; quiescit. Tandem liber, tandem tutus, tandem æternus est. Fruitur nunc aperto & libero Cælo; ex humili & depresso, in eum emicuit Locum, qui solutas Vinculis Animas beato recipit Sinu; & nunc omnia Rerum Natura Bona cum summa Voluptate percipit. Sen. ad Polyb.*

\*. Wisdom v. 4, 5.

WHAT



WHAT *Figure* is That, which strikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only placed in a more *elevated Situation*, than the rest; but carries a more splendid and *sumptuous Air*, than ordinary. Swords and Spears; murdering Engines, and Instruments of Slaughter; adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence.---It proves to be the Monument of a noble Warrior.

Is such Respect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this *brave Soldier*, for sacrificing his Life to the *Public Good*?---Then, what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to the great Captain of our Salvation? Who, though *Lord of the Angelic Legions*; and supreme Commander of all the heavenly Hosts; willingly offered Himself a *bleeding Propitiation* for *Sinners*!

THE One died, being a *Mortal*; and only yielded up a Life, that was long before forfeited to Divine Justice; which must soon have been surrendered as a *Debt to Nature*, if it had not fallen as a *Prey to War*:---But CHRIST took Flesh, and gave up the Ghost, though he was the great I A M; the Fountain of Existence; who calls Happiness and Immortality all his own. He, who thought  
it



it no Robbery to be *Equal with God*; He, whose Outgoings were *from Everlasting*; even He, was made in the *Likeness of Man*, and *cut off* out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be astonished, O Earth! HE died the Death, of whom it is witnessed, that He is "the true GOD, and eternal " Life\*."

THE One *exposed* Himself to *Peril*, in the Service of his *Sovereign*, and his *Country*; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in such Circumstances, to have declined.---But CHRIST took the Field, though He was the *blessed* and *only Potentate*; the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords. CHRIST took the Field, though He was *sure* to *drop* in the Engagement; and put on the Harnefs, though He knew beforehand, it must reek with his Blood. That Prince of Heaven resigned his Royal Person, not barely to the Hazard, but to the inevitable Stroke; to Death, certain in it's Approach, and armed with all it's Horrors.---And for *whom*? Not for those who were in any Degree deserving; but for his own *disobedient Creatures*; for the Pardon of condemn-

\* I John v. 20.

ed Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a Race of Traitors, the most obnoxious and inexcusable of all Criminals; whom he might have left to perish in their Iniquities, without the least *Impeachment* of his *Goodness*; nay, to the advantageous *Display* of his avenging *Justice*.

THE One, 'tis probable, died *expeditiously*; was soon wounded, and soon slain: A Bullet, lodged in his Heart; a Sword, sheathed in his Breast; or a Battle-ax, cleaving the Brain; might put a speedy End to his Misery; dispatch him "as in a Moment;"---Whereas, the Divine Redeemer expired in tedious and protracted Torments. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquisite*. Even in the Prelude to his last Sufferings, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his sacred Humanity! till the intolerable Pressure wrung Blood, instead of Sweat, from every Pore: till the crimson Flood bathed his Body; stained all his Raiment; and tinged the very Stones.---But, when the *last Scene* of the *Tragedy* commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer, had nailed him to the Cross; Oh! how many *dismal Hours*, did that amiable and illustrious Sufferer hang; a Spectacle of Woe to God, to Angels, and to Men! His Temples



ples mangled with the thorny Crown! his Hands and Feet cleft with the rugged Irons! his Flesh covered with Wounds, smarting and agonizing in every Vein! and his Soul, his very Soul, pierced with Pangs of unutterable Distress!---So *long* he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into sympathizing Commotions. The *Earth* could no longer sustain such barbarous Indignities, without Trembling; nor the *Sun* behold them, without Horror. Nay, so long did he hang in this Extremity of Torture, that the Alarm reached even the remote *Regions* of the *Dead*. Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth: The Lamb of God was worried; was slaughtered with the utmost Inhumanity; and endured Death, in all it's Bitterness, for thee. His Murderers, studiously cruel, so guided the fatal Cup; that he tasted *every Drop* of it's Gall, before he drank it off to the *very Dregs*.

ONCE again; The One died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle.--- But, died not CHRIST *as a Fool dieth*\*? Not on the *Bed of Honour*, with Scars of Glory in

\* 2 Sam. iii. 33.



his Breast; but, like some execrable Miscreant, *on a Gibbet*; with Lashes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the blessed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the *accursed Tree*, and poured out his Soul betwixt two *infamous Felons*; suspended between Heaven and Earth, as an Outcast from Both, and unworthy of Either.

OH! what suitable Returns, of inflamed and adoring Devotion, can we make to the Holy One of God; thus dying, that we might live? Dying in *Ignominy* and *Anguish*; that we might live for ever in the *Heights of Joy*, and sit for ever on *Thrones of Glory*.--- Alas! it is not in *us*, impotent, insensible Mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only, who confers such inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyself a *Monument*, most gracious IMMANUEL, build thyself an everlasting Monument, of *Gratitude* in our *Souls*. Inscribe the Memory of thy matchless Beneficence, not with *Ink* and *Pen*; but with that precious *Blood*, which gushed from thy streaming Veins. Engrave it, not with the *Hammer* and *Chisel*; but with that sharpened *Spear*, which pierced thy blessed Side. Let it stand conspicuous, and indelible, not on  
out-

outward *Tables of Stone*; but on the very inmost *Tables of our Hearts*.

ONE Thing more let me observe, before I bid Adieu to this intombed Warrior, and his garnished Sepulchre. How mean are these ostentatious Methods, of *bribing the Vote of Fame*; and purchasing a little posthumous Renown! What a *poor Substitute* for a Set of memorable Actions, is polished Alabaster, or the Mimicry of sculptured Marble! The real Excellency, of this \* bleeding Patriot, is written on the Minds of his Countrymen: it would be remembered with Applause, so long as the Nation subsists, without this ar-

\* Sir *Bevil Granville*, slain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels---It may possibly be some Entertainment to the Reader, to subjoin Sir *Bevil's* Character; as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the History of those unfortunate Times:---“ That which  
“ would have clouded any Victory, *says the noble Historian*,  
“ and made the Loss of others less spoken of, was the  
“ Death of Sir *Bevil Granvil*. He was indeed an excellent Person, whose Activity, Interest, and Reputation,  
“ were the Foundation of what had been done in *Cornwall*: His Temper and Affections so public, that no  
“ Accident which happened, could make any Impression  
“ upon Him: And his Example kept others from taking  
“ any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a Word,  
“ a brighter Courage, and a gentler Disposition, were  
“ never married together, to make the most chearful and  
“ innocent Conversation.”

*Clar. Hist. Reb. Vol. II.*



*tificial Expedient* to perpetuate it.---And such, such is the Monument, I would wish for myself. Let me leave a Memorial, in the Breasts of my Fellow-Creatures. Let surviving Friends bear Witness; that I have not lived to myself alone, nor been altogether unserviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninterrupted Series of *beneficent Offices*, be the *Inscription*; and the *best Interests* of my Acquaintance, the *Plate*, that exhibits it.

LET the *Poor*, as they pass by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowledge,---“ There lies the Man, whose  
 “ unwearied Kindness was the constant Relief of my various Distresses; who tenderly visited my languishing Bed, and readily supplied my indigent Circumstances.  
 “ How often were his Counsels, a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, and a Cordial to my dejected Spirit! ’Tis owing to God’s  
 “ Blessing, on his seasonable Charities, and prudent Consolations; that I now live, and  
 “ live in Comfort.”---Let a Person, once *ignorant* and *ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and say within himself, as he walks over my Bones; “ Here are the last Remains  
 “ of that sincere Friend, who *watched for*  
 “ *my Soul*. I can never forget, with what a  
 “ heedless



“ heedless Gaiety, I was posting on in the  
 “ Paths of Perdition: and I tremble to think,  
 “ into what irretrievable Ruin I might  
 “ quickly have been plunged; had not his  
 “ faithful Admonitions arrested me in the  
 “ wild Career. I was unacquainted with  
 “ the Gospel of Peace, and had no Concern  
 “ for it’s unsearchable Treasures; but now,  
 “ enlightened by his *instructive Conversation*,  
 “ I see the All-sufficiency of my Saviour;  
 “ and, animated by his *repeated Exhortations*,  
 “ I count all Things but Loss, that I may  
 “ win CHRIST. Methinks, his Discourses,  
 “ seasoned with Religion, and blessed by  
 “ Grace, still tingle in my Ears; are still  
 “ warm on my Heart; and, I trust, will be  
 “ more and more operative, till we meet  
 “ each other in the House not made with  
 “ Hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

BUT, the only infallible Way of *immortalizing* our *Characters*; a Way equally open to the meanest, and most exalted Fortune; is, “ To make our Calling and Election sure;” to gain some sweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven*. Then, however they may be disregarded or forgotten, among Men; they will not fail to be had in everlasting Remembrance, before the LORD.----

This is, of all Distinctions, far the noblest : this will issue in never-dying Renown. *Ambition*, be this thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will sanctify thy Passion; even Grace itself will fan thy Flame.---Every earthly Memorial will shortly be obliterated. The Tongue of those, whose Happiness we have zealously promoted, must soon be silent in the Coffin. Characters cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the solid Rock, will ere long cease to be legible\*. But as many as are inrolled "in the Lamb's Book of Life," He himself declares, shall never be blotted out from those Annals of Eternity†. When a Flight of Years has mouldered the *triumphal Column* into Dust : when the *brazen Statue* perishes, under the corroding Hand of Time : *those Honours* still continue; still are blooming and incorruptible, in the World of Glory.

Make the extended *Skies* your Tomb;  
 Let *Stars* record your Worth :  
 Yet know, vain Mortals, all must die,  
 As Nature's *sickliest Birth*.

\* ——— *Data sunt ipsis quoque Fata Sepulchris.* Juv.

† Rev. iii. 5.

Would



Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,  
I frame a nobler Choice;  
Nor, living, wish the pompous Pile;  
Nor, dead, regret the Loss.

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,  
My GOD, inscribe my Name:  
There let it fill some humble Place,  
Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,  
In endless Fame survive;  
Their *Glories*, o'er the *Wrongs of Time*  
Greatly triumphant, live.

YONDER Entrance leads, I suppose, to the *Vault*. Let me turn aside, and take one View of the Habitation, and it's Tenants.---The fullen *Door* grates upon it's Hinges: Not used to receive many Visitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs.---What meaneth this *sudden Trepidation*; while I descend the Steps, and am visiting the pale Nations of the Dead?---Be composed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear, in these quiet Chambers: "Here, even the Wicked cease from troubling."

Good Heavens! what a solemn Scene!---  
How dismal the *Gloom*! Here is perpetual  
Darkness,



Darkness, and Night even at Noon-day.—How doleful the *Solitude*! Not one Trace of cheerful Society; but Sorrow and Terror seem to have made This, their dreaded Abode.--- Hark! how the hollow Dome resounds, at every Tread. The *Echoes*, that long have slept, are awakened, and whisper along the Walls.

A BEAM, or two, finds it's Way through the Grates; and reflects a feeble Glimmer, from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of those sad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades; half seen dimly by the baleful Twilight; add a deeper Horror to these gloomy Mansions. ---I pore upon the *Inscriptions*, and am just able to pick out; That these are the Remains of the Rich, and Renowned. No vulgar Dead are deposited here. The *Most Illustrious*, and *Right Honourable*, have claimed this for their last Retreat. And, indeed, they retain somewhat of a shadowy Pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a sort of silent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre: while meaner Corpses, without much Ceremony, “go down to the “Stones of the Pit.”

My Apprehensions recover from their Surprise: I find, here are no Phantoms, but  
such

such as Fear raises.--However, it still amazes me, to observe the Wonders of this nether World. Those, who received vast Revenues; and called whole Lordships their own; are here reduced to a few *Sheets of Lead*. Rooms of State, and sumptuous Furniture, are resigned; for no other Ornament than the *Shroud*, for no other Apartment than the darksome *Niche*. No splendid Retinue, attends this solitary Dwelling: the lordly Equipage, hovers no longer about the lifeless Master; nothing but the sable *Banners*, which seem to be displayed in Triumph, over a prostrate Captive; or a dusty *Statue*, which, while the regardless World is as gay as ever, the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep. Instead of the Star, that blazed upon the Breast; or Coronet, that glittered round the Temples; the only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten *Atchievement*, and tattered *Escutcheon*.---Those, who gloried in high-born Ancestors\*, and noble *Pedigree*; here, drop their lofty Pretensions. They acknowledge Kindred with creeping Things, and *quarter Arms* with the meanest Reptiles.

\* HERE LIES THE GREAT--False Marble!--Where?  
Nothing but poor and sordid Dust lies Here.

COWLEY.

“ They



“ They say to Corruption, Thou art my  
 “ Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my  
 “ Mother and my Sister.”---O mortifying  
 Truth ! Sufficient, one would think, to wean  
 the most sanguine Appetite, from this tran-  
 sitory State of Things; from it's sickly Sa-  
 tisfactions, it's fading Glories, it's vanishing  
 Treasures.

For *now*, ye *lying Vanities* of Life!  
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train !  
 Where are ye now ? And what is your  
 Amount\*?

WHAT is all the World, to these poor  
 breathless Beings?--What are their *Pleasures*?  
 A Bubble broke.---What their *Honours*? A  
 Dream that is forgotten.---What the *Sum-*  
*total* of their *Enjoyments* below ? Once, per-  
 haps, it appeared to inexperienced and fond  
 Desire, something considerable : But, now  
 Death has measured it with his Line, and  
 weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upshot ?  
 Alas ! it is shorter than a Span ; lighter than  
 the dancing Spark ; and driven away like the  
 dissolving Smoke.

\* THOMAS. Winter, lin. 210. last Edit.



INDULGE, my Soul, a serious Pause. Recollect all the *gay Things*; that were wont to dazle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. Here, examine those Baits of Sense: here, form an Estimate of their *real Value*. Suppose thyself first, among the Favourites of Fortune; who revel in the Lap of Pleasure; who shine in the Robes of Honour; and swim in Tides of inexhausted Riches: Yet, how soon would the Passing-Bell proclaim thy Exit! And, when once that Iron Call, has summoned thee to thy future Reckoning; where would all these Gratifications be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the most affluent, conspicuous, or luxurious Circumstances, vanish into empty Air!---- And is *this* a Happiness, so *passionately* to be coveted?

I THANK you, ye Relics of sounding Titles, and magnificent Names: Ye have taught me more of the Littleness of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your *Nobility*, arrayed in a *Winding-sheet*; your *Grandeur*, mouldering in an *Urn*; are the most invincible Proofs, of the *Nothingness* of created Things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important Point, in such legible  
Cha-

Characters; as in the Ashes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpse of *His Grace*\*.---Let Others, if they please, pay their obsequious Court to your wealthy Sons; and ignobly fawn, or anxiously sue, for Preferments; my Thoughts shall often resort, in pensive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their sleeping Dust,---to *moderate* my Expectations from Mortals:---to stand *disengaged* from every undue Attachment, to the little Interests of Time:---to get above the delusive *Amusements* of Honour; the gaudy *Tinsels* of Wealth; and all the empty *Shadows* of a perishing World.

HARK! What *Sound* is That!---In such a Situation, every Noise alarms.---Solemn and slow, it breaks again upon the silent Air.---'Tis the *Striking of the Clock*: Designed, one would imagine, to ratify all my serious Meditations. Methinks, it *says Amen*, and sets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me; That another Portion, of my appointed Time, is elapsed. One calls it, "The Knell of my departed Hours." 'Tis the

\*----*Mors sola fatetur*

*Quantula sint Hominum Corpuscula.*----JUV.

Watch-



Watch-word to Vigilance, and Activity. It cries, in the Ear of Reason; "Redeem the  
" Time. Catch the favourable *Gales of Op-*  
" *portunity*: O! catch them, while they  
" breathe; before they are irrecoverably lost.  
" The Span of Life shortens continually.  
" Thy Minutes are all upon the Wing, and  
" hastening to be gone. Thou art a Bor-  
" derer upon Eternity; and making incef-  
" sant Advances to the State, thou art con-  
" templating." O! may the Admonition  
sink deep, into an attentive and obedient  
Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arith-*  
*metic*, of "numbering my Days, and apply-  
" ing my Heart unto Wisdom!"

I HAVE often walked, beneath the im-  
pending Promontory's craggy *Cliff*; I have  
often trod the vast Spaces, of the lonely *De-*  
*sart*; and penetrated the inmost *Recesses*, of  
the dreary *Cavern*: but never, never beheld  
Nature louting, with so *tremendous* a Form;  
never felt such *Impressions* of *Awe*, striking  
cold on my Heart; as under these black-  
brow'd Arches, amidst these mouldy Walls,  
and surrounded by such rueful Objects; where  
Melancholy, deepest Melancholy, for ever  
spreads her Raven Wings.----Let me now  
emerge from the damp and dreadful Ob-  
scurity.



scurity.----Farewel, ye Seats of Desolation, and Shades of Death! Gladly I revisit the Realms of Day.

HAVING cast a *superficial View*, upon these Receptacles of the Dead; Curiosity prompts my Inquiry, to a more *intimate Survey*. And could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we see, What Those are now, who once were Mortals---Oh! how would it surprise, and grieve us! *Surprise* us, to behold the prodigious Transformation, that has taken place on every Individual; *grieve* us, to observe the Dishonour done to our Nature in general, within these subterraneous Lodgments!

HERE, the sweet and winning *Aspect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile; grins horribly a naked, ghastly Skull.---The *Eye*, that outshone the Diamond's Lustre; and glanced her lovely Lightning, into the most guarded Heart: Alas! Where is it? Where shall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all those radiant Glories totally, totally eclipsed! ---The *Tongue*, that once commanded all the Charms of Harmony, and all the Powers of Eloquence, in this strange Land has "for-  
" got

“ got it's Cunning.” Where are now those *Strains of Melody*, which ravished our Ears? Where is that *Flow of Persuasion*, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Master of Language, and of Song, is become silent as the Night that surrounds Him.--- The pampered *Flesh*, so lately cloathed in Purple, and fine Linen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay! There was a Time, when the *timorously nice* Creature, would scarce “ \* adventure to set a Foot upon the “ Ground, for Delicateness and Tendernefs;” but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and sleeps on no softer a Pillow than the ragged Gravel-stones.---Here, “ the *strong Men* bow “ themselves;” the nervous Arm is unstrung; the brawny Sinews are relaxed; the Limbs, not long ago the Seats of Vigour and Activity, lie down motionless; and the Bones, which were as Bars of Iron, are crumbled into Dust.

HERE, the *Man of Business* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and discontinues the Pursuit of Gain. Here, is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In these solitary Recesses; as in

\* Deut. xxviii. 56.

the Building of *Solomon's* Temple; is heard no Sound of the Hammer and Ax. The Winding-sheet, and the Coffin, are the utmost Bound of all earthly Devices: "Hitherto may they go, but no farther."---Here, the *Sons of Pleasure* take a final Farewel, of their dear Delights. No more is the Sensualist anointed with Oil, or crowned with Rose-buds: He chants no more, to the Melody of the Viol; nor revels any longer, at the Banquet of Wine. Instead of sumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himself a Feast for fattened Insects; the Reptile riots in his Flesh; "the Worm feeds sweetly on Him\*."----Here also, *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty drops her Lustre here. Oh! How her Roses fade, and her Lilies languish, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt, upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity, what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight, of his once enchanting *Fair-one*; what a startling Astonishment would seize him!----"Is This the Object, I not long ago so passionately admired! I said, she was divinely fair; and

\* Job xxiv. 20.

"thought



“ thought her, more than mortal. Her  
 “ Form, was Symmetry itself; every Ele-  
 “ gance breathed in her Air; and all the  
 “ Graces waited on her Motions.----’Twas  
 “ *Musick*, when she spoke: but, when she  
 “ spoke Encouragement, ’twas little less  
 “ than *Rapture*. How my Heart danced, to  
 “ those charming Accents!---And can that,  
 “ which, some Weeks ago, was to Admi-  
 “ ration *lovely*, be now so insufferably *loath-*  
 “ *some*?--Where are those blushing Cheeks;  
 “ where the coral Lips; where that ivory  
 “ Neck, on which the curling Jet, in such  
 “ glossy Ringlets, flowed; with a thousand  
 “ other Beauties of Person, and ten thou-  
 “ sand Delicacies of Action? \*---Amazing,  
 “ distracting Alteration!---Fondly, I gazed  
 “ upon the glittering *Metecr*: It shone bright-  
 “ ly; and I mistook it for a *Star*; for a per-  
 “ manent and substantial Good. But how  
 “ is it fallen! fallen from an Orb, not it’s  
 “ own! And all that I can trace on Earth,  
 “ is but a *putrid Mass*.”

\* *Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quo ve Color? decens*  
*Quo Motus? Quid habet illius, illius,*  
*Quæ spirabat Amores,*  
*Quæ me surpuerat mihi?*

HOR.

LIE, poor *Florella*! lie deep, as thou dost, in obscure Darkness. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. Thy Dwelling, agrees with thy Condition. Let no prying Eye, be Witness to thy Disgrace: but let thy *surviving Sisters*, think upon thy State; when they contemplate, the *Idol* in the *Glass*. When the pleasing Image rises gracefully to View, surrounded with a World of Charms; and flushed with Joy, at the Consciousness of them all:---Then, in those Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when Vanity uses to steal into the Thoughts; ---Then, let them remember, what a *Veil of Horror* is drawn over a Face; that was once beautiful and *brilliant*, as *theirs*. Such a seasonable Reflection, might regulate the Labours of the Toilet; and create a more earnest Solicitude, to *polish* the *Jewel*, than to *varnish* the *Casket*. It might then become their highest Ambition, to have the Mind decked with Divine Virtues; and dressed after the amiable Pattern, of their Redeemer's Holiness.

AND would this prejudice their Persons, or depreciate their Charms?----Quite the Reverse: It would spread a sort of *Heavenly Glory*, over the finest *Set of Features*; and heighten the Loveliness, of every other engaging



gaging Accomplishment.---And what is yet a more inviting Consideration; these Flowers would not wither with Nature, nor be tarnished by Time; but open continually into richer Beauties, and *flourish* even in the *Winter* of Age.---But, the most incomparable Recommendation of these noble Qualities, is; That, from their hallowed Relics, as from the fragrant Ashes of the *Phœnix*, will ere-long arise an *illustrious Form*; bright, as the Wings of Angels; lasting, as the Light of the new *Jerusalem*.

FOR my Part; the Remembrance of this sad Revolution, shall make me *ashamed* to pay my *Devotion*, to a Shrine of perishing *Flesh*; and *afraid*, to expect *all* my Happiness, from so brittle a Joy. It shall teach me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay; though formed in the most elegant Mould, and animated with the sweetest Soul. 'Tis Heaven's last, best, and crowning Gift; to be received with *Gratitude*, and cherished with *Love*, as a most valuable Blessing; not worshiped, with the Incense of *Flattery*, and Strains of fulsome *Adoration*, as a Goddess.---It will cure, I trust, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes*: and incline me always to prefer the substantial "Ornaments, of a



“ meek and virtuous Spirit;” before the tranſient Decorations, of White and Red on the Skin.

HERE, I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excursion on this tender Subject. Fancy liſtened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover; but now Judgment reſumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts to more near and ſelf-intereſting Inquiries.-- However, upon a Review of the whole Scene; crouded with *Spectacles of Mortality*, and *Trophies of Death*; I could not forbear ſmiting my Breaſt, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the nobleſt of all viſible Beings, lying in Ruins under the Feet of “ the *pale Horſe, and his Rider* \*.”---I could not forbear that pathetic Exclamation, “ O! Thou † “ *Adam, what haſt thou done!*” What Deſolation, has thy Diſobedience wrought in the Earth!--O! the ruinous, the tranſcendent *Malignity of Sin!* Sin, has demolished ſo many ſtately Structures of Fleſh: Sin, has made ſuch Havock, among the moſt excellent Ranks of God’s lower Creation: And Sin (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our better Part, into the exc-

\* Rev. vi 8.

† 2 Eſdr. vii. 48.

crable Horrors of the nethermost Hell; had not our merciful Mediator interposed, and given Himself for our Ransom.---Therefore, what grateful Acknowledgements, does the whole *World* of *penitent Sinners* owe; what ardent Returns of Love, will a whole *Heaven* of *glorified* Believers pay; to such a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon these melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer suggests from within --- "Must this sad *Change*, succeed in *me*  
 " also? Am I to draw my last Gasp; to be-  
 " come a breathless Corpse; and *be*, what I  
 " *deplore*? \* Is there a Time approaching,  
 " when this Body shall be carried out upon  
 " the Bier, and consigned to it's clay-cold  
 " Bed? While some kind Acquaintance, per-  
 " haps, may let fall one parting Tear; and  
 " cry, Alas! my Brother!"----Nothing is more certain. A Decree, much surer than the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*, has irrevocably determined the Doom.

\* I pass, with melancholy State,  
 By all these solemn Heaps of Fate;  
 And think, as soft and sad I tread,  
 Above the venerable Dead,  
 " Time was, like me, they Life possess'd;  
 " And Time shall be, when I shall rest." PARNEL.



SHOULD one of these *ghastly Figures*, burst from his Confinement; and start up, in frightful Deformity, before me:---should the *baggard Skeleton*, lift a clattering Hand; and point it full in my View:---should it open the stiffened Jaws; and, with a hoarse tremendous Murmur, break this profound Silence:---should it accost *me*, as *Samuel's Apparition* addressed the trembling King---“*The LORD shall deliver Thee also into the Hands of Death; yet a little while, and Thou shalt be with me\** :”---The *solemn Warning*, delivered in so striking a Manner, must strongly impress my Imagination: A Message in Thunder, would scarce sink deeper.----Yet, there is abundantly greater Reason to be alarmed, by that express Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, “*Thou shalt surely die.*”---Well then, since Sentence is passed; since I am a condemned Man; and know not, when the Dead Warrant may arrive: let me die to *Sin*; and die to the *World*; before I die beneath the *Stroke*, of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval, of Respite from Execution; in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life. That, when the fatal Moment comes, and I am

- \* 1 Sam. xxviii. 19.



commanded to shut my Eyes, upon all Things here below; I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the Mansions above.

SINCE this Body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to Pieces in the Grave; since I must soon resign all my bodily Powers to Darkness, Inactivity, and Corruption; Oh! let it be my constant Care to *use* them well, while I *possess* them!---Let my *Hands* be stretched forth to relieve the Needy; and always be more “ready to *give*, “than to *receive*.”---Let my *Knees* bend, in deepest Humiliation, before the Throne of Grace: while my *Eyes* are cast down to the Earth, in penitential Confusion; or devoutly looking up to Heaven, for pardoning Mercy!---In every friendly Interview, let the “*Law* of Kindness dwell on my *Lips*,” or rather, if the Seriousness of my Acquaintance permits, let the *Gospel* of *Peace* flow from my *Tongue*: Oh! that I might be enabled, in every public Concourse, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than it’s most melodious Accents, in proclaiming the glad Tidings of free Salvation!---Be shut, my *Ears*, resolutely shut, against the malevolent Whispers of Slander, and the contagious Breath  
of

of filthy Talking: But be swift to hear, the Instructions of Wisdom; be *all Attention*, when your REDEEMER speaks; imbibe the precious Truths; and convey them carefully to the Heart.---Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to the Beds of the Sick; and Houses of the Poor.---May all my Members, devoted intirely to my Divine Master, be the *willing Instruments* of promoting his Glory!

THEN, ye Embalmers, you may spare your Pains: These Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; *these* shall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in these, I would lay me gently down, and sleep sweetly in the blessed JESUS; hoping, that God will “give Commandment concerning my Bones;” and one Day fetch them up from the Dust, as *Silver* from the *Furnace*, purified, “I say not, seven times, but seventy times seven.”

HERE, my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Instant, alighted in the *Garden*, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my deceased Fellow-Creatures; methought, I longed to see the Place, where our LORD lay.---And, Oh! what a marvellous Spectacle was once exhibited, in  
this



this memorable Sepulchre! He\*, "who  
 "cloathes Himself with *Light*, as with a  
 "Garment; and walks, upon the *Wings* of  
 "the Wind†;" was pleased to wear the Ha-  
 biliments of *Mortality*, and dwelt among the  
*prostrate* Dead.---Who can repeat the won-  
 drous Truth, too often? Who can dwell up-  
 on the transporting Theme, too long? He,

\* Darkneſs his Curtain, and his Bed the Duſt,  
 Tho' Sun and Stars are Duſt beneath his Throne.

*Night-Thoughts.*

† The ſacred Scriptures, ſpeaking of the Supreme Be-  
 ing, ſay---*He walketh upon the Waves of the Sea*; to de-  
 note his uncontrollable Power, *Job ix. 8.*---*He walketh*  
*in the Circuit of Heaven*; to expreſs the Immenſity of his  
 Preſence, *Job xxii. 14.*---*He walketh upon the Wings of*  
*the Wind*; to ſignify the amazing Swiftneſs of his Opera-  
 tions, *Pſalm civ. 3.*---In which laſt Phraſe, there is, I  
 think, an Elegance and Emphaſis, not taken notice of  
 by our Commentators, and yet unequalled in any Writer.  
 ---Not, He *ſieth*; He *runneth*; but, He *walketh*: and  
 that, on the *very Wings* of the Wind; on the moſt impe-  
 tuous of Elements, roused into it's utmoſt Rage, and  
 ſweeping along with inconceivable Rapidity. A *Tumult*  
*in Nature*, not to be deſcribed, is the *composed* and *ſedate*  
*Work* of the DEITY. A *Speed*, not to be meaſured, is  
 (with Reverence I uſe the Expreſſion, and to comport  
 with our low Methods of Conception) the *ſolemn* and *ma-*  
*jeſtic Foot-pace* of JEHOVAH.--How *flat* are the fol-  
 lowing Lines, even in the great *Maſter* of Lyric Song,

*Ocyor Cervis, & agente Nimboſ*  
*Ocyor Euro,*

when compared with this inimitable *Stroke* of divine Poetry!  
 ---He *walketh* upon the *Wings* of the *Wind*.

who



who sits *enthroned* in *Glory*, and diffuses Bliss among all the Heavenly Hosts; was once a *pale* and *bloody Corpse*, and pressed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain *such* a Prisoner before.---Prisoner, did I say? No; he was *more than Conqueror*. He arose, far more mightily than *Samson*, from a transient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demolished the Strong-holds, of those dark Dominions.---And This, O Mortals, This is your only *Consolation* and *Security*. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and smoothed it for your Passage.---JESUS, sleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the dismal Mansion; and left an inviting Odour, in those Beds of Dust. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your sure *Protection*, your unquestionable *Passport*, through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him; and they shall prove a "Highway to *Sion*;" shall transmit you safe, to Paradise. Believe in Him; and you shall be no Losers, but unspeakable Gainers, by your Dissolution. For, hear what the Oracle of Heaven says, upon this important Point: *Who so believeth in Me,*  
*shall*

*shall never die* \* .----What sublime, and emphatical Language, is This! Thus much, at least, it must import :---“ The Nature of  
 “ that last Change, shall be surprisingly altered, for the better. It shall no longer  
 “ be *inflicted*, as a Punishment; but rather  
 “ *vouchsafed*, as a Blessing: To such Persons,  
 “ it shall come attended, with such a Train  
 “ of Benefits; as will render it a kind of  
 “ *happy Impropriety*, to call it Dying. Dying! No; 'tis Then they *truly* begin to  
 “ *live*. Their Exit, is the End of their  
 “ Frailty, and their Entrance upon Perfection: Their last Groan, is the Prelude to  
 “ Life and Immortality.”

O YE *timorous Souls*, that are terrified at the Passing-Bell; that turn pale, at the Sight of an opened Grave; and can scarce behold a Coffin, or a Skull, without a shuddering Horror: Ye that are *in Bondage* to the grisly Tyrant, and tremble at the Shaking of his Iron Rod; cry mightily, to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. Faith, will free you from your Slavery †. Faith,

\* John xi. 26.

† Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes :  
 'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction.---  
*Believe*, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.



will embolden you to tread on (this fiercest of) Serpents\*. Old *Simeon*, clasping the Child *JESUS* in the Arms of his Flesh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquillity and Peace. That bitter Persecutor *Saul*, having won *CHRIST*; being found in *CHRIST*; longs to be dismissed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Rapture at the Prospect of Dissolution†. Methinks, I see another of *IMMANUEL*'s Followers, trusting in his Saviour; leaning on his Beloved; go down to the silent Shades, with Composure and Alacrity‖.

These, and some other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from *the Night-Thoughts*, especially from *Night the Fourth*: in which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the most exquisite Beauties of Poetry, are the *least* Perfections to be admired: Almost every Line glows with Devotion; rises into the most exalted Apprehensions of the adorable Redeemer; and is animated with the most lively Faith, in His All-sufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity, of ennobling all the Strength of Stile, and every Delicacy of Imagination, with the grand and momentous Truths of Christianity. These Thoughts give the highest Entertainment to the Fancy; and impart the noblest Improvement, to the Mind: They not only refine our Taste, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but I am ready to cry out---*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*; i. e. "Inspire me with such a Spirit, and Life shall be  
"delightful, nor Death itself unwelcome."

\* Luke x. 19. † Phil. i. 23. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.  
‖ 2 Pet. i. 14.



In This powerful Name, an innumerable Company of sinful Creatures have set up their Banners; and “overcome, through the “Blood of the Lamb.” Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* also mayst set thy Feet, upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furnished with this Antidote, *Thou* also mayst play around the Hole of the Asp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den\*. *Thou* mayst † feel the Viper fastening to thy mortal Part, and *fear* no *Evil*: *Thou* shalt one Day shake it off by a joyful Resurrection, and *suffer* no *Harm*.

RESURRECTION! That chearing Word eases my Mind of an anxious Thought, and solves a most *momentous Question*. I was going to ask, “Wherefore do all these Corpses “lie here, in this abject Condition? Is This “their final State? Has Death conquered? “and will the Tyrant hold Captivity captive? “How long wilt *Thou* forget them, O “LORD? For ever?”—No, saith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of Divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all “*Prisoners of Hope* ||.” There is an Hour, (an awful

\* Isai. xi. 8.

† Acts xxviii. 3. 5.

|| Zech. ix. 12.

Secret That, and known only to all-foreseeing Wisdom,) an appointed Hour there is, when an Act of Grace will pass the Great Seal above, and give them an universal Discharge; a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption. Then, shall the LORD JESUS descend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Archangel, and the Trump of God. *Destruction* itself shall hear the Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her Dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they shake off the Sleep of Ten thousand Years; and spring forth, like the bounding Roe, to “meet their LORD in the Air.”

AND, Oh! with what cordial Congratulations; what transporting Endearments; do the Soul and Body, those affectionate Companions, re-unite! But, with how much greater Demonstrations of Kindness, are they *both* received, by their *compassionate Redeemer*! The Antient of Days, who comes in the Clouds of Heaven, is their Friend; their Father; their Bridegroom. They have nothing to fear, from all the Pomp of his Appearance. Those *tremendous Solemnities*, which spread Desolation and Astonishment thro’ the Universe; serve only to inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. The Judge,  
the



the awful Judge, amidst all his Magnificence and Splendor, vouchsafes to confess their Names; vouchsafes to commemorate their Fidelity, before all the Inhabitants of the Skies, and the whole assembled World.

HARK! the Thunders are hushed: The Lightnings cease their Rage: The Angelic Armies, stand in silent Suspense: The whole Race of *Adam*, is wrapt in pleasing, or anxious Expectation.---And now, that adorable Being, whose *Favour*, is better than *Life*; whose *Acceptance*, is a Crown of *Glory*; lifts up the Light of his Countenance, upon the Righteous. He speaks; and what ravishing Words, proceed from his gracious Lips! What Ecstasies of Delight, they enkindle in the Breasts of the Faithful!---" I accept you,  
 " O my People! Ye are they, that believed  
 " in my Name. Ye are they, that renounced  
 " *Yourselves*, and *are complete in Me*. I see  
 " no Spot or Blemish in you; for ye are  
 " washed in my Blood, and cloathed in my  
 " Righteousness. Renewed by my Spirit, ye  
 " have glorified me on Earth, and have been  
 " faithful unto Death. Come, then, ye Ser-  
 " vants of Holiness, enter into the Joy of  
 " your LORD. Come, ye Children of Light;  
 " ye Blessed of my Father; receive the King-  
 VOL. I. H " *dem,*



“ *dom*, that shall never be removed; wear  
 “ the *Crown*, which fadeth not away; and  
 “ enjoy *Pleasures* for evermore!”

THEN, it will be one of the smallest Privileges of the Righteous, that they shall languish no more; that *Sickness* will never again shew her pale Countenance, in their Dwellings \*. *Death itself* will be “ swallowed up “ in Victory.” That fatal Javelin; which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds it's Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*; shall be utterly broken. That enormous Scythe; which has struck Empires from their Root, and swept Ages and Generations into Oblivion; shall lie by in perpetual Uselessness. *Sin* also, which filled thy Quiver, thou insatiate Archer!--Sin, which strung thy Arm with such resistless Vigour--which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Destruction----Sin, will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come, is perfect

\* *Isaiab*, speaking of the new *Jerusalem*, mentions this, as one of it's Immunities; *The Inhabitant thereof shall no more say, I am sick*. And another Clause, in it's Royal Charter, runs thus; *G O D shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes; and there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying; neither shall there be any more Pain*. *Hai. xxxiii. 24. Rev. xxi. 4.*

Excellency, and consummate Happiness; the Term of whose Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldest, our strongest Thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can set Landmarks, to limit thy Dimensions; or find Plumbets, to fathom thy Depths? *Aritbmeticians* have Figures, to compute all the Progressions of Time: *Astronomers* have Instruments, to calculate the Distances of the Planets: But what Numbers can state, what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than Heaven; " what canst thou do? deeper than Hell; " what canst thou know? The Measure " thereof, is longer than the Earth, broader " than the Sea\*."

MYSTERIOUS, mighty Existence! A *Sum*, not to be lessened by the largest *Deductions*: An *Extent*, not to be contracted by all possible *Diminutions*: None can truly say, after the most prodigious Waste of Ages, " That " so much of Eternity is gone." For, when Millions of Centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing; and, when Millions more

\* Job xi. 8, 9.



have run their ample Round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring; increased by the Herbage of Summer; both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn; and all multiplied by the Drops of Rain, which drown the Winter----when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more----more than can be represented by any Similitude, or imagined by any Conception, are all *revolved*; Eternity, vast, boundless, amazing Eternity, will *only* be *beginning*. Or rather (if I may be allowed the Expression,) only--Beginning to begin.

WHAT a pleasing, yet awful Thought is this! Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our *Fears*; quicken our *Hopes*; and animate all our *Endeavours*! Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable State; let us give all Diligence, to secure our Entrance into Bliss. ---*Now*, let us give all Diligence; because there is no Alteration, in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is steadfast and immoveable, beyond the Grave. Whether we are then *seated* on the *Throne*, or *stretched* on the *Rack*; a Seal will be set to our Condition, by the Hand of everlasting Mercy.



Mercy, or inflexible Justice.---The *Saints*, always rejoice amidst the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption.---The Ruin also of the *Wicked*, is irremediable. The fatal Sentence, once passed, is never to be repealed. No Hope of exchanging their doleful Habitations. But all Things bear the same dismal Aspect, for ever and ever.

THE *Wicked*---My Mind recoils\*, at the Apprehension of their Misery. It has studiously waved the fearful Subject; and seems unwilling to pursue it, even now.---But 'tis better to reflect upon it, for a few Minutes; than to endure it, to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Consideration of their aggravated Misery, may be *profitably terrible*: may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who “delivers from going down into the bottomless Pit:” may drive me, like the *Avenger's Sword*, to this only *City of Refuge*, for obnoxious Sinners.

THE Wicked seem to lie here, like Malefactors, in a deep and strong Dungeon; reserved against the Day of Tryal.---“*Their*

\* — *Animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.* VIRG.

“ *Departure* was without Peace.” Clouds of Horror, sat louring upon their closing Eye-lids; most sadly foreboding, the “Black-  
“ nefs of Darknefs for ever.” When the last Sickness seized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they saw the fatal Arrow, fitting to the Strings; saw the deadly Archer, aiming at their Life; and felt the envenomed Shaft, fastened in their Vitals---Good God! what Fearfulness came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they stand shuddering, upon the tremendous Precipice; excessively afraid to die, yet utterly unable to live! ---O! What *pale Reviews*; what *startling Prospects*; conspire to augment their Sorrows! ---They look *backward*; and, behold! a most melancholy Scene! Sins unrepented of; Mercy slighted; and the Day of Grace ending.---They look *forward*, and nothing presents itself, but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; and a most solemn Reckoning.---They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes, on attending Friends; and, if *Accomplices in Debauchery*, it sharpens their Anguish, to consider this further Aggravation of their Guilt, That they have not sinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare: If *religious Acquaintance*; it strikes a fresh Gash  
into



into their Hearts, to think of never seeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable Distance, separated by the unpassable Gulph.

AT last, perhaps, they begin to *pray*: Finding no other possible Way of Relief, they are constrained to apply unto the Almighty: With trembling Lips, and a faltering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being, “ who kills and makes alive.”----But why, O! why have they *deferred* their Addresses to Heaven, so long? Why have they *despised* all his Counsels; and stood incorrigible, under his incessant Reproofs? How often, have they been *forewarned* of these Terrors; and most importunately *intreated*, to turn to the LORD!--I wish, they may find Favour at this last Hour; and, by a Miracle of Grace, be snatched from the *very Brink*, the breaking Brink, of Damnation. But alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majesty, will lend an Ear to their Complaint? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, “ laugh at their Calamity, and mock when “ their Fear cometh.”

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat;



their Heart struggling with convulsive Throes;  
Pains insupportable throbbing thro' every  
Pulse; and innumerable Darts of Agony  
transfixing their Conscience.

In that dread Moment, how the frantic Soul  
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tene-  
ment;

Runs to each Avenue; and shrieks for Help;  
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully She looks  
On all She's leaving, now no longer her's!

A little longer, yet a little longer,

O! might She stay, to wash away her Crimes,  
And fit her for her Passage! Mournful  
Sight!

Her very Eyes weep Blood; and ev'ry Groan  
She heaves, is big with Horror: But the Foe,  
Like a staunch Murd'rer, steady to his Pur-  
pose,

Pursues her close thro' every Lane of Life,  
Nor misses once the Track; but presses on;  
'Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,  
At once she sinks.---- *The GRAVE.*

If *this* be the *End* of the *Ungodly*, "My  
" Soul, come not Thou into their Secret!  
" Unto their Assembly, mine Honour, be  
" not Thou united!"----Oh! how awfully  
accom-

accomplished is that Prediction of inspired Wisdom! "Sin, though seemingly sweet in  
" the *Commission*; in the *Issue*, biteth like a  
" Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder."

HAPPY Diffolution! were This the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all these Tribulations, are only "the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" one small Drop from that "Cup of Trembling," which is mingled for their future Portion.---No sooner has the last Pang dislodged the reluctant Soul; but they are hurried into the Presence, of an injured angry God: Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but exposed to the Insults of accursed Spirits; who lately *tempted* them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them.---Who can conceive their Confusion and Distress; when they stand, guilty and inexcusable, before their incensed Creator? They are received with Frowns: "The God that made them, has no Mercy on them." The Prince of Peace, the Fountain of Felicity, rejects them with Abhorrence. He consigns them over to *Chains of Darkness*, and *Receptacles of Despair*; against the severer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day. Then, all the Vials of Wrath, will be emptied upon these wretched  
Creatures.



Creatures. The Law they have violated, and the Gospel they have slighted; the Power they have defied, and the Goodness they have abused; will all get themselves Honour in their exemplary Destruction. Then God, the God to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and set them as the Mark of his inexorable Displeasure.

RESURRECTION, will be no Privilege to them; but *Immortality* itself, their *everlasting Curse*.---Would they not bless the Grave, "that Land where all things are forgotten;" and wish to lie eternally hid, in it's deepest Gloom? But, the Dust refuses, to *conceal* their *Persons*; or draw a *Veil*, over their *Practices*. They also must awake; must arise; must appear at the Bar; and meet the Judge: A Judge, before whom "the Pillars of Heaven tremble, and the Earth melts away:" A Judge, once long-suffering, and very compassionate; but now unalterably determined, to teach stubborn Offenders,---What it is, to *provoke* the Omnipotent Godhead: what it is, to *trample* upon the Blood of his Son: and offer *Despise* to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

OH!



OH! the Perplexity! the Distraction! that must confound the impenitent Rebels; when they are summoned to the great Tribunal! “What can they do, in this Day of severe “Visitation?” This Day of final Decision? ---Where? How? From whence, can they find Help?---To which of the Saints will they turn? Whither betake themselves for Shelter?---Alas! ’tis all in vain; ’tis all too late---Friends and Acquaintance know them no more: Heaven and Earth abandon them, to their approaching Doom: and even the Mediator, the MEDIATOR himself, deserts them in this dreadful Hour.---To *fly*, will be impracticable: to *justify* themselves, still more impossible: and now, to make any *Supplications*, utterly unavailable.

BEHOLD! the Books are opened: The Secrets of all Hearts, are disclosed: The hidden Things of Darkness, are brought to Light. How empty, how ineffectual, are all those refined *Artifices*; with which Hypocrites imposed upon their Fellow-creatures, and preserved a *Character* in the Sight of Men! The jealous God, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and ’spied out all their Ways, “sets before them the Things “that they have done.” They cannot answer him One in a Thousand, nor stand in  
the

the awful Judgment. They are *speechless* with *Guilt*, and *stigmatized* with *Infamy*, before all the Angels of Light. What a Favour would they esteem it; to hide their ashamed Heads, in the Bottom of the Ocean; or even to be buried, beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the Contempt, poured upon them, be so insupportable; O! "How will their "Hearts endure," when the *Sword* of infinite *Indignation* is unsheathed; and fiercely waved, around their defenceless Heads; or pointed directly, at their naked Breasts! How must the Wretches scream with wild Amazement, and rend the very Heavens with their Cries, when "the *right-aiming Thunderbolts* go abroad!" Go abroad, with a dreadful Commission, to drive them from the Kingdoms of Glory; and plunge them, not into the Sorrows of a Moment, or the Tortures of an Hour; but into all the restless Agonies of unquenchable Fire, and everlasting Despair\*.

\* Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace  
And Rest can never dwell; Hope never comes,  
That comes to All: but Torture without End  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd. MILT.



MISERY of Miseries! too shocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But, if so dismal to *foresee*; and that at a Distance; together with some comfortable Expectation of escaping it---O! how bitter, how inconceivably bitter, to *bear*; without any Intermission; or any Mitigation; through hopeless and eternal Ages!

Who has any Bowels of Pity?---Who has any Sentiments of Compassion?---Who has any tender Concern for his Fellow-creatures? ---Who? In God's Name, and for CHRIST'S Sake, let Him shew it; by warning every Man, and beseeching every Man, to *seek* the LORD while He may be *found*: To throw down the Arms of Rebellion, before the Act of Indemnity expires: Submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre.---Here, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind: Here, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itself: in exhorting, whomsoever we are likely to influence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned; of *Repentance* undelayed; and "flee away from " this Wrath to come."

UPON the Whole; what stupendous Discoveries are these! Lay them up in a faithful



Remembrance, O my Soul: Recollect them; with the most serious Attention; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. When thou walkest, receive them for thy *Companions*; when thou talkest, listen to them as thy *Prompters*; and whatever thou doest, consult them as thy *Directors*. Influenced by these Considerations, thy *Views* will be greaten: thy *Affections* be exalted; and thou thyself raised above the tantalizing Power of perishing Things. Duly mindful of these, it will be the Sum of thy *Desires*, and Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to gain the Approbation of that Sovereign Being; who will then fill the Throne, and pronounce the decisive Sentence. Thou wilt see nothing worth a Wish\*, in Comparison of having his Will for thy Rule; his Glory for thy Aim; and his Holy Spirit for thy ever-actuating Principle.

WONDER, O Man; be lost in Admiration; at those *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the Universe: Events, the Greatness of which, nothing finite can measure. Such,

\* Great Day of Dread, Decision, and Despair!  
At Thought of Thee, each sublunary Wish  
Lets go its eager Grasp, and quits the World.

*Night-Thoughts.*

as will cause whatever is considerable or momentous, in the Annals of all Generations, to sink into Littleness and Nothing : Events (JESUS, prepare us for their Approach; defend us, when they take place!) big with the everlasting Fates, of all the Living, and all the Dead.--I must see the *Graves* cleaving; the *Sea* teeming; and Swarms unsuspected, Crouds unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, rising from both.--I must see the *World* in *Flames*; must stand at the *Dissolution* of all terrestrial Things; and be an Attendant, on the *Burial of Nature*.---I must see the vast Expanse of the *Sky*, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate God, issuing forth from Light inaccessible, with Ten thousand times ten thousand *Angels*, to judge both *Men* and *Devils*.--I must see the Curtain of *Time* drop; see all *Eternity* disclosed to View; and enter upon a *State* of Being, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vainest Imagination judge; ought I not) to *try* the Sincerity of my *Faith*, and *take Heed* to my *Ways*? Is there an *Inquiry*; is there a *Care*; of greater, of equal, of comparable Importance?--Is not this an infinitely pressing Call, to see that my Loins are girded about; my Lamp trimmed;



trimmed; and myself dressed for the "Bride"  
"groom's Appearance?" That, washed in  
the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side,  
and clad with the Marriage-Garment wove  
by his Obedience; I may "be found in  
"Peace, unblameable, and unreprieveable."  
---Otherwise, how shall I stand with Bold-  
ness; when the Stars of Heaven, fall from  
their Orbs? How shall I come forth *erect* and  
*courageous*; when the *Earth* itself, *reels* to-  
and-fro like a Drunkard\*? How shall I  
look up with Joy, and see my Salvation draw-  
ing nigh; when the Hearts of Millions fail  
for Fear?

Now, Madam, lest my Meditations set in  
a Cloud; and leave any *unpleasing Gloom* up-  
on your Mind; let me once more turn, to  
the *brightening Prospects* of the Righteous.  
A View of Them, and their delightful Ex-  
pectations, may serve to exhilarate the  
Thoughts; that have been musing upon me-  
lancholy Subjects, and hovering about the  
Edges of infernal Darknes. Just as a spa-  
cious Field, arrayed in *cheerful Green*, re-  
lieves and reinvigorates the Eye; that has

\* Isai. xxiv. 20.



fatigued itself by poring upon some minute, or gazing upon some glaring Object.

THE Righteous seem to lie by, in the Bosom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in some well-sheltered Creek; till all the Storms, which infest this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy safe Anchorage; are in no Danger of *foundering*, amidst the Seas of prevailing Iniquity; or of being *shipwrecked*, on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere-long, we shall behold them hoisting their *Flag* of Hope; riding before a sweet *Gale* of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love; till they make, with all the Sails of an assured Faith, the blessed *Port* of eternal Life.

THEN, may the honoured Friend, to whom I am writing; rich in good Works; rich in Heavenly Tempers; but inexpressibly richer in her Saviour's Righteousness---O! may she enter the Harbour, like a gallant *stately Vessel*; returned successful and victorious, from some grand Expedition; with Acclamations, Honour, and Joy! While my *little Bark*, attendant on the Solemnity, and a Partaker of the Triumph, glides humbly

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after: and both rest together in the Haven,  
---the wish'd for, blissful Haven, of perfect  
Security, and everlasting Repose.

*The E N D.*

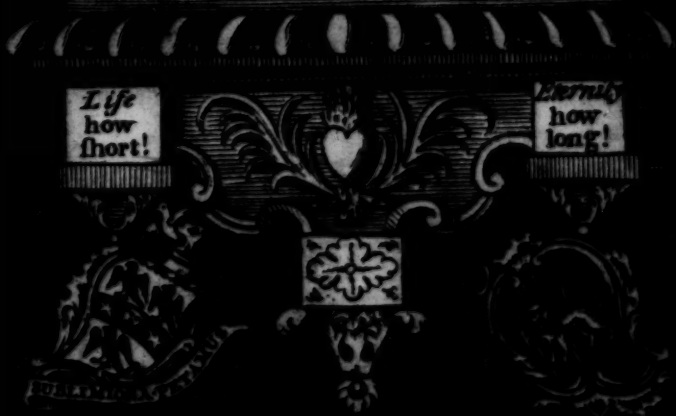




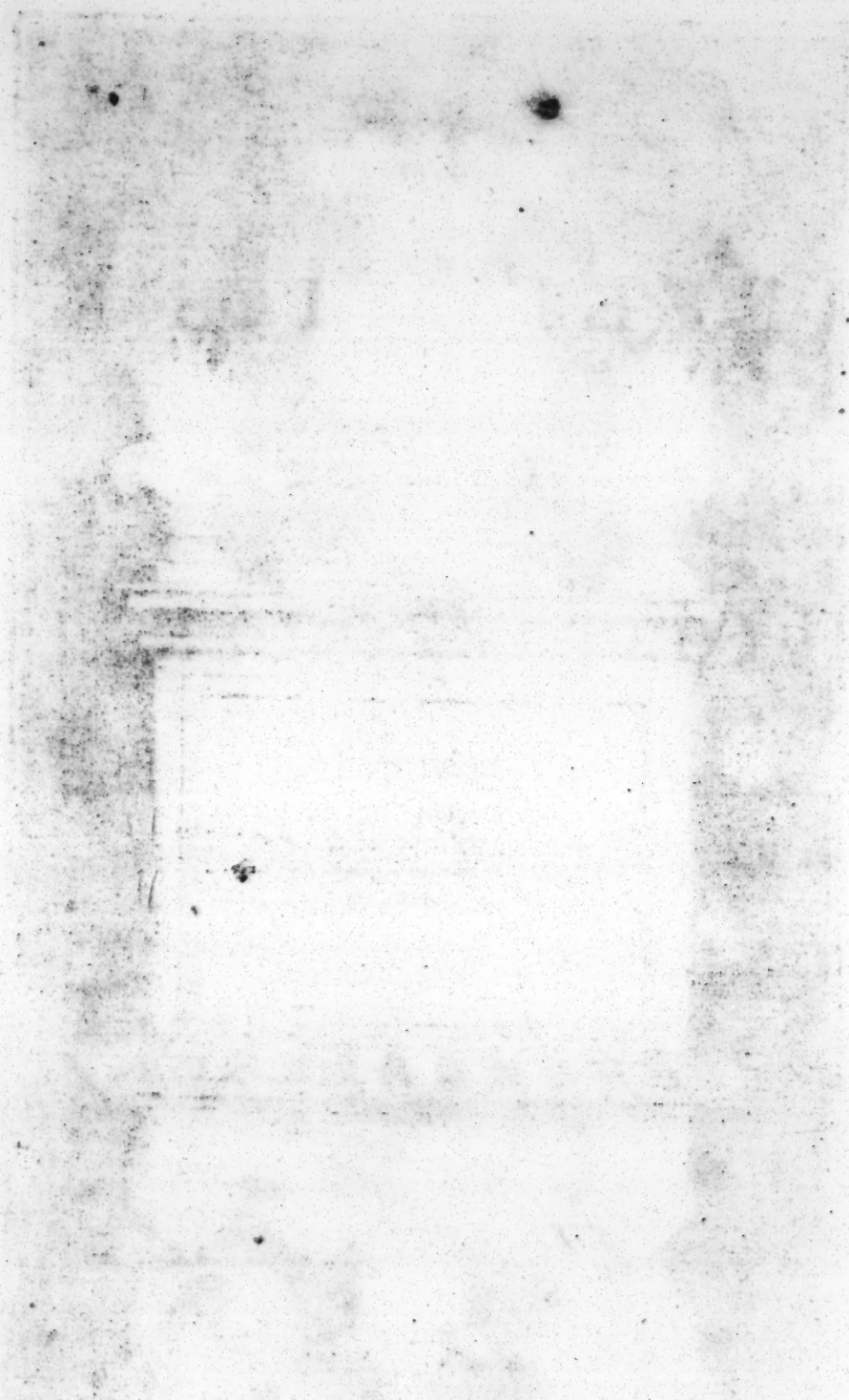
In Memory of ANNE STONHOUSE,  
a sincere *CHRISTIAN*.

How lov'd how valud once, avails Thee not;  
To whom related or by whom begot.  
A heap of Dust aloneremains of Thee:  
Tis all Thou art! and all y<sup>e</sup> Phoun shall be!

Shedied a few days after y<sup>e</sup> Birth of her Child  
Decr. 1747. in the 21 year of her Age.







# REFLECTIONS

ON A

## FLOWER-GARDEN.

---

*I look upon the Pleasure, which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent Delights in human Life. A Garden was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all it's turbulent Passions at Rest. It gives us a great Insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation.*

Spect. Vol. VII. No. 477.

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to*



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# REFLECTIONS

ON A

## FLOWER-GARDEN.

---

In a LETTER to a LADY.

---

MADAM,

**S**OME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*; They visited the awful and melancholy Mansions of the Dead \*: And you was pleased to favour them, with your Attention.--May I, now, beg the

\* “ Discourses on the *Vanity* of the Creature, which  
“ represent the Barrenness of every Thing in this World,  
“ and its Incapacity of producing any solid or substantial

Honour



Honour of your Company, in a more inviting and delightful Excursion? In a beautiful *Flower-Garden*; where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Sense, and indulged the Fancy.

It was early in a *Summer Morning*; when the Air was cool; the Earth moist; the whole Face of the Creation fresh and gay. The noisy World was scarce awake. *Business* had not quite shook off his sound Sleep; and *Riot* had but just reclined his giddy Head. All was serene: All was still: Every thing tended to inspire *Tranquillity* of Mind; and invite to serious *Thought*.

ONLY the wakeful *Lark* had left her Nest, and was mounting on high, to salute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, she seemed to call the laborious *Husbandman* to his Toil, and all her *Fellow-Songsters* to their Notes.--Earliest of Birds, said I, Companion

“Happiness, are useful.—Those Speculations also, which shew the *bright Side* of Things, and lay forth those innocent Entertainments, which are to be met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial.” *Spect.* Vol. V. No. 393. *Upon the Plan of these Observations, the preceding and following Reflections are formed.*

of



of the Dawn, may I always rise at thy Voice! Rise, to offer the *Matin-Song*; and adore that beneficent Being, “ who maketh “ the Out-goings of the Morning and Evening to rejoice.”

O! how charming to rove abroad, at this sweet *Hour of Prime*! To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taste the unruffled Freshness of the Air!

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising  
sweet,  
With Charm of earliest Birds\*.*

What a Pleasure do the Sons of *Sloth* lose! Little, ah! little is the Sluggard sensible, how *delicious* an Entertainment he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal Gratifications.

THE *Greynefs* of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks, tinge the Fleeces of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aspect of the East, is lost in one ardent and universal *Blush*.---Is it the Surmise of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with *Shame*; to see so many fu-

\* *Milt. Par. Lost*, B. IV. l. 641.

pinely stretched, on their drowsy Pillows?-- Shall Man be lost, in luxurious Ease? Shall Man waste these precious Hours, in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous *Sun* is up, and going on his Maker's Errand? While all the *feathered Choir* are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony? Oh! no. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling, with the rising Odours, the more refined Breath of Praise.

'Tis natural for Man to look upward\*; to throw his first Glance upon the Objects, that are above Him.

*Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample SKY †.*

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightnings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice: Where Tempests spend their Rage, and Worlds unnumbered roll at large!--- Oh the *Greatness* of that mighty *Hand*; which

\* *Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri  
Fussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

OVID.

† *Milt. Par. Lost, B. VIII. l. 257.*

meteth



meteth out this amazing Circumference, with a Span! Oh the *Immensify* of that wonderful *Being*; before whom this unmeasurable Extent, is no more than a Point!--And Oh (thou pleasing Thought!) the unsearchable *Riches* of that *Mercy*, which is \* *greater than the Heavens*! Is more extensive and unbounded, in it's gracious Exercise; than these illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament! that pardons Crimes of the most enormous Size, and most horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Consideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeness, and the utmost Readiness! More readily, if it were possible, than this *all-surrounding Expanse* admits, within it's Circuit, a Ridge of Mountains, or even a *Grain of Sand*.

O! COME hither, then, ye *awakened*, trembling *Sinners*. Come †, weary and heavy-

\* Psalm cviii. 4,

† The Lines that follow, are admirably descriptive of the Spirit and Practice hinted above. In them Desire *pants*; Prayer *wrestles*; and Faith, as it were, *grasps* the Prize.—I take leave to transplant them into this Place, because they have the Misfortune to grow in a very obscure Situation. Their native Soil, is no other than *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, written by Mr. Sternhold. Notwithstanding the unpromising Genius of the Performance,

laden



laden with a Sense of your Iniquities. Condemn yourselves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your own. Let your *Trust be in the tender Mercy of GOD, for Ever and Ever.*

*IN them hath He set a Tabernacle for the Sun.* --Behold him coming forth, from the Chambers of the East. See; the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what *refulgent Majesty* does he walk abroad! How transcendently bright is his Countenance; shedding Day, and inexhaustible Light, through the Universe! Is there a *Scene*, though finished by the most elaborate and costly Refinements of human

I think, We may challenge the greatest Masters, to produce any thing more spirited, and importunate; more full of Nature, or more flushed with Life.

*Mercy, good LORD, Mercy I crave;  
This is the total Sum;  
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit;  
LORD, let thy Mercy come.*

The short Sentences--Not a single Copulative---The frequent Repetition of the Divine Name---The almost incessant Reiteration of the Blessing, so earnestly desired, so infinitely needed.---These are the genuine Language of Ardour; are Beauties obvious to every Eye; and cannot fail, either to please the *judicious Taste*, or to edify the *gracious Heart*.

Art,

Art, “ *comparable* to these illustrious Solemnities of opening Sunshine? Before *these*, “ all the studied Pageantry of the Theatre; “ the glittering OEconomy of an Assembly; “ or even the heightened Ornaments of a “ royal Palace; hide their diminished Heads, “ and shrink into Nothing.”--I have read of a Person, so struck with the Splendors of this *noble Luminary*; that he imagined himself made on purpose to contemplate it's Glories. O! that Christians would adopt his Persuasion, and transfer it to the *Sun of Righteousness*! Thus applied, it would cease to be a chimerical Notion, and become a most important Truth. For sure I am, it is the *supreme Happiness*, of the eternal State; and therefore may well be the *ruling Concern*, of this present Life; “ to know the only true “ GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom He hath “ sent.”--Nor do I stand alone in this Opinion. One of the most unquestionable Judges, of whatever is valuable in Science, or perfective of our Nature; a Judge, who formed his *Taste* on the Maxims of Paradise, and received the *Finishings* of his *Education* in the Third Heavens; this Judge, determines to “ know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and Him “ crucified.” He possessed, in his own Person, the finest, the most admired *Accomplishments*;



*ments*; and yet pronounces them no better than *Dung*, in Comparifon of the\* fuper-eminent Excellency of this faving Knowlege.

METHINKS, I difcern a thoufand admirable Properties in the Sun. 'Tis, certainly, the beft material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in it's *Lufre*, *Energy*, and *Ufefulness*, than in any other vifible Being. To worship it as a Deity, was the leaft inexcufable of all the heathen Idolatries. One fcarce can wonder, that fallen Reason fhould miftake fo fair a *Copy*, for the adorable *Original*. No Comparifon, in the whole Book of fared Wifdom, pleafes me more; than that which refembles the bleffed JESUS, to yonder *Regent* of the *Day*†: Who now advances on his azure Road, to fcatrer Light and Gladnefs through the Nations.

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of *Darknefs*, without the *Beams* of the Sun? All their fine Scenes, hid under Shades; loft in *Obscurity*.---In vain, we roll around our Eyes in the Midnight

\* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως.

† Unto you, that fear my Name, fhall the *Sun* of *Righteoufnefs* arife, with Healing in his Wings. *Mal.* iv. 2.

Gloom :



Gloom: In vain, we strive to behold the *Features* of amiable *Nature*: Turn whither we will, no Form or Comeliness appears: All seems a dreary *Waste*; an undistinguished Chaos: till the returning Hours, have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn.---Then, what a Prospect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure, and strewed with Roses. A Variety of the liveliest Verdures, array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow, of the richest Colours. The whole Creation stands forth, dressed in all the Charms of Beauty. The ravished Eye looks round, and wonders.

AND what had been the Condition of our *intellectual Nature*, without the great Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation*? Alas! What absurd and unworthy Apprehensions, did the *Pagan Sages* form of GOD! What idle Dreams, what childish Conjectures, were their Doctrines of a future State! And how did the *Bulk*, even of that favoured Nation, the *Jews*, weary themselves in very Vanity, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with their offended JEHOVAH! Till JESUS arose upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to Light; till He arose, “ to enlighten the wretched *Gentiles*, and to

“ be the Glory of his People *Israel!* ”---Now, we no longer cry out, with a restless Impatience, “ Where is God my Maker ? ” For we are allowed to contemplate the *Brightness* of his *Glory*, and the express Image of his Person, “ in the Face of J E S U S C H R I S T . ”

----Now, we no longer inquire, with an unsatisfied Solitude, “ Which is the Way “ to Bliss ? ” Because J E S U S has marked the *Path*, by his shining Example ; and left us an unerring *Clue*, in his holy Word.---Now, we have no more Reason to proceed with misgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity ; or to ask anxiously, as we go ; “ Who “ will roll away the Stone, and open the “ everlasting Doors ? Who will remove the “ flaming Sword, and give us Admission in- “ to the Delights of Paradise ? ” For it is done, All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. *Sin* he has *expiated*, by the unblemished Sacrifice of Himself. The *Law* he has *fulfilled*, by his perfect Obedience. The *Sinner* he *transforms*, by his sanctifying SPIRIT.---In a Word ; He hath both presented us with a *clear Discovery*, of good Things to come ; and administered to us an *abundant Entrance*, into the final Enjoyment of them.

WHENEVER, therefore, we bless God for the circling Seasons, and revolving Day ; let



us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the more precious Appearance of the *Sun of Righteousness*, and his *glorious Gospel*. Without which, we should have been groping, even to this Hour, in spiritual Darkneſs, and the Shadow of Death: without which, we muſt have been bewildered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have “ ſtumbled upon the dark Mountains” of Error, till we fell into the bottomleſs Pit of Perdition.

*WITHOUT* that grand *enlivening Principle*, What were this Earth, but a lifeleſs *Maſs*? A rude Lump of *inactive Matter*? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants ſpring up into Flowers. We ſhould no more behold the Meadows, *mantled over* with Green; nor the Valleys, *ſtanding thick* with Corn. Or, to ſpeak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet, “ \* No longer would the Fig-tree bloſſom, nor Fruit be in the Vine: The Labour of the Olive would fail, and the Fields could yield no Meat: The Flocks muſt be cut off from the Fold, and there would be no Herd in the Stalls.” This

\* Hab. iii. 17.



darts it's Beams among all the Vegetable Tribes; and *paints* the Spring, and *enriches* the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the Vineyard, and the Orchard; and sets afloat those fermenting Juices, which at length burst into Floods of Wine, or bend the Boughs with a mellow Load.---Nor are it's Favours confined to the *Upper Regions*; but distributed even unto the *deepest Recesses* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metals, and finds it's Way to "the Place of the Sapphires." It tinctures the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a Brilliancy into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on it's Rock.---In short; the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary, is inexpressible. It *beautifies*, and *impregnates*, universal Nature. "There is nothing hid from the Heat thereof."

JUST in the same Manner, were the *Rational World* dead in *Trespases and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is "the Resurrection, and the Life:" The all-powerful Cause of the one, and overflowing Fountain of the other. "The second *Adam* is a *quickenings Spirit*," and all his Saints live through Him. He *shines* upon their Affections; and they shoot forth  
into

into Heavenly Graces, and *abound* in the Fruits of Righteousness, Faith unfeigned, and Love undissembled, those noblest Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of *his* Operation on the Mind. Not so much as one Divine Disposition could spread itself, not one Christian Habit unfold and flourish, without the kindly Influences of his Grace,

As there is no Fruitfulness, so likewise no *Cheerfulness* \*, without the Sun.--When that auspicious Sovereign of the Day, diffuses the *Mildness* of his *Morning* Splendors; all Creatures are enlivened by his Presence, or gladdened with his Gifts. Millions of glittering Insects awake into Existence, and bask in his Rays. The Birds start from their Slumbers, and pour their delighted Souls in Harmony. The Flocks, with bleating Accents, hail the welcome Blessing. The Herds, in lowing Murmurs, express their hoarser Acclamations. The Valleys ring with rural Music: the Hills echo back the artless Strains. All that is vocal, joins in the general Choir:

\* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in *cheering* the Mind of Man, and *making the Heart glad.*" *Spect.* Vol. V. No. 387.



all that has Breath, exults in the chearing Influence.---Whereas, let that radiant Orb be *eclipsed*, only for a few Minutes; and all Nature, immediately, assumes an Air of *Sadness*. The Heavens put on a kind of Mourning. The most sprightly Animals droop their Wings, or hang down their dejected Heads. The Songsters of the Grove are struck dumb. The Voice of Joy ceases. Howling Beasts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth and screech: The Heart of Man fails, and a chilling Horror seizes the foreboding Mind.---So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loses Sight of that *Consolation* of *Israel*; Oh! how gloomy are the *Prospects* of the Soul! Our God seems to be a consuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Christian walks heavily: all without is irksome; all within is disconsolate. ---Lift up then, most gracious JESUS, thou nobler Day-spring from on high! O lift up the Light of thy Countenance, upon thy People! Reveal the *Fulness* of thy mediatorial Sufficiency: make clear *our Title* to this great Salvation; and thereby impart

*What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
The Soul's calm Sunshine, and the Heart-felt  
Joy.*

POPE.

In



In one Instance more, let me pursue the Similitude. The Sun, I observe, shoots his Beams *every Way*; both backwards and forwards; to every Point in the Compass, as well as to every Quarter under Heaven. The East reddens, with his rising Radiance; and the Western Hills, are gilded with his streaming Splendors. The chilly Regions of the North, are cheared by his genial Warmth; while the Southern Tracts, glow with his Fire.---Thus, are the Influences of the Sun of Righteousness, *diffusive* and *unconfined*. The Generations of old felt them; and Generations yet unborn, will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death *extended* to the *First*, and will be *propagated* to the *Last*, Ages of Mankind.---May they, ere-long, visit the remotest Climates, and darkest Corners of the Earth! Command thy Gospel, blessed Jesus, thy everlasting Gospel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon strong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language: That where the Heat broils, and the Cold freezes, Thou mayst be known, confessed, and adored: That *Strangers* to thy Name, and *Enemies* to thy Doctrines, may be *enlightened* with the Knowledge, and *won* to the Love, of thy Truth!

O! may that best of Æras come; that wished for Period advance; when "All the Ends  
 " of the World shall remember themselves,  
 " and be turned unto the LORD; and all the  
 " Kindreds of the Nations worship before  
 " him!"

FROM the Heavens, we retire to the Earth,  
 ---Here, the Drops of *Dew*, like so many  
 liquid Crystals\*, sparkle upon the Eye. How  
*brilliant*, and unfullied, is their *Lustre*! How  
 little inferior to the proud Stone, that irradiates  
 a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but  
 Solidity and Permanency; to equal them with  
 the finest Treasures, of the Jeweller's Casket.  
 ---But here, indeed, they are greatly deficient;  
 short-lived Ornaments; possessed of little more,  
 than a *momentary Radiancy*. The Sun, that  
 lights them up, will soon exhale them. Within  
 another Hour, we may "look for their Place,  
 and they shall be away."---Oh! may every  
*good Resolution* of mine, and of my Flock's;  
 may our united Breathings after God,  
 not be like these *transient Decorations* of the  
 Morning; but

\* Now Morn, her rosy Steps in th' Eastern Clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the Earth with *orient Pearl*.

MILT.  
 like



like the *substantial Glories* of the growing Day! These shine more and more, with augmented Splendors; while those, having glittered gaily for a little while, disappear, and are lost.

How sensibly has this Dew *refreshed* the Vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yesterday's Sun, had almost parched the Face, and exhausted the Sweets, of Nature. But what a *sovereign Restorative*, are these *cooling Distillations* of the Night! How they gladden, and invigorate, the languishing Herbs! Sprinkled with these reviving Drops, their Verdure deepens; their Bloom is new-flushed; their Fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious.---So, does the ever-blessed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping troubled *Conscience* of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter sheds his sweet Influence on the Soul; displays the all-sufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witnesses with our Spirit," that we are *interested* in the *Saviour*, and, by this means, are *Children* of GOD; then, what a pleasing Change ensues! Former Anxieties are remembered no more. Every uneasy Apprehension vanishes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, succeed. The Countenance



*nance* drops its dejected Mien; the *Eyes* brighten with a lively Chearfulness; while the *Lips* express the Heart-felt Satisfaction, in the Language of Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Melody.---In this Sense, merciful God, *be as the Dew unto Israel!* "Pour upon them the continual Dew of thy Blessing." And Oh! let not my Fleece be dry, while Heavenly Benediction descends upon all around.

Who can number these pearly Drops! They hang on every Hedge; twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Grass, not a single Leaf, but wears these watry Pendants. So vast is the *Profusion*, that it baffles the *Arithmetician's Art*.---Here let the benevolent Breast contemplate, with Delight, that emphatical Scripture; which describes the *Increase* of the *Messiah's Kingdom*, from this elegant Similitude. The Royal Prophet, speaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Success of his Religion, has this remarkable Expression \*, *The Dew of thy Birth is of the*

\* Psalm cx. 3. מרחם משהר לך טל ילדתך. The most exact Translation of this difficult Passage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ rore uteri auroræ, tibi est ros juventutis vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the

*Womb*

*Womb of the Morning*; (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews; produces them,

Womb of the Morning.---I cannot acquiesce in the new Version; because that disjoins *The Womb of the Morning*, from, *The Dew of thy Birth*: Whereas they seem to have a clear Affinity, and close Connexion. The Womb of the Morning is, with Abundance of Elegance, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Master of just Description, and lively Painting, Mr. Thomson:

*The meek-cy'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews.*

Summer.

*Job*, I remember, hath a fine Expression, that may serve to confirm this Remark, and illustrate the Propriety of the Phrase used in this Connexion: "Hath the Rain  
" a Father, or who hath begotten the Drops of Dew?" It seems, the Oriental Writers delighted to represent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Off-spring of the Morning. And if so, surely there could be no Image in the whole Compass of the Universe, better adapted to the Psalmist's Purpose: or more strongly significant of those Multitudes of Profelytes which were "born, not of Blood,  
" nor of the Will of the Flesh, nor of the Will of Man,  
" but of God;" by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit.---Upon this Supposition, the whole Verse describes

The willing Subjection,  
The gracious Accomplishments, } of Christ's Converts.  
And the vast Number,

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Gospel shall be published in the World, and accompanied with marvellous Efficacy---In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, discontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Mosaic Law*; shall devote *themselves*, as so many *living Sacrifices*, to thy Honour. Not constrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they shall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free-will Offerings* in

as



as it were, from a prolific Womb; and scatters them with the most lavish Abundance,

thy Church.---Neither shall they be "empty Vines," or bare Professors; but shall walk in all the *Beauties of Holiness*, and bring forth such amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace.---And, what is still more desirable, they shall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, even more immense and inconceivable, than the Drops of Dew, which are begotten by the Night, and issue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of it's Obscurity; and appears both truly sublime, and perfectly just.

May I be pardoned the *Digression*, and acquitted from *Presumption*; if, on this Occasion, I take leave to animadvert upon, what seems harsh and unnatural, in the common Exposition of the last Verse of this Psalm? All the Commentators (at least, all that I have had Opportunity to consult) inform their Readers, That to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, signifies to *undergo Sufferings and Death*: Which, in my Opinion, is a Construction extremely forced, and hardly supportable; altogether remote from the Import of such poetical Forms of Diction, usual among the Eastern Nations. In those sultry Climes, nothing could be more welcome to the Traveller, than a Brook streaming near his Paths. To quench his Thirst, and lave his Feet, in the cooling Current, was one of the greatest Refreshments imaginable, and re-animated him to pursue his Journey. For which Reason, among others, Brooks are a very favourite Image with the inspired Penmen; used to denote a Situation *fertile and delightful*, or a State of *Pleasure and Satisfaction*; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of *Tribulation and Distress*.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the sacred Writings, often represent some imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not---נחלים בדרך---Streams

over



over all the Surface of the Earth: *So shall thy Seed be*, O thou everlasting Father! By the Preaching of thy Word, shall such an innumerable Race of regenerate Children be

so calm, that they keep within their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveller's Footsteps; so clear, that they are fit for the Wayfaring Man's Use, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text—They are rather—*משברי*—*boisterous Billows*; bursting over a Ship, or dashing themselves, with dreadful Impetuosity, upon the Shore: Or—*שבילת*—*sweeping Inundations*; that drown the neighbouring Country, and bear down all before them.—Besides, in these Instances of Horror, we never find the Word—*ישתה*—“*He shall drink*;” which conveys a pleasing Idea (unless when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or im poisoned Liquors; a Case quite different from that under Consideration;) but either—*בעת*—which imports *Terror* and *Astonishment*, or else—*שטף* and *עבר*—which signify to *rush upon*; to *overwhelm*; and even to *bury under the Waves*.

Upon the Whole: May not the Passage more properly allude, to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghost*? which were communicated, in unmeasurable Degrees, to our great High-Priest; and were, in fact, the Cause of his surmounting all Difficulties.—These are frequently represented by *Waters*; “Who so believeth on Me, out of his “Belly shall flow Rivers of *living Waters*.” And the Enjoyment of them is described by *drinking*; “He that “*drinketh* of the Water that I shall give him, shall never “thirst.” Then, the Sense may run in this well-connected and perspicuous Manner. If it be asked, How shall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Psalm? the Prophet replies, *He shall drink of the Brook in the Way*. He shall not be left barely to his human Na-

born

born unto Thee, and fill all Lands. Millions, Millions of willing Converts, shall *croud* into thy Family, and *replenish* thy Church; till they become like the Stars of Heaven, or the Sands of the Sea, for Multitude; or even as *numberless* as these fine *Spangles*, which now cover the Face of Nature.---Behold then, ye obstinately Wicked, though you “are not “gathered, yet will the Saviour be glorious.” His Design shall not miscarry, nor his Labour prove abortive; tho’ you render it of none Effect, with regard to yourselves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want *Believers*, or Heaven *Inhabitants*, because *You* continue *incorrigible*. No; the Lamb that was slain, will “see of the Travail of his Soul, and be “satisfied;” in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immense Choir of glorified Saints above: who shall form his Retinue, and surround his Throne, in

ture, which must unavoidably sink under the tremendous Work of recovering a lost World: But, thro’ the whole Course of his incarnate State, thro’ the whole Administration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, shall be supported with Omnipotent Succours. He shall drink at the Brook of *Almighty Power*, and travel on in the Greatness of an *uncreated Strength*.—*Therefore shall he lift up his Head*. By this means, shall he be equal to the prodigious Task, and superior to all Opposition. By this means, shall he be *thoroughly successful*, in whatever he undertakes; and *greatly triumphant* over all his Enemies.

shining



shining and triumphant Armies, such as no Man can number.

HERE, I was reminded of the various *Expedients* which Providence, unsearchably wise, uses, to *fructify* both the material and intellectual World.---Sometimes, you shall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, bursting from the angry Clouds. They lash the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them.---At other times, these *gentle Dews* are formed, in the serene Evening Air: They steal down by soft Degrees, and with insensible Stillness; so subtle, that they deceive the nicest Eye; so silent, that they escape the most delicate Ear.---Yet, these very *different* Operations, concur in the *same* beneficial End; and impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature.---So, some have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darknes, by *violent* and severe *Means*. The Almighty addressed their stubborn Hearts, as he addressed the *Israelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Mind, smit with a Sense of Guilt, and apprehensive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; just as that strong Mountain tottered to it's Centre. Pangs and Agonies preceded



ceded their New Birth. They travailed in Pain, and were reduced to the sorest Extremities, before they found Rest to their Souls. —Others have been recovered from a vain Conversation, by *Methods* more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied himself to their tender Consciences, in a “ still “ and small Voice.” His Grace came down, as the Rain into a Fleece of Wool; or as these softening Drops, that now water the Earth. The Kingdom of God took place in their Hearts, without Noise or Observation. They passed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almost imperceptible Advances. The Transition resembled the Growth of Corn: was very visible, when effected; though scarce sensible, while accomplishing.---O Thou Author and Finisher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and re-unite us to Thyself! Whether Thou *alarm* us with thy *Terrors*, or *allure* us with thy *Smiles*: whether Thou drive us with the Scourges of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love: let us, in any-wise, return to Thee; for Thou art our Supreme Good; Thou art our Only Happiness.

BEFORE I proceed further, let me ascend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the  
neigh-

neighbouring *Country*.--O! What a Prospect  
rushes upon my Sight; how vast; how va-  
rious; how "full and plenteous with all  
"manner of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth!  
---What a rich and inexhaustible Magazine  
is here: furnishing Subsistence for every  
Creature! Methinks, I read, in these spaci-  
ous Volumes, a most lively Comment, upon  
that noble Celebration of the Divine Bene-  
ficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all  
Things living with Plenteousness.*

*These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself how wond'rous  
then!* MILT.

THE *Fields* are covered deep, and stand  
thick, with Corn. They expand the Milky  
*Grain* to the Sun; in order to receive from  
his Beams, a more firm Consistence, and a  
golden Hue: that they may be qualified, to  
fill the Husbandman's Barns with Plenty,  
and his Heart with Gladness.

YONDER lie the Meadows, smoothed into  
a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroi-  
dery of the gayest Flowers; and loaded with  
\* *spontaneous Crops of Herbage*: which, con-

\*-----*Injussa virescunt*  
*Gramina* —

VIRG.

VOL. I.

L

verted



verted into Hay, will prove a most commodious Provision for the Barrenness of Winter; will supply with Fodder our serviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plain is killed by Frosts, or buried in Snows.---A winding *Stream*, glides along the flowery Margin; and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis stocked, no doubt, with Variety of *Fish*; that afford a solitary Diversion to the Angler, and nourish for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it also carries *Cleanliness*, and dispenses *Fruitfulness*, where-ever it rolls the crystal Current.

THE *Pastures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Prospect; and prepare a standing Repast for our Cattle. There, "our *Oxen* " are made strong to labour; and our *Sheep* " bring forth Thousands, and Ten thousands." There, the *Horse* acquires Vigour, for the Dispatch of our Business; and Speed, to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the *Kine* bring home their Udders, distended with one of the richest, and healthiest Liquors, in the World.



ON several Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like some grand Colonnade, erects it's towering Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade, for the Beasts; and creates a hospitable Lodging, for the Birds. Every one stands ready, to furnish *Timber* for a Palace; *Masts* for a Navy; or, with a more condescending Courtesy, *Fuel* for our Hearths.---One of them seems skirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well disposed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Lustre on the more ornamented Parts of the Landschape. Nor is it's Usefulness, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, several valuable *Creatures* are produced, and accommodated; without any Expence, or Care of ours. There, likewise, spring abundance of those *Herbs*, which assuage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever: which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Constitutions.

NEARER the Houses, one perceives a spacious *Spread of Branches*; not so stately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I beheld them; and all was one beauteous, boundless, Waste

of *Blossoms*. The Eye marvelled, at the lovely Sight; and the Heart rejoiced, in the Prospect of autumnal Plenty. But now, the blooming Maid is resigned, for the useful Matron: The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* swells out on every Twig.---Breathe soft, ye Winds! Oh, spare the tender Fruitage, ye surly Blasts! Let the *Pear-tree* suckle her juicy Progeny; till they drop into our Hands, and dissolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang unmolested upon her Boughs; till she fatten her delicious Flesh, and cloud her polished Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*, that staple Commodity of our *Orchards*, let no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturity to the Ground; till revolving Suns, have tinged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquisite Flavour. Then, what innumerable Classes, of what burnished Rinds, and what delightful Relishes, will replenish the Store-room! Some, to present us with an early Entertainment, and refresh our Palates amidst the sultry Heats: Some, to borrow Ripeness from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Winter: Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Dessert, and give an agreeable \* Close to our Feasts: Others,

\* ——— *Ab Ovo*  
*Usque ad Mala* ———

HOR.

to



to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may sparkle in the Glass, with a Liveliness and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

I OBSERVE several small *Inclosures*, which seem to be apprehensive of some hostile Visit from the North; and, therefore, are defended, on that Quarter, by a thick Wood, or a lofty Wall: at the same time, they cultivate an uninterrupted Correspondence with the South; and throw open their whole Dimensions, to it's friendly Warmth. One, in particular, lies, within the Reach of a distinguishing View; and proves to be an Oritory. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal Republic. Whatever may resemble the Pomp of Courts, or the Ensigns of Royalty, is banished from this humble Community. None of the Productions of the *Kitchen-Garden* affect Finery, but all are habited with perfect Decency. Here, those celebrated Qualities are eminently united, The utmost Simplicity with the exactest Neatness\* --- A skilful Hand has parcelled out the whole Ground, into narrow Beds, and intervening Alleys. The same discreet Management has assigned

\* *Simplex Munditiis.*

HOR.



to each Family, a proper and distinct Abode. So that there is no Confusion, amidst a great Multitude; because every Individual is associated with Propriety, and all the Tribes are ranged with Regularity.---But, if it be pleasing to behold their orderly Situation, and their modest Beauties; how delightful, to consider the Advantages, they yield! What a *Fund* of choice *Accommodations* is Here! What a Source of wholesome Dainties! and all, for the Enjoyment of Man. Why does the *Parsley*, with her frizzled Locks, shag the Border; or why the *Celery*, with her whitening Arms, perforate the Mold; but to render his Soops savoury? The *Asparagus* shoots it's tapering Stems, to offer him the First-fruits of the Season; and the *Artichoke* spreads it's turgid Top, in order to give him a Treat of Vegetable Marrow. The Tendrils of the \* *Cucumber* creep into the Sun; and, though basking in it's hottest Rays, they secrete for their Master, and barrel up for his Use, the most cooling Juices of the Soil. The *Beans* stand firm, like Files of embattled Troops; the *Peas* rest upon their

\* *Virgil*, with great Conciseness, and equal Propriety, describes the *Cucumber*---

--- *Tortusque per Herbam*  
*Crescet in Ventrem Cucumis.*---

Props,

Props, like so many Companies of Invalids; while both replenish their Pods with the Fatness of the Earth, on purpose to pour it on their Owner's Table.-----Not one Species, among all this Variety of Herbs, is a Cumberer of the Ground. Not a single Plant, but is good for Food, or some way salutary. And, with so beneficent an Oeconomy, are the several Periods of their Ministration settled; that no Portion of the Year is left destitute of such nourishing Esculents, as are best suited to the Temperature of the Air, and the State of our Bodies.---O! why should the *Possessor* of so valuable a Spot, envy the Condition of Kings\*? Since He may daily walk amidst Rows of peaceable and obsequious Subjects. Every One of which tenders him some agreeable Present, and pays him a willing Tribute. Such as is most excellently

*Milton* has (if We admit Dr. *Bentley's* Alteration, which is, I think, in *this* Place, unquestionably just) almost translated the *Latin* Poet,

-----Forth crept  
The *swelling* Gourd-----  
Georg. IV. Par. Lost, B. VII. l. 320.

\* *Hic rarum tamen in Dumis Olus, albaque circum  
Lilia, Verbenasque premens, vescumque Papaver,  
Regum æquabat Opes Animis : seraque revertens  
Nocte domum, Dapibus Mensas onerabat inemptis.*  
VIRG. Georg. IV. l. 130.



adapted, both to supply his Wants, and to regale his Taste: to furnish Him, at once, with Plenty, and with Pleasure.

AT a Distance, one descries the mighty *Hills*: They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds; and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, or the Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treasures; Treasures, lodged fast in the *Quarries*, or sunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence, Industry may draw her Implements; to plow the Soil, to reap the Grain, and procure every necessary Convenience. From thence, Art may fetch her Materials; to rear the Dome, to swell the Organ, and form the noblest Ornaments of politer Life.

ON another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. "There go the Ships: "There is that Leviathan;" And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number of Animals have their Habitation. This is the capacious *Cistern* of the *Universe*; which admits, as into a Receptacle; and distributes, as from a Reservoir; whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain, that gushes in the unfrequented Desert;  
nor



nor a Rivulet, that flows in the remotest Continent; nor a Cloud, that swims in the highest Regions of the Firmament; but is fed by this all-replenishing Source.---The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of distant Nations: To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports, the Harvest of every Climate; renders our Island the Centre of Traffick; but also as it secures us from foreign Invasions, by a sort of impregnable Entrenchment\*.

METHINKS, the View of this profuse Munificence inspires a *secret Delight*, and kindles a *disinterested Good-will*.---While the “ little Hills clap their Hands,” and the luxuriant

\* *Whose Rampart was the Sea.* Nahum iii. 8.

I hope, this little *Excursion* into the Country, will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject; because a rural View, though no essential Part of a Garden, is yet necessary to complete its Beauty.—As *Usefulness* is the most valuable Property, that can attend any Production; *this* is the Circumstance, chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the *Landscape*. Tho’ every Piece of this extensive and diversified Scene, is cast in the most elegant Mould; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew, and Parade. You see nothing formed in the Taste of the ostentatious Obelisk, or insignificant Pomp of the Pyramid. No such idle Expences were admitted into that consummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Universe. All the Decorations of Nature are no less *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; such as speak the Maker infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

“ Valleys

“ Valleys laugh and sing ;” who can forbear catching the general Joy ? Who is not touched, with lively Sensations of Pleasure ?---While the everlasting Father, is scattering Blessings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodness ; who does not feel his Breast overflowing, with a diffusive Benevolence ?----My Heart, I must confess, beats high with Satisfaction ; and breathes out *congratulatory Wishes*, upon all the Tenants of these rural Abodes : “ Peace be “ within your Walls, as well as Plenteousness around your Dwellings.” Live, ye highly favoured ; live sensible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon these prodigiously large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own.---Only let me remind you, of one very important Truth. Let me suggest, and may you never forget ; That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS, for every one of these Accommodations, which spring from the teeming Earth, and smiling Skies : For,

I. CHRIST \* *made* them, when they were not---He fetched them up from utter Darkness ; and gave them both their Being, and

\* When I ascribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I am far, very far, from offering to exclude the Eter-  
their



their Beauty. He created the Materials, of which they are composed; and moulded them into this endless Multiplicity, of amiable Forms, and useful Substances. He arrayed the Heavens, with a Vesture of the mildest Blue; and cloathed the Earth, in a Livery of the gayest Green: His Pencil streaked, and his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Universe. His Strength

nal FATHER, and Ever-blessed SPIRIT, from the same Honour. The Acts of those inconceivably glorious Persons are, like their Essence, undivided and one. But I choose to state the important Point in this Manner, because This is the manifest Doctrine of the New Testament; the express Belief of our Church; and a most noble Peculiarity of the Gospel Revelation.—I choose it also, because I would take every Opportunity of inculcating, and celebrating, the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER: A Truth, that imparts an unutterable Dignity to Christianity: A Truth, which lays a most immoveable Foundation, for all the comfortable Hopes of a Christian: A Truth, which will render the Mystery of our Redemption, the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every One will observe, my Assertion is inseparably connected.

If any One questions, whether this be the Doctrine of our Church; let the *Creed*, which we repeat in our most solemn Devotions, determine his Doubt: “I believe,” says that Form of sound Words, “in one LORD JESUS: CHRIST, very God of very GOD, by whom all Things were made.”—If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I answer, From the Writings of the beloved Disciple, who lay on the Saviour’s Bosom; and of that great Apostle, who was caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloss.* i. 16.



set fast the Mountains; His Goodness garnished the Vales; and the same *Touch* that healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole visible *System* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited. By *Adam's Sin*, we lost our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground: His Disobedience was the most impious and horrid *Treason*, against the KING of Kings. Consequently, his whole Patrimony became *confiscated*: as well the Portion of temporal good Things, settled upon the human Race during their Minority; as that everlasting Heritage reserved for their Enjoyment, when they should come to full Age. But the "Seed of the Woman," instantly interposing, took off the *Attainder*, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The first *Adam* being disinherited, the Second *Adam*\* was appointed *Heir of all Things*, visible as well as invisible: And we hold our

\* *Heb. i. 2.*—In this Sense, at least, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men*. The former and latter Rain; the precious Fruits of the Earth; Food to eat, and Raiment to put on; — all these He purchased, even for his irreclaimable Enemies. *They* eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel against Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing *Light*, the *Christian* is to contemplate the Things that are seen. *Heathens* might discover an eternal Power, and

Pos-

Possession of the one; we expect an Instate-  
ment in the other; purely by vi tue of our  
Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. CHRIST *upholds* them, which would  
otherwise tumble into Ruin.—*By him*, says  
the Oracle of Inspiration, *all Things consist* \*.  
His Finger rolls the Seasons round, and  
presides over all the celestial Revolutions.  
His Finger winds up the Wheels, and impels  
every Spring, of Vegetative Nature. In a  
Word, the whole Weight of the Creation,  
rests upon his mighty Arm; and receives the  
whole Harmony of it's Motion, from his un-

infinite Wisdom, in the Structure of the Universe; Hea-  
thens might acknowlege a most stupendous Liberality, in  
the unreserved Grant, of the whole Fabric, with all it's  
Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Christian  
should ever keep in mind his Forfeiture of them, and the  
Price paid to redeem them. He should receive the Gifts  
of indulgent Providence, as the *Israelites* received the Law,  
from the Hand of a Mediator: Or rather, To him they  
should come, not only issuing from the Stores of an un-  
bounded Bounty, but swimming (as it were) in that crim-  
son Tide, which streamed from IMMANUEL'S Veins.

\* Col. i. 17. I beg leave to subjoin St. *Chrysostom's*  
pertinent and beautiful Note, upon the Passage; by which  
it will appear, that the Sentiment of these Sections, is not  
merely a private Opinion, but the avowed Belief of the  
Primitive Church. Τῆς αὐτῆς, says the eloquent Father, εἰς  
αὐτοῦ κρεμαται ἡ πάντων υποστάσις· ὃ μόνου αὐτοῦ αὐτὰ ἐκ τε  
μη οὐλὸς εἰς τὸ εἶναι παρηγαγεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ αὐτὰ συγ-  
κράτει νυν· ὥστε αὐτὴ ἀποσπασθῇ τῆς αὐτῆς προνοίας, ἀπολωλε  
καὶ διεφθαρτα.

erring



erring Eye.---This habitable Globe, with all it's rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themselves. *Start* they would into instant *Confusion*; or *drop* into their primitive *Nothing*; did not his Power support, and his Wisdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they subsist stedfast and invariable in their Orders; and wait only for his sovereign Nod, to "fall away like "Water, that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST \* *actuates* them, which would otherwise be lifeless and insignificant.---Pensioners they are, constant Pensioners, on his Bounty, and borrow their *All* from his Fullness. *He only has Life*: and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-sufficiency. Does the Grape refresh you, with it's enlivening Juices? It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread strengthen your Heart,

\* *John v. 17. My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; i. e. I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation.—Thus the Words are paraphrased by a masterly Expositor, who has illustrated the Life of our blessed LORD, in the most elegant Taste of Criticism; with the most amiable Spirit of Devotion; and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities, of a Party. See the *Family Expositor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

and



and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with *his* Melody, when the  
 " Time of singing of Birds is come, and the  
 " Voice of the Nightingale is heard in your  
 " Land." You taste *his* Goodness in the luscious Fig, the melting Peach, and the musky Flavour of the Apricot. You smell *his* Sweetness in the opening Honeyfuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub. Could these Creatures speak for themselves, they would, doubtless, disclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and ascribe the whole Honour to their Maker.  
 ---" We are Servants," would they say, " of  
 " Him, who died for you. *Cisterns* only,  
 " dry Cisterns in ourselves, we *transmit* to  
 " Mortals no more, than the uncreated  
 " Fountain transfuses into us. Think not,  
 " that, from any Ability of our own, we  
 " furnish you with Assistance, or administer  
 " to your Comfort. 'Tis the Divine Energy,  
 " the Divine Energy alone, that works in us,  
 " and does you Good.---We *serve* you, O ye  
 " Sons of Men, that you may *love* Him, who  
 " placed us in these Stations. O! love the  
 " LORD, therefore, all ye who are supported  
 " by our Ministry; or else we shall \* groan

\* Rom. viii. 23.

" with

“ with Indignation, and Regret, at your  
 “ Abuse of our Services--Use us, and wel-  
 “ come; for we are yours, if ye are CHRIST's.  
 “ Crop our choicest Beauties; rifle all our  
 “ Treasures; accommodate yourselves with  
 “ our most valuable Qualities; only let us be  
 “ *Incentives to Gratitude, and Motives to Obe-*  
 “ *dience.*”

HAVING gazed the spacious *Sky*; and sent  
 a Glance round the *inferior Creation*; 'tis  
 Time to descend from this Eminence, and  
 confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* be-  
 low---Here Nature, always pleasing, every  
 where lovely, appears with peculiar Attrac-  
 tions. Yonder, she seems dressed in her *Def-*  
*habille*; grand, but irregular. Here, she  
 calls in her Hand-maid Art; and shines in  
 all the delicate *Ornaments*, that the nicest  
 Cultivation can convey. *Those*, are her *com-*  
*mon Apartments*, where she lodges her ordi-  
 nary Guests; *This*, is her *Cabinet of Curiosi-*  
*ties*, where she entertains her intimate Ac-  
 quaintance---My Eye shall often expatiate,  
 over those Scenes of universal Fertility: My  
 Feet shall sometimes brush thro' the Thicket,  
 or traverse the Lawn, or stroll along the  
 Forest Glade: But to this delightful Retreat,  
 shall



shall be my chief Resort. Thither, will I *make Excursions*; but Here, will I *dwell*.

IF, from my low Procedure, I may form an Allusion to the most exalted Practices; I would observe, upon this Occasion; That the celebrated *Erasmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged thro' the whole Extent of *human Literature*, at length betook themselves solely to the *Bible*. Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they sat incessantly at the Feet of JESUS. Wisely they withdrew, from that immense Multiplicity of Learning; from those endless Tracts of amusing Erudition; where, noxious Weeds are mixed with wholesome Herbs; where, is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs. They spent their most mature Hours, in those hallowed Gardens, which God's own Wisdom planted; which God's own Spirit watereth; and in which God's own Son is continually walking: Where, He meeteth those that seek Him; and revealeth to them the Glories of his Person, and the Riches of his Goodness.

THUS would I finish the Remainder of my Days! Having had a *Taste* of the *politer* Studies; I would devote my future *Applica-*



tion, to the *lively Oracles*. From other Pursuits, one may glean some Fragments of specious Instruction : From this, I trust to reap a Harvest of the sublimest Truth ; the noblest Improvements ; and the purest Joys \*. Waft me then, O ! waft my Mind to *Sion's* consecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove, through the awfully-pleasing Walks of Inspiration. Here, grow those Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowledge* ; whose ambrosial Fruits we now may " take, and eat, and live for ever." Here, flow those precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteousness* ; whose living Waters " whoever drinks, shall thirst no more." And, what can the Fables of *Grecian* Song, or the finest Pages of *Roman* Eloquence.---What can they exhibit, in any Degree comparable to these matchless Prerogatives of Revelation ?---Therefore, though I should not dislike to pay a *Visit* now and then to my *Heathen Masters* ; I would *live* with the *Prophets* and *Apostles*. With the One, I would carry on some occasional Correspondence : but the Other should be my Bosom-Friends ; my inseparable Companions ; " my Delight, and " my Counsellors."

\* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas ; quicquid præcipitur, Bonitas ; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

WHAT *Sweets* are these, that so agreeably salute my Nostrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incense of the Garden.—How liberally does the Jessamine dispense her odoriferous Riches! How deliciously has the Woodbind imbalm'd this Morning Walk! The Air is all Perfume.—And is not this, another most engaging Argument, to forsake the Bed of *Sloth*? Who would lie dissolved in senseless Slumbers; while so many breathing Sweets, invite him to a Feast of Fragrancy? Especially considering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Industrious: Whereas, when the Sluggard lifts his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be dissipated; and, instead of this refreshing Humidity, the Air will become a kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Representation of the most charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Consort. There is such a *Delicacy* in the *Choice*, and so much *Life* in the *Description*, of these rural Images; that I cannot excuse myself, without repeating the whole Passage.—Whisper it, some friend-



ly *Genius*, in the Ear of every One, that is now sunk in Sleep, and lost to all these noble Gratifications !

*Awake : The Morning shines, and the fresh Field  
Calls you : Ye lose the Prime, to mark how spring  
The tended Plants, how blows the citron Grove ;  
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy  
Reed ;*

*How Nature paints her Colours ; how the Bee  
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets \*.*

How *delightful* is this *Fragrance* ! It is distributed in the nicest *Proportion* ; neither so strong, as to oppress the Organs ; nor so faint, as to elude them. We often sit cloyed and fated at a sumptuous Banquet ; but This Pleasure never loses it's *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite. Here, Luxury itself is innocent and refined ; or rather, in this Case, Indulgence is incapable of Excess. This balmy Entertainment, not only regales the *Sense*, but † cheers the very *Soul* ; and, instead of clogging, elates it's Powers. It puts me in mind of that ever-memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in behalf of offending Mor-

\* *Milt. Par. Lost, B. V. l. 20.*

† Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.

*Prov. xxvii. 9.*

tals,



tals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the blessed* JESUS; when He offered up Himself to GOD, “for a “sweet-smelling Savour.” For such the Holy Spirit stiles that wonderful Oblation: as if no Image, in the whole sensible Creation, was so proper to give us an Idea of the *ineffable Satisfaction*; which the Father of Mercies conceived, from that unparalleled Atonement; as the *pleasing Sensations*, which such rich Perfumes are capable of raising. “Thousands of Rams, and ten thousands of Rivers of Oil,” from an apostate World; the most submissive Acknowledgements, added to the most costly Offerings, from Men of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips; What could they have effected? A Prophet introduces the “High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity,” turning Himself away from such filthy Rags; turning Himself away with a disdainful Abhorrence\*, as from the noisome Steams of a Dunghil.—But in CHRIST’S immaculate Holiness; in CHRIST’S consummate Obedience; in CHRIST’S most precious Blood-shedding; O! with what unimaginable Complacency, does Justice rest satisfied, and Vengeance acquiesce!—All thy Works, O Thou Surety for ruined Sinners! all thy Sufferings, O Thou slaughtered Lamb

\* Amos v. 21, 22.

of GOD! as well as all thy *Garments*, O Thou *Bridegroom* of thy Church! \* *smell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia!* They are infinitely more grateful to the Eternal Godhead, than the choicest Exhalations of the Garden, than all the Odours of the spicy East, can be to the human Noftrils.

As the Altar of old sanctified the Gift; so this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the *obnoxious Persons*, and *unprofitable Services*, of the believing World. In *this*, may my Soul be interested! By *this*, may it be reconciled to the Father!—There is such a leprous Depravity cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes whatever I perform. My most profound Adorations, and sincerest Acts of Religion, must not presume to *challenge* a Reward, but humbly *implore* Forgiveness †: Renouncing, therefore, Myself in every Instance of Duty; disclaiming all Shadow of Con-

\* Psalm xlv. 9.

† A Writer of distinguished Superiority, *thus* addresses the great Observer of Actions, and Searcher of Hearts; and vindicates *my* Sentiments, while he so justly and beautifully utters his own;

Look down, great GOD, with Pity's softest Eye,  
On a poor breathing Particle in Dust.  
His Crimes forgive; forgive his Virtues too,  
Those *smaller Faults*, half *Converts* to the Right.

*Night-Thoughts*, No. IX.

fidence



fidence\* in any Deeds of my own; may I, now  
and evermore, *be accepted through the Beloved!*

WHAT Colours, what charming Colours,  
are here! These, so nobly *bold*; and Those,  
so delicately *languid*. What a *Glow*, is en-  
kindled in some! What a *Gloss*, shines upon  
others! In one, methinks, I see the Ruby,  
with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the  
Sapphire, with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in  
all, such an exquisite Richness of Dyes, as  
no other Set of Paintings in the Universe  
can boast†.—With what a Masterly Skill,

\* See Page 44. and 45. in the *second* Edition of  
a most *candid* and *evangelical* little Treatise, called  
CHRISTIANITY the Great ORNAMENT of  
Human Life.—“If Christians happily avoid the *dangerous*  
“Extreme, and too often *fatal* Rock, of a dead *fruitless*  
“Faith on the one hand, He [*i. e.* Satan] will endea-  
“vour, by all kind of plausible Insinuations, to split them  
“on the opposite, *viz.* Spiritual Pride, Ostentation, and  
“Dependence on their Works, as if THESE were the  
“meritorious, or *procuring* Cause of all true Peace, Hope,  
“Consolation, and Divine Acceptance.—Now this *Self-*  
“dependence may be ranked among the *most dangerous* of  
“the infernal Politics, because the fatal Poison lies *deep*,  
“and too often *undiscerned*.”

† ————— Who can paint  
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,  
Amid his gay Creation, Hues like these?  
And can he mix them with that matchless Skill,  
And lay them on so delicately fine,  
And lose them in each other, as appears.  
In ev'ry Bud that blows? —————

Thomf. Spring,



is every one of the varying Tints *disposed!* Here, they seem to be thrown on with an *easy Dash*, of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjusted by the *nicest Touches*, of Art and Accuracy. Those, which form the Ground, are always so judiciously chosen, as to heighten the Lustre of the superadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Liveliness to the Whole. Indeed; whether they are blended, or arranged; softened, or contrasted; they are manifestly under the Conduct of a Taste, that never mistakes; a Felicity, that never falls short of; the very Perfection of Elegance.—How inimitably fine, is the *Texture* of the Web; on which these shining Treasures are displayed! What are the Labours of the *Persian* Looms, or the boasted Commodities of *Brussels*, compared with these curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with these, the most admired Chintzes would lose their Reputation; even superfine Cambricks, appear coarse as Canvas in their Presence.

WHAT a cheering Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to strengthen our *Affiance* in God! He directs us to learn a Lesson of Heaven-depending Faith, from every

every Bird, that wings the Air; and from every Flower, that blossoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, supports those inferior Creatures; and arrays these insensible Beings, with so much Splendor; surely, He will in no-wise withhold from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, and Raiment to put on."—O ye faithful Followers of the Lamb, dismiss every low *Anxiety*, relating to the needful *Sustenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhaustible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with such surpassing Elegance; in short, He that provides so liberally, both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation; will not, cannot, neglect His own People. *Fear not, little Flock*, ye peculiar Objects of Almighty Love! *it is your Father's good Pleasure, to give you a Kingdom\**. And, if He freely gives you, an *everlasting Kingdom* hereafter; He will certainly allow you, all *necessary Conveniencies* here.

ONE cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour, of being *fond* and *ostentatious* of *Dress* †: What

\* *Luke* xii. 32.

† Mr. *Addison* has a fine Remark on a female Warrior celebrated by *Virgil*. He observes, that with all her other great Qualities, this *little Poible* mingled itself. Because,



an abject and mistaken Ambition is this! How unworthy the *Dignity* of *Immortal*, and the *Wisdom* of *Rational* Beings! Especially, since these little Productions of the Earth

as the Poet relates, an intemperate Fondness for a rich and splendid Suit of Armour, betrayed her into Ruin. In this Circumstance, our Critic discovers a *Moral* concealed; this He admires, as a neat, though oblique *Satire*, on that trifling Passion. *Spect.* Vol. I. No. 15.

I would refer it to the judicious Reader, whether there is not a Beauty of the *same* Kind, but touched with a *more* masterly Hand, in the Song of *Deborah*.—Speaking of *Sisera's* Mother, the sacred eucharistic Ode represents Her, as anticipating, in her fond Fancy, the Victory of her Son; and indulging the following Soliloquy,—*Have they not sped? Have they not divided the Prey? To Sisera a Prey of divers Colours; a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-work; of divers Colours of Needle-work on both Sides; meet for the Necks of them that take the Spoil?*—She takes no notice of the signal Service, He would do his Country, by quelling so dangerous an Insurrection: never once reflects on the *present* Acclamations, the *future* Advancement, and the *eternal* Praise, which are the usual Acknowledgements of an illustrious Conqueror's Merit. She can conceive nothing *greater*, than to be *clad* in an *embroidered* Vesture; and to *trail* along the Ground, a *Robe* of the richest Dyes. This is, in *her* Imagination, the most noble Spoil, He can win; the most distinguishing Trophy, He can erect.—It is also observable, how She dwells upon the trivial Circumstance; reiterating it again and again. It has so charmed her ignoble Heart; so entirely engrossed her little Views; that She can *think* of nothing else; *speak* of nothing else; and can hardly ever *desist* from the darling Topic.—Is not this a *keen*, tho' *delicately couched* Censure, on that poor, contemptible, groveling Taste; which is enamoured with silken Finery, and makes the *Attributes* of a Butterfly the *Idol* of it's Affections?

have



have indisputably the Pre-eminence, in such outward Embellishments.—Go; cloath thyself with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyself up in all the gay Attire, that the Shuttle or the Needle can furnish: Yet know, to the Mortification of thy Vanity, that the *native* Elegance of a common Daify\*, eclipses all this *elaborate* Finery.—Nay, wert thou decked like some illustrious *Princess*, on her Coronation-day, in all the Splendor of Royal Apparel; couldst thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet, would the meanest among the *flowery Populace* outshine thee: Every discerning Eye, would give the Preference, to these Beauties of the † Ground.—Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations, from a neat Disposition of

How peculiarly conspicuous, is the elevated and magnificent Spirit of that venerable *Mother* in *Israel*; when viewed in Comparison with the low, the idle Turn of this *Canaanitish Lady*!—Such strong and beautiful *Contrasts* are, I think, some of the most striking Excellencies of *poetic Painting*: and in no Book are they more frequently used, or expressed with greater Life, than in the *sacred Volumes* of Inspiration.

\* Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,  
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride  
Our mean Attire, and Impotence of Pride.

PRIOR.

† Mr. Cowley, with his usual Brilliancy of Imagination, files them *Stars of Earth*.

Threads,

Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Assume a becoming Greatness of Temper: Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind: Study to be *all-glorious within*: Be cloathed with Humility: Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit\*. To say all in a Word; *Put on the LORD JESUS CHRIST*†: Let His *Blood* be sprinkled upon thy Conscience, and it shall be whiter than the Virgin Snows: Let His *Righteousness*, like a spotless Robe, adorn thy inner Man; and thou shalt be amiable, even in the most distinguishing Eye of God. Let his Blessed *Spirit* dwell in thy Heart; and, under his sanctifying Operations, thou shalt be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

THESE are *real Excellencies*; truly noble Accomplishments these. In this manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival, in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. These will exalt

\* How beautifully does the Prophet describe the *Furniture*, of a renewed and heavenly *Mind*; under the Similitude of a rich and complete *Suit of Apparel*! *I will greatly rejoice in the LORD; my Soul shall be joyful in my GOD; for he hath cloathed me with the Garments of Salvation; He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteousness, as a Bridegroom decketh himself with Ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herself with her Jewels.* Isai. lxi. 10.

† Rom. xiii. 14.

thee,



thee, far above the *low Pretensions* of Lace and Embroidery. These will prepare thee to stand in the beatific Presence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an enchanting *Situation* is this! One can scarce be melancholy within the *Atmosphere* of Flowers: Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only address themselves agreeably to the Senses; but touch, with a surprising Delicacy, the sweetest Movements of the Mind:

————— *To the Heart inspiring*  
*Vernal\* Delight and Joy.* MILT. B. IV.

How often have I felt them *dissipate* the Gloom of *Thought*, and transfuse a sudden Gaiety thro' the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder, that *Kings* descend from their *Thrones*, to walk amidst *blooming Ivory* and *Gold*; or

\* “ I would have my Reader endeavour to MO-  
“ RALIZE this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to  
“ improve this *vernal Delight*, as *Milton* calls it, into a  
“ *Christian Virtue*. When we find ourselves inspired  
“ with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and  
“ Complacency, arising from the Beauties of the Crea-  
“ tion, let us consider, to *Whom* we stand indebted for  
“ all these Entertainments of Sense; and *Who* it is, that  
“ thus opens his Hand, and fills the World with Good---

retire



retire from the most sumptuous Feast; to be recreated with the more refined Sweets of the Garden. I cannot wonder, that *Queens* forego, for a while, the Compliments of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Parterre; or withdraw from all the Glitter of a Court, to be attended with the much more splendid *Equipage* of a *Bed of Flowers*.--- But, if this be so pleasing; what transporting Pleasure must arise, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O, what *unknown Delight*, to enter into thy *immediate Presence*, most blessed LORD GOD! To see Thee\*, Thou King of Heaven, and LORD of Glory,

“ Such an habitual Disposition of Mind *consecrates* every  
 “ Field and Wood; turns an *ordinary Walk* into a Morn-  
 “ ing or Evening Sacrifice; and will improve those tran-  
 “ sient Gleams, which naturally brighten up and refresh  
 “ the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and per-  
 “ petual State of Bliss and Happiness.”

*Spect.* Vol. V. No. 394.

\* *Isaiah* represents the Felicity of the Righteous, in the everlasting World, by this elegant and amiable Image; *Thine Eyes shall see the King in his Beauty*.--- *Milton* touches the same Subject, with surprising Elevation and Majesty of Thought: They

—walk with God,  
 High in Salvation, and the Climes of Bliss:

Words, which, like the fiery Car, almost transport our Affections to those glorious Mansions.

*Isai.* xxxiii. 17. *MILT.* B. XI. v. 707.

no longer “ through a Glafs darkly, but  
“ Face to Face!” To have all thy Goodness,  
all thy Greatness, shine before us; and be  
made glad for ever with the brightest Disco-  
very of thy Perfections, with the ineffable  
Joy of thy Countenance!

THIS we cannot bear, in our present im-  
perfect State. The *Effulgence* of unveiled  
Divinity, would *dazzle* a mortal Sight. Our  
feeble Faculties, would be *overwhelmed* with  
such a *Fulness* of super-abundant Blifs; and  
must lie *oppressed*, under such “ an exceeding  
“ great, eternal *Weight* of Glory.” But,  
“ when this Corruptible hath put on Incor-  
“ rption,” the Powers of the Soul will be  
all invigorated; and these earthly Taber-  
nacles, “ transformed into a Likeness with  
“ CHRIST’s glorious Body.” Then, though \*  
“ the Moon shall be confounded, and the  
“ Sun ashamed,” when the LORD of Hosts  
is revealed from Heaven; yet, shall his faith-  
ful People be enabled to *see Him as He is* †.

HERE then, my Wishes, here be fixed:  
Be *this* your determined and invariable Aim:  
Here, give a Loose to your whole Ardour:

\* Isai. xxiv. 23.

† 1 John iii. 2.



Cry out, All that is within me, in the Language of Inspiration, *This one Thing have I desired of the LORD, which, with incessant Earnestness, I will require; that I may dwell in the celestial House of the LORD, all the Days of my future Life; to behold the fair Beauty of the LORD\**, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration---with unspeakable and everlasting Rapture---all the Attributes of the incomprehensible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a most penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how much Mankind is charmed, with the fine Qualities of Flowers; has figured out the Blessed JESUS, that "fairest among Ten thousand," by these lovely Representatives. He stiles him † *The Rose of Sharon*, and *The Lily of the Vallies* ||;

\* Psal. xxvii. 4.

† Cant. ii. 1.

*Malus ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,  
Utque rosæ campis, ut lilia vallibus alba,  
Sic CHRISTUS decus omne suis.*---

|| By the *Lily of the Vallies*, I apprehend is meant, not the Flower which commonly passes under that Denomination, and is comparatively mean; but the grand, majestic, Garden-Lily; growing in a rich irriguous Soil, where it flourishes in the most ample manner, and arrives at the highest Perfection. The Circumstance of the *Vallies*, added by the sacred Writer, is significant not of the  
like



like the one, full of Delights, and communicable Graces; like the other, exalted in Majesty, and complete in Beauty. In that sacred Pastoral, he ranges the Creation; borrows it's most finished Forms; and dips his Pencil in it's choicest Dyes, to present us with a Sketch of the Amiableness, of his Person: His Amiableness, who is the Light of the World; the Glory of his Church; the only Hope, the sovereign Consolation, of Sinners; and high, infinitely high, not only above the noblest Comparison, but even "above all Blessing and Praise."—— May I also make the same Heavenly Use, of all sublunary Enjoyments! Whatever is pleasurable, or charming, *below*; let it raise my Desire to those sublime Delights, which are *above*: Which will yield, not partial, but perfect Felicity; not transient, but never-ending, Satisfaction and Joy.--Yes, my Soul, let these Beauties in *Miniature*, always remind Thee of that glorious Person; in whom "dwells all the *Fulness* of the Godhead bodily." Let these little Emanations, teach thee to

*Species*, but of the *Place*.——This is, by far, the noblest Interpretation, and most exactly suitable to the spiritual Sense; which intimates, That the blessed JESUS delights to dwell, by the Communications of his Spirit, in *humble Hearts*——שושנת העמקים *Lilium Vallibus gaudens.*

thirst after the eternal Fountain: O! may the Creatures, be thy constant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, worthy thy most frequent Recollection, and attentive Consideration; That the *whole Compass* of finite Perfection, is only a faint *Ray*\*, shot from that immense *Source*; is only a small *Drop*, derived from that inexhaustible *Ocean*; of all Good.

What a surprising *Variety* is observable, among the flowery Tribes! How has the bountiful Hand of Providence, diversified these nicest Pieces of his Workmanship! added the Charms of an endless Novelty, to all their other Perfections!--Because, a constant *Uniformity* would soon render the Entertainment tiresome, or insipid; therefore, every Species exhibits something intirely *new*. The Fashion spreads not from Family to Family; but every one has a Mode of it's own, which is truly original. The most cursory Glance, perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*;

\* —Thou sitt'st above all Heav'ns,  
To Us invisible, or *dimly seen*  
In these thy lowest Works; yet these declare  
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.  
MILT. Book V.



the *Attitude* and *Lineaments*; of every distinct Class.

SOME rear their Heads, with a majestic Mien; and overlook, like *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others seem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, would term them, the *Gentry* of the Border. While others, free from all aspiring Views, creep unambitiously on the Ground, and look like the *Commonalty* of the Kind.---Some are intersected with elegant *Stripes*, or studded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Aspect, unaffected in their Dress, and content to please with a naked *Simplicity*. Some assume the Monarch's *Purple*; some look most becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifest Indecorum, when Nature holds an universal Festival. She would, now, inspire none but delightful Ideas; and therefore always makes her Appearance, in some \* amiable Suit.--Here, *stands a Warrior*,

\* — Nunc formosissimus annus.

VIRG.



clad with Crimson; there, *sits* a *Magistrate*, robed in Scarlet; and yonder, *struts* a *pretty Fellow*, that seems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that resplendent Arch. Some *rise* into a curious *Cup*, or *fall* into a Set of beautiful *Bells*: Some *spread* themselves in a swelling *Tuft*, or *croud* into a delicious *Cluster*. --In some, the predominant Stain, *softens* by the gentlest *Diminutions*; till it has even stole away from itself. The Eye is amused at the agreeable Delusion; and we wonder, to find ourselves insensibly decoyed, into a quite different Lustre. In others, you would think, the fine Tinges were emulous of Pre-eminence: disdaining to mingle, they *confront* one another, with the Resolution of *Rivals*, determined to dispute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Opposition, into the highest Vivacity of Complexion.

*HOW manifold are thy Works\**, O LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wisdom*, consummate Wisdom, *hast thou made them all*.--How I admire the *Vastness* of the Contrivance, and the *Exactness* of the Execution! Poor Man, with Difficulty, accom-

\* Psalm civ. 24.

plishes a single Work: Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He arrive at a tolerable Imitation, of some one Production of Nature. But, the Almighty Artist spoke Millions of Substances, into instantaneous Being; all wonderfully various, all completely perfect.---Repeated Experiments generally discover Errors, in *our* happiest Inventions. But, *these* fine Structures have pleased, for almost Six thousand Years; and no \* Fault been discovered in the original Plan, no Room for the least Improvement upon the first Model.--All our Performances, the more *minutely* they are scanned, the more *imperfect* they appear. But, with regard to these delicate Objects, the more we search into their Properties, the more we are ravished with their Graces: They are sure to disclose *fresh Strokes*, of the most masterly Skill; in proportion to the *Attention*, with which they are examined.

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* less astonishing, than the Accuracy of the Workmanship, or the Infinitude of the Effects. Should you ask, "Where, and What, are

\* Eccles. iii. 14. *I know, that whatsoever God doth, it shall be for ever: Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*



“ the Materials, that beautify the blooming  
 “ World? What rich Tints; what splendid  
 “ Dyes; what Stores of shining Crions;  
 “ stand by the Heavenly Limner, when he  
 “ paints the Robe of Nature?” ’Tis answer-  
 ed, His powerful Pencil needs no such costly  
 Apparatus. A single Principle, under his  
 conducting Hand, branches out into an Im-  
 mensity of the most varied, and most finished  
 Forms. The *Moisture* of the *Earth*, and cir-  
 cumambient *Air*, passed through proper  
 Strainers, and disposed in a Range of pellu-  
 cid Tubes: This performs all the Wonders,  
 and produces all the Beauties, of Vegetation.  
 This *creeps* along the Fibres, of the low-  
 spread Moss; and *climbs* to the very Tops,  
 of the lofty-waving Cedars. This, attracted  
 by the Root, circulating through invisible  
 Canals, and pervading the Substance of the  
 minutest Twigs, *bursts* into Gems; *expands*  
 itself into Leaves; and *cloathes* the Forest,  
 with all it’s verdant Honours.--This one\*,

\* “ When every several Effect has a particular separate  
 “ Cause, this gives no Pleasure to the Spectator, as not  
 “ discovering Contrivance. But that Work is beheld  
 “ with Admiration and Delight, as the Result of deep  
 “ Counsel, which is *complicated* in it’s *Parts*, and yet  
 “ *simple* in it’s *Operations*. Where a great Variety of  
 “ Effects are seen to arise from one Principle operating  
 “ uniformly.”

*Abernethy on the Attributes,*

*plain*



*plain* and *simple*, Cause gives Birth to all the Charms; which deck the Youth, and Maturity, of the Year. This *blushes*, in the early Hepatica; and *flames*, in the late advancing Poppy. This *reddens* into Blood, in the Veins of the Mulberry; and *attenuates* itself into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince. This *breathes*, in all the fragrant Gales of our Garden; and *weeps* odorous Gum, in the Groves of *Arabia*.---So \* *wonderful* is our Creator *in Counsel*, and so *excellent in Working*!

IN a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almost every Individual. Scarce any two, are turned, and tintured, exactly alike: each allows himself a little *Particularity* in his *Dress*, though all belong to one Family: so that they are various, and yet the same.---A pretty Emblem this, of the smaller *Differences* between *Protestant Christians*. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to sound Faith, or real Holiness: Just as the Drapery, on these Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemishing their Beauty,

\* *Isai.* xxviii. 29.

or altering their Nature.--Be it so then, that, in some Points of inconsiderable Consequence, several of our Brethern *dissent*: yet, let Us all live amicably and sociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Conversation, and intermingle Interests; discover no Estrangement of Behaviour, and cherish no Alienation of Affection: If any Strife subsists, let it be to follow our Divine Master most closely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableness of Life: Let it be to serve one another most readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendship. Thus shall we be *united*, though *distinguished*; united in the same grand Fundamentals, though distinguished by some small Circumstantials; united in one important *Bond* of brotherly Love, though distinguished by some slighter *Peculiarities* of Sentiment.

I APPREHEND, that between Christians, whose Judgments disagree only about a *Form* of Prayer, or *Manner* of Worship, there is no more *essential* Difference; than between Flowers that bloom from the same kind of Seed, but happen to be somewhat diversified in the Mixture of their Colours.---Whereas, if *one* denies the Divinity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST,



CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanness of a mere Creature; if *another* cries up the Worthiness of human Works, and depreciates the alone meritorious Righteousness of the glorious Mediator; if a *third* addresses the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint:--These are Errors, in my Opinion, unhappily derogatory to the REDEEMER'S Dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the Comfort of his People: Against these, therefore, to remonstrate, bespeaks not the censorious *Bigot*, but the *Friend of Truth*, and the Lover of Mankind.---Whereas, to stand *neuter* and *silent*, while such Principles are propagated, might be an Instance of criminal *Remissness*, rather than of Christian *Moderation*.---For Persons who espouse such Persuasions, as the former; and habituate themselves to such Practices, as the latter; we will not fail to maintain a tender Compassion; we will not cease to put up earnest Intercessions; we will also acknowledge and love, whatever is truly excellent and amiable in them. Yet, we dare not subscribe their Creed; we cannot remit our *assiduous*, but *kind* Endeavours, to reconcile them to what (on the *most impartial* Examination) we are  
thoroughly



thoroughly convinced, is a *more scriptural* Belief, and a *purser* Worship\*.

ANOTHER remarkable Circumstance, recommending the flowery Creation, is their *regular Succession*. They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation. While a proper Number of these obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abscond; but hold themselves in a Posture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his respective Station, the Instant it becomes vacant.--The *Snow-drop*, foremost of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to present her early Compliments to her Lord: Dressed in the Robe of Innocency, she steps forth, fearless of Dangers; long before the Trees have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Icicles hang on our Houses.----Next, peeps out the *Crocus*; but cautiously, and

\* In some former Editions, I expressed myself, on this Point, *unwarily* and *harshly*. But my Meaning, and real Sentiments, were no other than those represented above. — The Reader, from such unguarded Intimations, might too naturally be led to conclude, That the Author avows, and would stir up, a Spirit of *Persecution*. But, this is a Method of dealing with Opponents in religious Doctrines, which He disclaims, as absurd; and abhors, as iniquitous. He is for no Force, but that of *rational Conviction*; for no Constraint, but that of *affectionate Persuasion*. Thus, if You please, *compel them to come in*, Luke xiv. 23.

with

with an Air of Timidity. She hears the howling Blasts, and skulks close to her low Situation. Afraid she seems, to make large Excursions from her Root; while so many ruffian Winds are abroad, and scouring along the Æther.---Nor is the *Violet* last, in this shining Embassy of the Year; which, with all the Accomplishments that would grace a Royal Garden, condescends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Freely, and without any Solicitation; it distributes the Bounty of it's emissive Sweets: while itself, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; seeking rather to administer Pleasure, than to win Admiration\*. *Emblem*, expressive Emblem, of those *modest Virtues*, which delight to bloom in Obscurity; and extend a cheering Influence to Multitudes, who are scarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! *Motive*, engaging Motive, to that *ever-active Beneficence*; which stays not for the Importunity of the Distressed, but even prevents them with the Blessings of it's Goodness!---The poor *Polyanthus*, that lately adorned the Border with her sparkling Beauties; and, transplanted into our Windows, gave us a fresh Entertainment; is now no more. I saw her Complexion fade; I

\* *Produsse quam conspici.*

perceived



perceived her Breath decay; till at length she expired, and dropt into her Grave.---Scarce have we sustained this Loss, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it: Arrayed she comes, in a splendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Crystal, and Garments of the most glossy Sattin; exhaling Perfume, and powdered with Silver. A very distinguished Procession this! The favourite Care of the Florist! Scarce one among them, but is dignified with a Character of Renown; or has the Honour to represent, some celebrated Toast. But these also, notwithstanding their illustrious Titles, have exhausted their whole Stock of Fragrance, and are mingled with the meanest Dust.---Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raise themselves on their fine Wands, or stately Stalks? They flush the Parterre with one of the gayest Dresses, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make so gaudy an Appearance, in a Birth-night Suit? Here, one may behold the innocent Wantonness of Beauty: Here, she indulges a Thousand Freaks, and sports herself in the most charming Diversity of Colours: Yet, I should wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; because, she plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle dissolute Affections,

fections, but to display her Creator's Glory. ---Soon arises the *Anemone*; incircled at the Bottom, with a spreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In it's loosely flowing Mantle, you may observe a noble Negligence; in it's gently bending Tufts, the nicest Symmetry. I would term it, the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; because, it seems to have the peculiar Felicity, of reconciling Art with Ease.---The same Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of it's Foliage; and acquires, by Degrees, the loveliest Enamel in the World. As Persons of *intrinsic* Work, disdain the *superficial* Arts of Recommendation, practised by *Fops*; so, this lordly Flower scorns to borrow any of it's Excellence, from Powders and Essences. It needs no such Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being sufficiently engaging from the Elegance of it's Figure, the radiant Variety of it's Tinges, and a certain superior Dignity of Aspect.---Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations: Her latest Strokes are most masterly: To crown the *Collection*, she introduces the *Carnation*; which captivates every Eye, with a noble Spread of Graces; and charms another Sense, with a Profusion of  
exquisite



exquisite Odours. This single Flower has, centred in itself, the Perfections of all the preceding: The Moment it appears, it so commands our Attention, that we scarce regret the Absence of the rest.---The *Gilly-flower*, like a *real Friend*, attends you through all the Vicissitudes and Alterations of the Season: While others make a transient Visit only, This is rather an Inhabitant, than a Guest, in your Gardens; adds *Fidelity* to *Complaisance*.

BUT, 'tis in vain to attempt a Catalogue, of these amiable Gifts: There is an endless *Multiplicity*, in their *Characters*; and an invariable *Order*, in their *Approaches*. Every Month brings it's Ornaments; such as are different from the rest, and peculiar to itself.

HERE, let me stand a while, to contemplate the wise and gracious *Design*; apparent in this *Distribution* of Flowers, through the several Periods of the Year.---Were they all to blossom together; there would be at once a promiscuous *Throng*, and at once a total *Privation*: so that we should scarce have Opportunity, of adverting to the Beauties of Half; and must soon lose the agreeable Company of them All. But now, since every  
Species

Species has a separate Post to occupy ; and a distinct Time for appearing ; we can take a leisurely and minute Survey, of each succeeding Set. We can view and review their Forms ; taste their Sweets ; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance, with their charming Qualities ; and receive all those pleasing Services, which they are commissioned to yield. ---This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy, is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places, in the most *advantageous Light*, every particular Community ; but also is the most effectual *Provision*, against the *Frailty* of the whole Nation : Or, to speak more truly, it renders them a sort of \* *Immortal Corps*, whose successionary Attendance never fails. For, though some are continually dropping ; yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually rising, to beautify our Borders, and keep up the Entertainment uninterrupted.

O ! WHAT *Goodness* is this, to provide such a Series of Gratifications for Mankind ! Both

\* In Allusion to the celebrated Practice of the *Persian* Kings ; “ who maintained, for their Life-guard, a Body “ of Troops, called *Immortal* ; because it perpetually “ subsisted : For as soon as any of the Men died, another “ was immediately put into his Place.”

ROLLIN'S *Antient History*, Vol. II.



to diversify, and perpetuate, the fine Col-  
lation: To take care, that our Paths should  
be, in a manner, incessantly strewed with  
Flowers:---And what *Wisdom*, to bid every one  
of these insensible Beings, know the precise  
Juncture for their coming forth! Insomuch  
that no Actor on a Stage, can be more exact  
in performing his Part; can make a more  
regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

Who imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture  
abroad in *February*; and to trust her flower-  
ing Gold, with inclement and treacherous  
Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of  
*Fruit-bearing Blossoms*; that vernal Suns, and  
a more genial Warmth, are fittest for their  
delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to  
stay; till hotter Beams are prepared, to in-  
fuse a spicy Richness into her Odours; and  
tincture her Complexion, with the deepest  
Crimson?----Who disposes these beautiful  
*Troops*, into such orderly Bodies; *retarding*  
some, and *accelerating* others? Who has in-  
structed them to *file off*, with such perfect  
Regularity; as soon as the Duty of their  
respective Station is over? And, when one  
Detachment *retires*, Who gives the Signal,  
for another immediately to *advance*? Who,  
but that unerring Providence, which, from  
the

the highest Thrones of Angels, to the very lowest Degrees of Existence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight, and Measure!"

THESE, O my Soul, are the Regulations of that most adorable, most beneficent Being, who in the Fulness of Time bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the *Frailty* of thy mortal Nature, to all the *Glories* of His Godhead. All the Honour of this admirable Establishment, belongs to that ever-blessed Ransomer of Sinners; who sustained the Vengeance, which thou hadst deserved, and wast doomed to suffer; who fulfilled the *Obedience*, which thou wast *obliged*, but *unable*, to perform; and, in His most sacred immaculate Humanity, humbled Himself (O never enough to be admired Loving-Kindness!) humbled Himself to Death, even the Death of the Cross.--- He formed this vast Machine, and adjusted it's nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that support it; the Embellishments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Result of his unsearchable Counsels. O! the *Heights* of His *Majesty*, and the *Depths* of His *Abasement*!

WHICH shall we admire most, His *essential Greatness*, or His *free Grace*? He created the



exalted Seraph, that sings in Glory; and every the minutest Insect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Dust. He marks out a Path, for all those Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and disdains not to rear the Violet from it's lowly Bed, or to plait the Daisy that dresses our Plains. So *grand* are his Operations; yet so *condescending* his Regards!---If *Summer*, like a sparkling Bride, is all-glorious in her Apparel; what is this, but a feeble Reflexion of his uncreated *Effulgence*? If *Autumn*, like a munificent Host, exhibits all Things richly to enjoy; what is this, but a little Taste of his inexhaustible *Liberality*? If Thunders roar, you hear the Sound of his Trumpet: If Lightnings glare, you see the Launching of his glittering Spear: If "the perpetual Hills  
" be scattered, and the everlasting Moun-  
" tains bowed," you behold a *Display*----  
No, says the Prophet, you have rather \* *The*

\* *Hab. iii. 4.* Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the *Imagery* of this whole Chapter; and upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the *Sentiment* of this Clause. Other Senses of the Passage, I acknowledge, may be assigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think, can be imagined so *majestic* and *sublime*. As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Disagreement with the Context; and expresses a most important, as well as

*Hiding*

*Hiding of his Power.* So immense is His Power; so uncontrollable and inconceivable; that all these mighty Works are but a *Sketch*, in which more is concealed than discovered.

THUS, I think, we should always view the visible System; with an Evangelical *Telescope* (if I may be allowed the Expression), and with an Evangelical *Microscope*: Regarding CHRIST JESUS, as the great Projector and

undoubted Truth; I hope I may be permitted to use it, at least by way of Accommodation. Especially, as it suggests one of the finest *Mottoes* imaginable; wherewith to inscribe all the visible Productions, of the Creator's Hand. When, struck with Astonishment, we consider their Grandeur, Beauty, and consummate Perfections; let us, in Justice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this sacred Ode: "In all these *is the Hiding*, rather than "an *adequate Display*, of his matchless *Power*: Tho' "they challenge our Praise, and surpass our Comprehension; yet are they by no means the utmost Exertions, "but rather some slighter Effays, of omnipotent Skill." —Milton, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, reminds his Reader of a noble Circumstance, much of this Nature. *Messiah*, unaided and alone, had utterly routed an innumerable Host of apostate Spirits. But, to create a juster Idea of this illustrious Conqueror, the Poet beautifully adds,

*Yet half his Strength he put not forth.*

If we forget to make the same Remark, when we contemplate GOD in his Works; we must necessarily form very scanty Conceptions of that SUPREME BEING, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, and are "counted as the small Dust of the Balance."



Architect; that planned, and executed, the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable; tremendous or amiable; should ever be ascribed to the Redeemer. This, is the Christian's *Natural Philosophy*: And, with regard to this Method, of considering the Things that are seen; we have an inspired Apostle, for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He says, "Thou, LORD, in the Beginning, hast laid the Foundations of the Earth; and the Heavens, are the Work of thy Hands."---Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature; it would, doubtless, be a most powerful Means of *enkindling* our Love, and \* *strengthening* our

\* The Apostles, I observe, delight to use this Method, of displaying the *Honours* of the Redeemer, and establishing the *Faith* of his People—The beloved Disciple, teaching that most precious Doctrine, "of a Lamb slain to take away the Sins of the World;" in order to evince the Sufficiency of CHRIST'S Sacrifice for this blessed Purpose, affirms, That *All Things were made by Him: And without Him was not any thing*, No, not so much as one single Being, *made*, John i. 3.—St. Paul, preaching the same glad Tidings to the *Colossians*, and expressly maintaining, That we have Redemption through his Blood; seems to foresee an Objection of this kind: "To expiate Transgressions against an infinite Majesty, is a most prodigious Act; it must cost vastly more than any common Surety can pay, to redeem a sinful World. What Reason have we to believe, that JESUS is equal to this

*Faith.*

*Faith.* For when I look round upon Millions of noble Substances, and carry with me this transporting Reflection, "The Maker " of them all, died on a Cross for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Must not the *coldest* Heart, begin to glow with Gratitude?---When I survey an Immensity of the finest Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them all, is " my Righteousness, my Redemption;" how can I choose but repose the most *cheerful Confidence*, in such a Mediator?

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable *Adjustment* of every Particular, re-

" mighty Undertaking?" All possible Reason, replies the Apostle, from the Dignity of his Person, For He is *the Image of the invisible God*; and from the Greatness of his Works, For by *Him all Things were made*. Consider the Operations of His Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col. i. 15, 16.*---The Author of the Epistle to the *Hebrews*, falls exactly into the same Train of arguing. Declaring, that CHRIST JESUS has purged our Sins, by the Sacrifice of Himself; he proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office from his essential Excellence, because He is *the Brightness of his Father's Glory*; and from his admirable Works, because *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of his Power*, *Heb. i. 2, 3.*---Which Thought, as it is so important in itself; of such signal Comfort to Christians; and so particularly insisted on, by the inspired Writers; I hope, I shall need no Apology, for an Attempt to illustrate and enforce it, in a kind of Evangelical *Descant* upon *Creation*, annexed to these Reflections.



lating to these *fine Colonies* planted in the Parterre.---With such surprising *Correctness*, is their *Structure* finished ; that any the least conceivable Alteration, would very much impair their Perfection. Should you see, for Instance, the nice Disposition of the *Tulip's* Attire fly abroad, disorderly and irregular, like the flaunting *Woodbine* : Should the *Jessamine* rear her diminutive Head, on those grand Columns which support the *Holly-hock* : Should the erect and manly Aspect of the *Piony*, hang down with a pensive Air, like the flexile Bells of the *Hyacinth* : Should that noble Plainness, which distinguishes the *Lily*, be exchanged for the Fringes, which edge the *Pink* ; or the gaudy Stains, which bedrop the *Iris* : Should those tapering Pillars, which arise in the Middle of its Vase, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give such a Lustre to the surrounding Panels of Alabaster---Should these sink and disappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the *Anemone* :---In many of these Cases, would not the *Transposition* be fantastical and aukward ? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual ?

AGAIN ; with regard to the *Time* of their *appearing* ; this Circumstance is settled, by a  
remark-

remarkable Foresight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*; if, in very stormy Weather, he should raise a lofty Mast, and croud it with all his Canvas! Such would be the ill Effect; if the most stately Species of Flowers, should presume to come abroad, in the blustering Months. Therefore, those only that shoot the shortest Stems, and display the smallest Spread of Leaves, or (if you please) carry the least Sail, are launched amidst the blowing Seasons.---How injudiciously would the *Perfumer* act; if he should unseal his finest Essences, and expose them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artists of the aromatic Profession, at least the most delicate among them, seem perfectly aware of the Consequences of such a Procedure. Accordingly, they postpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treasures; till a serener Air, and more \* unclouded Skies, grant a Protection to their amiable Traffick: till they are under

\* *Casimir*, in a very poetical Manner, addresses himself to the *dormant Rose*; and most prettily invites her to *venture abroad*, by the Mention of these two Circumstances:

*Siderum sacros imitata vultus,  
Quid lates dudum, Rosa? Delicatum  
Effer a terris caput, O tepentis  
Filia cœli.*



no more Apprehensions, of having them dissipated by rude Blasts, or drowned in incessant Showers.

WHAT a striking Argument is here for *Resignation*; unfeigned Resignation, to all the *Disposals* of *Providence*! Too often are our dissatisfied Thoughts, apt to find Fault with Divine Dispensations: We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or question his Kindness with regard to ourselves: We fancy our Lot, not so commodiously situate; or our Condition, not so happily circumstanced; as if we had been placed in some other Station of Life.---But, let us behold this ex-

*Jam tibi nubes fugiunt aquosæ,  
Quas fugant albis Zephyri quadrigis;  
Jam tibi mulcet Boream jocantis*

*Aura Favoni.*

Child of the Summer, charming Rose,  
No longer in Confinement lie;  
Arise to Light; thy Form disclose;  
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone; the Storms are o'er;  
Winter retires to make thee way:  
Come then, thou sweetly-blushing Flow'r;  
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is dress'd in beaming *Smiles*,  
To give thy Beauties to the Day;  
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentlest *Gales*,  
To fan thy Bosom, as they play.

quisitely

quisitely nice *Regulation* of the *minuteſt* Plants; and be aſhamed of our *repining Folly*. Could any Fibre in their Composition, be altered; or one Line in their Features, be tranſpoſed; without clouding ſome of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Veſtments, be varied; or any Link in their orderly Succeſſion, be broken; without injuring ſome delicate Property? And does not that All-ſeeing Eye, which preſerves ſo exact a Harmony, among theſe *pretty Toys*; maintain as watchful a Care, over His *rational Creatures*? Does He chooſe the propereſt Seaſon, for the Cowſlip to ariſe, and drink the Dews? And can He *neglect* the Concerns, or *miſjudge* the Conveniencies, of His Sons and Daughters? He, who has ſo completely diſpoſed, whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy; that the leaſt Diminution, or Addition, would certainly hurt the finiſhed Scheme; does, without all Peradventure, preſide, with equal Attention, over the Interests of his own People.

BE ſtill, then, thou uneaſy Mortal\*; know, that GOD is unerringly wiſe; and be aſſured,

\* *Permittas iſſis expendere numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque ſit utile noſtris.  
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt dii:  
Carior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi.*——

JUVEN.  
that,



that, amidst the greatest Multiplicity of Beings, he does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to assert, That thou art of far superior Value, in the Estimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field.--If His sacred Will, ordains *Sickness* for thy Portion; never dare to imagine, That uninterrupted Health would be more advantageous. If He pleases to withhold, or take away, *Children*; never presume to conclude, That thy Happiness is blasted, because thy Hopes of an increasing Family are disappointed. He, that marshals all the Starry Host, and so accurately arranges every the meanest Species of Herbs; HE orders all the *Peculiarities*, all the *Changes* of thy State, with a Vigilance, that nothing can elude; with a Goodness, that endureth for

Since all the downward Tracts of Time  
 GOD's watchful Eye surveys;  
 O! who so wise to choose our Lot,  
 And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,  
 Unmeasurably kind;  
 To his *unerring, gracious* Will,  
 Be ev'ry Wish resign'd.

Good when He gives, supremely Good;  
 Nor less, when he denies;  
 Ev'n Crosses, from his sov'reign Hand,  
 Are Blessings in Disguise.

ever.--

ever.—Bow thy Head, therefore, in humble Acquiescence : Rest satisfied, That *whatever is*, by the Appointment of Heaven \*, *is right*, is best.

AMONG all the Productions of the Third Creating-Day, this of Flowers seem to be peculiarly designed for Man : A Present, calculated, in an especial Manner, for his Use and Delight. Man has, as it were, the

\* If Mr. *Pope* understands the Maxim in this *limited* Sense, he speaks a most undeniable and glorious Truth. But, if that great Poet includes whatever comes to pass, through the wild and extravagant Passions of Men ; surely no thinking Person, at least no Christian, can accede to his Opinion.—What GOD orders, is *wise*, beyond all Possibility of Correction ; and *good*, above all that we can ask or think. His Decrees, are the Result of infinite Discernment ; and all his Dispensations, the Issues of unbounded Benevolence.—But Man, fallen Man, is hurried away, by his Lusts, into a thousand Irregularities ; which are deplorably evil *in themselves*, and attended with *Consequences*, manifestly pernicious to *Society*.—Let the Sentiment, therefore, be restrained to the Disposals of Heaven, and I most readily subscribe it. But, if it be extended to the Conduct of Men, and the Effects of their Folly ; I think myself obliged, to enter my Protest against it. For, whatever kindles the Divine Indignation—is Cause of final Ruin to the Author—is strictly forbidden by GOD's holy Word—is contrary to the whole Design of his revealed Will, and the very Reverse of his essential Attributes — *This*, cannot possibly be *right*. *This*, is most undoubtedly *wrong*. Omnipotence, indeed, can over-rule it, and educe Good from it : But the very Notion of *over-ruling*, supposes it to be absolutely *wrong* in itself.

*Monopoly*



*Monopoly* of this Favour ; and scarce shares the Satisfaction, resulting from it, with any other Animal. I don't find, that other Creatures are smit with their Beauties, or regaled with their Odours. The Horse never stands still, to gaze upon their Charms ; nor does the Ox turn aside, to browse upon their *Sweets*. Senses they have, to discern these curious Objects in the *gross* ; but no Taste, to *distinguish* their fine Accomplishments.— Just so, *carnal* and unenlightened Men, may understand the *literal* Meaning of Scripture ; may comprehend the Evidences of it's Divine Inspiration : and yet have no *Relish* of the Heavenly Truths, it teaches ; no ardent *Longing* for the spiritual Blessings, it offers ; see “ no Form or Comeliness ” in the Saviour, it describes, so as to render Him the *supreme Desire* of their Souls.

THE *chief End* of these beautiful Appearances, Philosophers say, is to enfold and cherish the Embryo Seed ; or to swathe the tender Body, during it's infant State.—But, whatever is the chief End of Nature ; 'tis certain, she never departs from the Design, of *administring Delight* to *Mankind*\*. This

\* “ We find that the most important Parts in the Vegetable World, are those which are the most beautiful.  
“ These are the Seeds by which the several Races or  
is

is inseparably connected, with her other Views. — Were it only to secure a reproductive Principle, what need of such *elegant Complications*? Why so much Art employed, and so many Decorations added? Why should Vestments be prepared, richer than Brocades; more delicate than Lawns; and of a finer Glow, than the most admired Velvets? — If the great Mother had no other Aim, than barely to accommodate her little Offspring; warm Flannel, or homely Fustian, would have served her Turn: Served it, full as well as the most sumptuous Tissues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

It seems plain then, that Flowers were endued with such enchanting *Graces*, for the *Pleasure* of *Man*; and, in pursuance of this original Intention, they still pay their Court to the human Race. Accordingly, the finest of each Species croud about our Habitations; and are rarely to be seen, at a Distance from our Abodes. They *thrive* under our culti-

“ Plants are propagated and continued, and which are  
 “ always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems  
 “ to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in  
 “ making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carry-  
 “ ing on her great Work, and intent upon her own Pre-  
 “ servation.”

*Spect.* Vol. V. No. 387.

vating



vating Hand, and observing Eye; but degenerate, and *pine away*, if unregarded by their Lord.—To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their *Deformities* under Ground; and display nothing but the most *graceful Forms*, and *engaging Colours*, to his Sight. To merit a farther Degree of his Esteem, the Generality of them *dispense* a delightful *Perfume*. And, what is still more obliging, \* *reserve* their *richest Exhalations*, to embalm his Morning and Evening Walks†: Because, he usually chooses those cool Hours, to recreate himself among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at those Hours, they are most lavish of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choicest Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator!  
The Darling of Providence! Thou art distinguished by *his Goodness*; distinguish thyself also by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one un-

\* —————The Flow'rs,  
That open *now* their choicest bosom'd Smells,  
Reserv'd from Night, and kept for thee in Store.  
MILT.

† The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose,  
With lavish Grace their *Morning* Scents disclose;  
The smelling Tub'rose and Junquil declare  
The stronger Impulse of an *Ev'ning* Air.  
PRIOR's Sol.  
divided

divided Aim, to glorify him; who has been at so much Expence, to gratify thee!---- While all these inferior Creatures, in *silent Eloquence*, declare the Glory of God, do thou lend them thy *Tongue*. Be thou the High-Priest of the mute Creation: Let their Praises become vocal in thy Songs.--Adore the supreme Benefactor, for the Blessings He showers down, upon every Order of Beings: Adore him for numberless Mercies, which are appropriated to thyself: But, above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational*, and *immortal* Soul.---This, constitutes us Masters of the Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of it's Riches. This, discovers Ten thousand Beauties, which otherwise had been lost; and renders them both a Source of Delights, and a Nursery of Devotion.---By virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to *admire* our Maker's *Works*, and capable of *bearing* his illustrious *Image*: bearing his illustrious Image, not only when these Ornaments of the Ground, have resigned their Honours; but, when the great Origin of Day, is extinguished in the Skies; and all the flaming Orbs on high, are put out in obscure Darkness.---*Then* to survive; to survive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy God---to resemble God---to be " filled with  
" all



“all the Fulness of God,” in another--What a Happiness, what an inestimable Happiness, is this! Yet, *this* is thy Privilege, (barter it not, for Trifles of an Hour!) this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O! THE Goodness, the *exuberant Goodness*, of GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I pass to another Consideration.---How much should we think ourselves obliged, to a generous Friend; that should *build* a stately Edifice\*, purely for

\* I cannot persuade myself, that the Comparison is stretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to this Pitch. It is my steadfast Opinion, That the World, at least this lower World, with it's various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man; that it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of it's Creation--Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits; but then, they partake under the Notion of Man's Domesticks, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures, that bear some Relation to his Service, and some way or other contribute to his Good. So that still He is the *Centre* of the Whole; or, as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Master of Poetry and Divinity, expresses himself, *All Things live for Man*, *Par. Lost*, XI. 161.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Ethic Epistles, is pleased to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a gross *Absurdity*.—For my Part, I see no Reason for such a Charge. With all Submission to so superior a Genius, it seems very remote from *Pride*, to be duly sensible of Favours vouchsafed; to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowledge them accordingly. I should

our Abode! But, how greatly would the Obligation be increased; if the Hand that built, should also *furnish* it! And not only furnish it, with all that is commodious and comfortable; but *ornament* it also, with whatever is splendid and delightful! *This*, has

rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immensely large; to stint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that such a Procedure favours more of *Insensibility*, than our Hypothesis, of Presumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that, of Arrogance.

And how can it be deemed an Absurdity, To maintain that GOD gave us a *World*, for our Possession; when it is our Duty to believe, That he gave us his *only Son*, for our Propitiation? Sure, it can be neither difficult, nor extravagant, to suppose, That he designed the habitable Globe, with it's whole Furniture, for our present Use; since He with-held not his Holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered him up, for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole, I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with regard to his Fellow-Creatures—nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator—neither is his Scheme, in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; because, it robs him of one of the most delightful and ravishing Contemplations imaginable. To consider the Great Author of Existence as having *me* in his Eye, when he formed universal Nature; as contriving all Things, with an immediate View, to the Exigencies of my particular State; and making them all in such a Manner, as might be most conducive to my particular Advantage; this must needs occasion the strongest Satisfaction, whenever I cast a Glance on the Objects that surround me—Not *grateful* with regard to GOD; because it has the most direct Tendency to diminish our Sense of his Kindness, and consequently, to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us



our most indulgent Creator done; in a manner infinitely surpassing, all we could wish, or imagine.

THE *Earth* is assigned us for a Dwelling.  
---The *Skies* are stretched over us, like a

to look upon ourselves, as almost lost among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occasional and incidental Beneficence; which must certainly weaken the Disposition, and indeed slacken the Ties, to the most adoring Thankfulness. — To which, I apprehend, we may justly add, Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, true. For, not to mention what might be urged from the sure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears to be sufficiently conclusive. The World began with Man; the World must cease with Man; consequently, the grand Use, the principal End of the World, is, to subserve the Interests of Man. It is on all sides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furnished with an Habitation; and that it will be demolished, when Man has no farther Need of it's Accommodations. When he enters into the House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, “the Earth, and all the Works that are therein, shall be burnt up.” From which it seems a very obvious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cause* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers and myself, *privileged* (not to say, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to use those lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth, equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

*For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,  
Suckles each Herb, and spreads out ev'ry Flow'r!  
Annual, for me, the Grape, the Rose, renew  
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;  
For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings;  
For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs.*

Eth. Ep. I. ver. 120.

magni-

## FLOWER-GARDEN. 211

magnificent Canopy, dyed in the purest Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimson.---The *Grass* is spread under us, as a spacious Carpet; wove with silken Threads of Green, and damask'd with Flowers of every Hue.---The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault; and pours his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths.---When Night approaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office; and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkneſs with their milder Luſtre, not diſturb our Repoſe by too intense a Glare.---The *Clouds*, beſides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a ſhifting Screen; and defend us, by their ſeaſonable Interpoſition, from the ſcorching Beams of Summer. May we not alſo regard them, as the great Watering-pots of the Globe? which, waſted on the Wings of the Wind, diſpenſe their Moiſture \* evenly through the univerſal Gar-

\* This Circumſtance, amidſt Abundance of other noble and delicate Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the *Philosophical Transactions* recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 25.—  
 מי פלג לשטף תעלה *Who hath divided a Water-course for the Overflowing of Waters?* --The *Hebrew* is ſo pregnant



den; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants.---The *Fields* are our exhaustless Granary.---The *Ocean* is our vast Reservoir.---The *Animals* spend their Strength, to dispatch our Business; resign their Cloathing, to replenish our Wardrobe; and surrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables.---In short, every *Element* is a Store-house of Conveniencies; every *Season* brings us the choicest Productions; all *Nature* is our Caterer.---And, which is a most endearing Recommendation of these Favours, they are all as *lovely*, as they are *useful*. You observe nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad

and rich with Sense, that no *Translation* can do it Justice. The following *Paraphrase*, perhaps, may represent the principal Ideas comprehended in the expressive Original.—Who has *branched out*, and with admirable Judgment, *disposed*, a *Variety of Aqueducts*; for that immense Collection of Waters, which float in the Sky? Who *distributes* those pendulous *Floods*; through all the Borders of the Earth? Distributes them, not in dreadful Cataracts, or *promiscuous Gluts* of Rain; but in kindly Drops, and refreshing Showers; with as much *Regularity* and *Oeconomy*, as if they were conveyed by *Pipes* from a *Conduit*?—To WHOM shall we ascribe that Niceness of Contrivance, which now emits, now restrains them: sometimes derives their humid Train to one Place, sometimes to another: dispenses them to *this* Soil in larger, to *that* in smaller Communications: and, in a Word, so manages the mighty Fluid, that every Spot is *supplied*, in exact Proportion to it's Wants; none *destroyed*, by an undistinguishing Deluge?

in

in *Beauty's* fairest Robe\*, and regulated by *Proportion's* nicest Rule. The whole Scene, exhibits a Fund of Pleasures to the Imagination, at the same time, that it more than supplies all our Wants†.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcusable*, O Man, whosoever thou art, that *rebellest* against thy Maker. He furrounds thee, with unnumbered Benefits; and follows thee, with an Effusion of the richest, noblest Gifts. He courts thy Affections; He solicits thy Gratitude; by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits. ---O! most Blessed LORD, let this thy Goodness, thy unwearied Goodness, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to Thyself, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by these sweet *Inducements*. *Draw* us to our Duty, Thou God of our Salvation, by these “*Cords of Love*.”

\* Perhaps, it was from such an Observation, that the *Greeks*, those critical and refined Judges of Things, expressed the *Mundane System* by a Word, which signifies *Beauty*—*καρμος*.

† “ Those several living Creatures, which are made  
“ for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either  
“ fill the Woods with their Music, furnish us with Game,  
“ or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the Delightfulness of  
“ their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are  
“ as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through  
“ which they pass.”

*Spect.* Vol. V. No. 387.



WHAT a living Picture is Here, of the *beneficial* Effects of *Industry*! By Industry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden*. Here, is all that can entertain the Eye, or \* regale the Smell. Whereas, without Cultivation, this sweet Garden had been a desolate Wilderness: Vile Thistles had made it loathsome, and tangling Briers inaccessible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Nest for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venomous Creatures. But, the Spade and Pruning-knife, in the Hand of Industry, have improved it into a sort of Terrestrial Paradise.

How naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the *Advantages* that flow from a virtuous *Education*; and the *Miseries*, that ensue from the † *Neglect* of it!---The Mind, without early Institution, must, in all Probability, become like the "Vineyard of the "Sluggard." If left to the Propensities of it's own depraved Will; what can we expect, but a most luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites; which, in time, will break forth into all manner of scandalous Irregularities?

\* *Omnis copia narium.*

HOR.

† *Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.*

HOR.

What?

What?---but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Moroseness: *Peevishness*, like a stinging Nettle, render the Conversation forbidding: *Avarice*, like some choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppress: *Revenge*, like some poisonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breast, and meditate Mischief to it's Neighbour: While unbridled *Lusts*, like Swarms of noisome Insects, taint each rising Thought; and render "every Imagination of the Heart, " only evil continually."----Such, are the usual Products of savage Nature! Such, the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the "Nurture and Admonition of the LORD:" Let a holy Discipline, *clear* the Soil: Let sacred Instructions, *sow* it with the best Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance, dress the rising Shoots; direct the young *Ideas*, how to spread; the wayward *Passions*, how to move:---Then, what a different State of the inner Man, will quickly take place! *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Blossoms: The *personal* Virtues display their Graces, and the *social* ones their Fruits\*: The Sentiments be-

\* This Transformation of the *Heart*, and Renewal of the *Life*, are represented in Scripture, by Similitudes,



come generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and useful\*.

O! THAT *Governors of Families, and Masters of Schools*, would watch, with a conscientious Solicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge! What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation should lose these invaluable Endowments, through any Supineness in their Instructors!—See! with what Assiduity, the *curious Florist* attends his little Nursery: visits them early and late; furnishes them, with the properest Mold; supplies them with seasonable Moisture; guards them, from the Ravages of Insects; screens

very nearly allied to the Images used above.—God, by his sanctifying Spirit, *will make the Soul as a watered Garden. Under the Operation of this divine Principle, The Desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the Rose. Where-ever it exerts the refining and ennobling Energy, Instead of the Thorn, shall come up the Fir-tree; and, instead of the Brier, the Myrtle-tree, Jerem. xxxi, 12. Isai, xxxv. 1. Isai. lv. 13.*

\* — *A teneris assuescere tanti est!*

VIRG.

— *ε γαρ μικρον διαφερει, το ετως η ετως ευθως εκ νεων εθιζεσθαι, αλλα παμπολου, μαλλον δε το παν. Arist.* The Principles we imbibe, and the Habits we contract, in our early Years, are not Matters of *small Moment*, but of the *utmost Consequence* imaginable. They not only give a transient or superficial *Tincture*, to our *first Appearance* in Life; but most commonly *stamp the Form*, of our *whole future Conduct*, and even of our *eternal State*.

them,

them, from the Injuries of the Weather; marks their springing Buds; observes them attentively, through their whole Progress; and never intermits his Anxiety, till he beholds them blown into full Perfection.—And, shall a *Range of painted Leaves*, that flourish To-day, and To-morrow fall to the Ground.—Shall these be tended, with more zealous Application, than the noble *Faculties* of an *immortal Soul*!

YET trust not in Cultivation *alone*; 'tis the Blessing of the *Almighty* Husbandman, that imparts *Success* to such Labours of Love. If God “*seal up the Bottles of Heaven,*” and command the Clouds to withhold their Fatness, the best-manured Plot becomes a barren Desert. And, if HE restrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miscarry; the rational Plantation languishes; and our most pregnant Hopes, from Youths of the most promising Genius, prove abortive. *Their Root will be as Rotteness, and their Blossom will go up as Dust*\*.—Therefore, let *Parents* plant; let *Tutors* water; but, let both look up to the Father of *Spirits*, for the desired Increase.

\* Isai. v. 24.



ON every Side, I 'spy several *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are closely convolved, and wrapt within a strong Inclosure. All their Beauties lie concealed, and their Sweets locked up.—Just such is the *niggardly Wretch*; whose Aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon *Himself*: Who makes his own private Interests, or personal Pleasures, the sole Centre of his Designs, and the scanty Circumference of all his Actions.

BUT, ere-long, the searching Beams will open these filken *Folds*, and draw them into a graceful *Expansion*. Then, what a lovely Blush, will glow in their Cheeks; and what a balmy Odour, exhale from their Bosoms! —So, when Divine Grace shines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful*: The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Flesh, a Heart susceptible of the softest, most compassionate Emotions, is introduced in it's stead. O! how sweetly do the social Affections dilate themselves, under so benign an Influence! Just like these disclosing Gems, under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards, are no longer *confined* to a single Object; but *extend* themselves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and *shed*  
liberal

liberal Refreshments on all within their Reach\*.

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteousness; arise, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuse thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, thro' all our intellectual Powers. Inlarge every *narrow Disposition*, and fill us with a *diffusive Benevolence*. Make Room in our Breasts, for the whole human Race; and teach us to love all our Fellow-Creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake. May we be pleased with their Excellencies, and rejoice at their Happiness; but feel their Miseries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy, hasten to relieve them!

\* How beautiful is the *Idea*, and how significant the *Expression*, in that fine Passage of the Prophet; where, describing the *charitable Temper*, He says,—*If thou draw out thy Soul to the Hungry!*—which, I think, may very properly be illustrated by the Circumstances observed above. The Opening of these Buds into a large and extensive Spread, is a pretty Pourtrait of the *Amplitude* of a *generous Heart*; which cannot shut up it's Compassion, or remain unconcerned at any human Calamity. The Freeness, and Copiousness, with which their choicest Essences, their *aromatic Souls*, are continually poured out; may represent, not only the various *Acts* of an unwearied *Liberality*; but also that *cordial Affection*, and *yearning Tenderness*, with which they are bestowed. *Isai. lviii. 10.*

DISPOSED



DISPOSED at proper Distances, I observe a *Range* of strong and *stately Stalks*. They stand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or rise like lofty Spires, amidst a Group of Houses. They part, at the Top, into several pensile spiky Pods: from each of which will be excluded, within a little time, a fine Figure, of a very peculiar and instructive Character: *rounded* into a Form, that constitutes a perfect Circle; *spread wide* open, into the most frank and communicative Air; tinged with the Colour, which, of all others, most captivates the Miser's Eye.

BUT, the Property I chiefly admire, is it's *passionate Fondness* for the *Sun*. When Evening with her Shades comes on, the poor Flower droops, and folds up it's Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, like some forlorn Lover, for the Absence of the Light. No sooner does Providence open "the Eyelids of the Morning;" but immediately it \* addresses itself, to the Object of it's Affection; courts and caresses it, all the Day; nor ever loses Sight of the refulgent Charmer, so long as he continues above the Horizon.—In the

\* ——— *Illam suam, quamvis Radice tenetur,  
Vertitur ad Solem.* ———

OVID.

Morning,

Morning, you may perceive it, presenting a golden Bosom to the East; at Noon, it points upward, to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the same attractive Influence to the West.

SURELY, Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with sacred Hints. To an attentive Mind, the *Garden* turns *Preacher*; and it's blooming Tenants, are so many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Lesson, have we Here!—So, let the Redeemed of the LORD *look unto JESUS* \*, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may use the Expression) to the *Sun of Righteousness*. Let our Passions rise and fall; take this Course or that; as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be so accommodated, both to his *commanding* and *providential* Will, as the Wax is turned to the imprinted Seal; or, as the Aspect of this enamoured Flower, to the splendid Star, which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Christian, look unto JESUS; receive it as pro-

\* Heb. xii. 2.



ceeding from his Love, and purchased by his Agonies\*.—In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge, or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a proper Degree of Severity; adjusting the Time of it's Continuance; and ready to make these seeming Disasters, productive of real Good.—In every Infirmary and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy merciful High-Priest; pleading his atoning Blood, and making Intercession for Transgressors.—In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate; recommending thy Devotions, and “bearing the Iniquity of thy holy Things†.”—In every *Temptation* look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation; who alone is able to lift up the Hands that hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over thy Enemies.—But especially, when the *Hour* of thy *Departure* approaches; when “thy Flesh and thy Heart fail;” when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS,

\* He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,  
To raise us to his Throne:  
*There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,  
But cost his Heart a Groan.*

WATTS.

† Exod. xxviii. 38.

with

with a believing Eye\*. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him standing at the Right-hand of God, on purpose to succour his People, in this their last Extremity. Yes, my Christian Friend, when thy Journey through Life is finished, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art just launching out into the invisible World, and all before thee is vast Eternity; Then, O then, be sure to look stedfastly unto JESUS! "See by Faith the LORD'S CHRIST." View him, as the only *Way*†, to the everlasting Mansions; as the only *Door*‡, to the Abodes of Bliss.

YONDER Tree, that faces the South, has something too remarkable, to pass without Observation.—Like the fruitful, tho' feeble Vine, She brings forth a large Family of Branches: but, unable to support them herself, commits them to the Tuition of a sunny Wall. As yet, the tender Twigs have scarce gemmed their future Blossoms. However, I may anticipate the well-known Productions; and picture to myself the *Passion-Flower*;

\* *Look unto ME, and be ye saved, all the Ends of the Earth.* Isai. xlv. 22.

† John xiv. 6.

‡ John x. 9.

which



which will, in due Time, with a long and copious Succession, adorn the Boughs.

I HAVE read, in a profane Author, of Flowers inscribed with the *Names of Kings*\*: but here is One, imblazoned with the Marks of the *bleeding Prince* of Life. I read, in the inspired Writings, of *Apostolic Men*; who bore about, in their Bodies, the Dying of the LORD JESUS†: but, here is a *blooming Religioſo*, that carries apparent Memorials, of the ſame tremendous and fatal Cataſtrophe. —Who would have expected to find ſuch a Tragedy of Woe, exhibited in a Collection of the moſt delicate Delights? Or, to ſee *Calvary's* horrid Scene, pourtrayed on the ſoſteſt Ornaments of the Garden?—Is Nature then actuated by the noble Ambition, of paying ~~commemorative~~ Honours, to her agonizing Son? Is She kindly officious to remind forgetful Mortals, of that Miracle of Mercy; which, it is their Duty to contemplate, and their Happineſs to believe?—Or, is a *ſportive* Imagination my Interpreter; and all the ſuppoſed Reſemblance, no more than the *precarious* Gloſs of Fancy? Be it ſo:

\* *Dic, quibus in Terris inſcripti Nomina Regum Naſcantur Flores?* —————

VIRG.

† 2 Cor. iv. 10.

yet even Fancy has her Merit, when she sets forth, in such pleasing Imagery, the crucified JESUS. Nor shall I refuse a willing Regard, to Imagination herself; when she employs her creative Powers, to revive the Sense of such unparalleled Love, and prompt my Gratitude to so divine a Friend.

THAT *spiral Tendril*, arising from the Bottom of the Stalk; is it a Representation of the *Scourge*, which lashed the Redeemer's unspotted Flesh; and inflicted those Stripes, by which our Souls are healed? Or, is it twisted for the *Cord*, which bound his Hands, in painful and ignominious Confinement: those beneficent Hands, which were incessantly stretched out to unloose the heavy Burdens, and to impart Blessings of every choice Kind?—Behold the *Nails*, which were drenched in his sacred Veins, and riveted his Feet to the accursed Tree: those beautiful \* Feet, which always went about doing Good; and travelled far and near, to spread the glad Tidings of everlasting Salvation.—See the *Hammer*, ponderous and massy, that drove the rugged Irons through the racked

\* *How beautiful are the Feet of him that bringeth good Tidings, that publisheth Peace, that bringeth good Tidings of Good, that publisheth Salvation! Isai. lii. 7.*



Nerves; that forced a Passage for those dreadful Wedges, between the dislocated Bones.—View the *Thorns*, which incircled our Royal Master's Brow, and shot their keen afflictive Points into his blessed Head: that Head, which was ever meditating Peace to poor Sinners; and spent many a wakeful Night, in ardent Prayer for their Happiness. O the Smart! the fiercely throbbing Smart! when, instead of the triumphal Laurel, or the odoriferous Garland, that pungent and ragged Wreath, was planted on the meek Messiah's Forehead! When rude and barbarous Blows of the strong Eastern Cane\*, struck the prickly Crown, and fixed every Thorn deep in his tender Temples†!—There stand the *Disciples*, ranged in the green Impalement; and forming a Circle, round the Instruments

\* *They took the Reed*, says the sacred Historian, *and smote Him on the Head*; “and so, as it were, nailed down the Thorns into his Forehead and Temples, and occasioned thereby exquisite Pain, as well as a great Effusion of Blood.”—*Family Expofitor*, Vol. II. Sect. 188.—“It is most probable, *adds the same judicious Critic*, this was a walking-Staff, which they put into his Hand as a Sceptre; for a *Blow with a slight Reed* would scarce have been felt, or have deserved a Mention in a Detail of such dreadful Sufferings.”

† The Smart, attending this unparalleled Piece of contemptuous Barbarity, must be *inexpressibly severe*: not only, on account of the many painful Punctures made in the

of

of their great Commander's Torture. They stand wedged in firm Battalion: and appear like so many faithful Adherents, that breathe a gallant Resolution; either of defending their LORD to the last Extremity, or of dropping, in honourable Deaths, by his Side. O! that they had given such Proofs of Zeal and Fidelity in their Conduct, as their steady Posture, and determined Aspect, seem to promise! But, alas! what is human *Firmness*, when destitute of Succours from above, but an expiring *Vapour*? What is every *Saint*, if unsupported by powerful Grace, but an abandoned *Traitor*?—Observe the *Glory*, delineated in double Rays, grand with imperial Purple, and rich with æthereal Blue. But ah! how incapable are Threads, tho' spun by Summer's finest Hand, tho' dyed in Snows, or dipped in Heaven, to display the immaculate Excellency of his human, or the ineffable Majesty of his Divine Nature! Com-

Flesh; but principally, because the *Periosteum*, a most exquisitely sensible Tegument of the Bones; lying, in those Parts, very near the external Skin; must receive a *Multitude* of most terrible Wounds. The Anguish of which, could not fail of being inflamed to an Excess of Rage, by the *Continuance* of so many thorny Lancets, in that extremely tender Membrane; which, in such a Case,

—tremblingly alive all o'er,  
Must smart and agonize at ev'ry Pore.



pared with these sublime Perfections, the most *vivid* Assemblage of Colours, fades into an *un-meaning Flatness*; the most charming Effects of Light and Shade, are not only mere Daubings, but an absolute Blank.

AMONG all the Beauties, that shine in funny Robes, and sip the silver Dews; *this*, I think, has the *noblest Import*, if not the *finest Presence*. Were they all to pass in Review, and expect the *Award* of *Superiority* from my Decision; I should not hesitate a Moment. Be the Prize assigned to this amiable Candidate; which has so eminently distinguished, and so highly dignified herself, by bearing such a remarkable Resemblance to "The righteous Branch\*"; The Plant of "Renown."—While Others appoint it a Place in the *Parterre*; I would transplant the Passion-Flower, or rather transfer it's sacred Significancy, to my *Heart*. *There* let it bloom, both in Summer and in Winter; bloom, in the most impressive Characters, and with an undecaying Lustre. That I also may wear—wear on my very Soul, the Traces of IMMANUEL; pierced for my Sins, and bruised for my Transgressions. That I also may *be*

\* So the blessed JESUS is described, *Jerem.* xxiii. 5. *Ezek.* xxxiv. 29.

*crucified with* CHRIST \*; at least in penitential Remorse, and affectionate Sympathy. That I may *know the Fellowship of his Sufferings* †; and feel all my evil Affections, wounded by his Agonies, mortified by his Death.

THERE is another Subject of the verdant Kingdom, which makes so very uncommon a Figure, as justly claims my particular Notice. One, so extremely *diffident* in her Disposition, and *delicate* in her Constitution; that She dares not venture herself abroad, in the open Air: but is nursed up in the Warmth of a *Hot-bed*, and lives cloistered in the Cells of a *Green-house*.——But, the most curious Peculiarity is, That, of all her kindred Species, she alone partakes of *perceptive Life*; at least, advances nearest to this more exalted State of Being; and may be looked on as the Link, which connects the animal and the vegetable World. A Stranger, observing her Qualities, would almost be induced to suspect; that she is endued with some inferior Degrees, of Consciousness and Caution. For, if You offer to handle this *Sensitive Plant*, She immediately takes the Alarm; hastily contracts her Fibres; and, like a Person under Appre-

\* Gal. ii. 20.

† Phil. iii. 10.



hensions of Violence, *withdraws* from your Finger, in a kind of precipitate *Disorder*. Perhaps, the Beauty of her Aspect might be sullied, or the Niceness of her Texture discomposed, by the human Touch. Therefore, like a coy Virgin, she keeps at a Distance, from all unbecoming Familiarities; and will admit no such improper, if not pernicious, Freedoms.

WHATEVER be the Cause of this unusual Effect; it suggests an instructive Admonition, to the Christian. *Such*, should be our *apprehensive* timorous Care, with regard to Sin; and all, even the most *distant*, *Approaches* of Vice. We should avoid the very Appearance of Evil, and stand aloof from every Occasion of falling.—If Sinners entice; if forbidden Pleasures tempt; or if Opportunity beckon, with the Gain of Injustice in her Hand: turn from the gilded Snare; touch not the beauteous Bane; but fly, fly with Haste, fly without any Delay, from the bewitching Ruin.—Does *Anger* draw near with her lighted Torch, to kindle the Flame of Repentment in our Breasts? Does *Flattery* ply our Ears, with her enchanting and intoxicating Whispers? Would *Discontent* lay her leaden Hand upon our Tempers, and mould  
into

into our Minds her four-Leaven; in order to make Us a Burden to Ourselves, and unamiable to Others? Instantly let us divert our Attention from the dangerous Objects; and not so much endeavour to *antidote*, as to *shun*, the moral Contagion. Let Us revolve, in our Meditations, that Wonderful *Meekness* of our distressed Master; which, amidst the most abusive and provoking Insults, maintained an uniform Tenor of unshaken Serenity. Let Us contemplate that prodigious *Humiliation*; which brought Him, from an infinite Height above all Worlds, to make his Bed in the Dust of Death. Let Us sooth our jarring, our uneasy Passions, by an attentive Reflection on that *Chearfulness* and *Resignation*; which rendered him, in the deepest Poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heaviest Tribulations, most submissively patient.

HARBOUR not, therefore, on any Consideration, the Betrayer of your Virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf, to the beguiling Solicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded Heart; give it Entertainment, no, not for a Moment. To parly with the Enemy, is to open a Door for Destruction. Our Safety consists in Flight: and, in this Case, *Suf-*



*picion*, is the truest *Prudence*; *Fear*, the greatest *Bravery*.—Play not on the Brink of the Precipice. Flutter not round the Edges of the Flame. Dally not with the Stings of Death. But reject, with a becoming Mixture of Solicitude and Abhorrence, the very first Insinuations of Iniquity; As cautiously, as the *smarting Sore* shrinks even from the softest Hand; as constantly, as this *jealous Plant* recoils at the approaching Touch\*.

\* The Prophet *Isaiah*, in an elegant and lively Description of the *upright Man*, says, *He shaketh his Hands from holding of Bribes*; and, I may add, from practising any Kind of Iniquity. The Image, exceedingly beautiful, and equally expressive, both illustrates and enforces the Doctrine of this whole Section.—*Shaketh his Hands*; just as a Person would do, who happens to have *burning Coals* fall into his Lap, or some *venomous Creature* fastening upon his Flesh. In such a Case, None would stand a Moment to consider; none would debate with Himself, the Expediency of the Thing; but, instantly fling off the pernicious Incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself, from the clinging Mischief.—*Isa. xxxiii. 15.*

I have represented the *Danger*, of not *extinguishing* immediately the *very first* Sparks of Temptation, in a Variety of Views. Because a proper Behaviour, in this Conjunction, is of such vast Importance to the Purity, the Safety, and the Comfort, of our Minds.—Because, I had the *Royal Moralist* in my Eye; who, deterring his Pupils from the Path of the Wicked, cries; with an Air of deep Concern, and in the Language of vehement Importunity, cries; *Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it; and pass away.* How strongly is the Counsel urged, by being so frequently repeated; in such a remarkable *Diversity* of concise and abrupt, consequently of forcible and pressing Admonitions! — *Prov. iv. 15.*

NOT

NOT long ago, these curious Productions of the Spring, were *coarse* and mis-shapen *Roots*. Had we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been!—But now, they are the *Boast* of Nature; the *Delight* of the Sons of Men; finished Patterns for Enamelling and Embroidery; outshining even the *happiest Strokes* of the Pencil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Lustre\*, in the richest Tapestries, and most magnificent Silks. Art never attempts to *equal* their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit, in *copying* after these delicate Originals. Even those, that glitter in Silver, or whose Cloathing is of wrought Gold; are proud to borrow additional Ornaments, from a Sprig of Jessamine, or a little Assemblage of Pinks,

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Resurrection* of the *Just*, and the *State* of their re-animated *Bodies*! As, the Roots even of our choicest Flowers, when deposited in the Ground, are rude and un-

\* The Cowslip smiles in *brighter Yellow* dress,  
Than that which veils the nubil Virgin's Breast :  
A *fairer Red* stands blushing in the Rose,  
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Vestments  
flows.

PRIOR's Sol.

graceful;



graceful; but, when they spring up into blooming Life, are most exquisitely elegant; so, the poor Flesh of a Saint, when committed to the Dust, alas! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Mass of putrefying Clay. But, when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and starts into renewed Existence; O! what an astonishing Change ensues! What a most prodigious Improvement takes place!—That which was sown in *Weakness*, will be raised in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was sown in *Deformity*, will be raised in the Bloom of celestial *Beauty*; and shine “as the Brightness of the Firmament,” when it darts the inimitable Blue, through the Fleeces—the snowy Fleeces, of some cleaving Cloud.

FEAR *not*, then, thou faithful *Christian*; fear not, at the appointed Time, to *descend* into the *Tomb*. Thy *Soul* thou mayst trust with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unseen World; “Who has the Keys of Hell, and of Death.” Most safely mayst thou trust thy better Part, in those beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and fastened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation.—And, with regard to thy *fleshy Tabernacle*, be not dismayed; it is only  
taken

taken down to be rebuilt upon a diviner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retire into the Shadow of Death, and Gloom of the Grave; it is only to return from a short Confinement, to endless Liberty. If it dies, it is in order to rise more illustrious from its Ruins; and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection, and of Glory\*.

HAVING, now, made my *Panegyric*; let me, next, take up a *Lamentation*, for these sweetest Productions of the Vegetable World. —For, I foresee their approaching Doom: Yet a little while, and all these pleasing Scenes vanish: Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of the blooming Spring, perish. Every one of these amiable Forms, must be shriveled to Deformity, and trodden to the Earth.—Significant Resemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Flesh is Grass*, saith the Prophetic Voice, *and all the Goodliness thereof as the Flower of the Field*. Behold then, ye brightest among the *Daughters of Eve*; behold yourselves, in

\* The Wise, the Just, the Pious, and the Brave,  
Live in their Deaths, and flourish from the Grave.  
Grain hid in Earth, repays the Peasant's Care;  
And Ev'ning Suns but set to rise more fair.



236 REFLECTIONS ON A

this Glas. See the *Charms* of your *Person* eclipsed, by the Lustre of these little Flowers; and the *Frailty* of your *State* represented, \* by

\* Και το ροδον καλον εστι, και ο χρονος αυτο μαραινει·  
 Και το ιον καλον εστιν εν ειαρι, και ταχυ γηρα·  
 Δευκον το κρινου εστι, μαραινεται ανικα ωπλη·  
 Α δε χιων λευκα, και τακειται ανικα παχθη·  
 Και καλλος καλον εστι το παιδικον, αλλ' ολιγουζη.  
 THEOCR. *Idyl.* 24.

When Snows descend, and robe the Fields  
 In *Winter's* bright Array;  
 Touch'd by the Sun, the Lustre fades,  
 And weeps itself away.

When *Spring* appears; when *Violets* blow,  
 And shed a rich Perfume;  
 How soon the Fragrance breathes it's last!  
 How short-liv'd is the Bloom!

Fresh in the Morn, the *Summer Rose*  
 Hangs wither'd ere 'tis Noon;  
 We scarce enjoy the balmy Gift,  
 But mourn the Pleasure gone.

With gliding Fire, an *Ev'ning Star*  
 Streaks the *Autumnal Skies*;  
 Shook from the Sphere, it darts away,  
 And, in an Instant, dies.

*Such* are the *Charms*, that flush the Cheek,  
 And sparkle in the Eye:  
 So, from the lovely finish'd Form  
 The transient *Graces* fly.

To this the *Seasons*, as they roll,  
 Their Attestation bring:  
 They warn the *Fair*; their ev'ry Round  
 Confirms the Truth I sing.

their

their transient Glories. A Fever may scorch those polished Veins ; a Consumption, emaciate the dimpling Cheeks ; a Load of unexpected Sorrows, depress those lively Spirits. Or, if these Disasters, in Pity, spare the tender Frame ; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will come at last ; will wither the fine Features, and blast every sprightly Grace.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when those sparkling Eyes are darkened, and sink in their Orbs ; when they are rolling in Agonies, or swimming in Death—How will you *sustain* the *Affliction*? How will you *repair* the *Loss*? Oh! apply your Thoughts to *Religion*; choose and attend to the *One Thing needful*. Believe in, and imitate, the blessed JESUS: Then shall your Souls, mount up to the Realms of Happiness; when the well proportioned Clay, is mingling with it's mean Original. The bright Beams of God's Countenance will irradiate, with a matchless Perfection, all their Faculties. Cleansed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like some unfullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holiness.—O! that you would thus *dress* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State! Then, from shining among  
your



your *Fellow-Creatures* on Earth; you shall be translated, to shine around the *Throne* of God, for Ever and Ever. Then, from being the Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below; you shall pass, by an easy Transition, into Angels of Light; and become “an everlasting Excellency, the Joy of all Generations.”

YES; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye must all decay.*—Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the gay Creation—See, how gracefully it erects it's majestic Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur, ennobles it's Aspect! For elevated Mien, as well as incomparable Lustre; justly may it be preferred, to the magnificent Monarch of the East\*. But, all stately and charming as it is, it will hardly survive, a few more Days: That unspotted Whiteness, must quickly be tarnished; and the snowy Form, defiled in the Dust.

As the *Lily* pleases, with the noble Simplicity of it's Appearance; the *Tulip* is admired, for the Gaiety and Multiplicity of it's Colours. What a Profusion of Dyes,

\* Matt. vi. 29.

arrays it's painted Cup! It's Tinges are so glowing; it's Contrasts so strong; and the Arrangement of them both, so elegant and artful!—"Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Season. As exquisitely fine as the Rainbow, and almost as extremely transient; it spread, for a little Moment, it's glittering Plumage: but has, now, laid all it's distinguished Honours down. Those radiant Stripes are blended, alas! rudely blended, with common Mold.

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Rose* adds the most agreeable Perfume. Our Nostrils make it repeated Visits, and are never weary of drinking in it's Sweets. A Fragrance, so peculiarly rich and reviving, transpires from it's opening Tufts; that every one covets it's Acquaintance. How have I seen even the accomplished *Charissa*, for whom so many Votaries languish, fondly caressing this little Flower! That lovely Bosom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue; whose least Excellency it is, to rival the Delicacy of the purest Snows; among a Thousand Charms of it's own, thinks it possible to adopt another from the Damask Rose-bud.—Yet, even this universal



verfal Favourite must fail. Its native Balm, cannot preserve it from Putrefaction. Soon, soon, must it resign all those endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop despised to the Ground.

ONE could wish, methinks, those love-liest of the inanimate Race, a longer Existence: But in vain: They *fade*, almost as soon as they *flourish*: Within less than a Month, their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then visit this enchanting Walk; and you will find nothing, but a wretched Wilderness of ragged or naked Stalks.—But O! (My Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celestial *Glory*, which shall ere-long array the re-animated Body, will never wax old. The illustrious *Robes* of a Saviour's consummate *Righteousness*, which are appointed to deck the justified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth, can *corrode* their Texture; no Number of Ages, *sully* their *Brightness*. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars sink in Obscurity; but, the Honours of “Just Men made perfect,” are subject to no Diminution: Inextinguishable and unfading, is the Lustre of their Crown.

YES;

*YES; Ye flowery Nations, Ye must all decay.*  
 —Winter, like some enraged and irresistible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances; demolishes Towns; depopulates Countries; spreads Slaughter and Desolation, on every Side—So, just so, will *Winter*, with his savage and unrelenting *Blasts*, invade this beautiful Prospect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempests mustering their Rage, to fall upon these Vegetable Kingdoms. They will ravage through the Dominions of Nature; and plunder her *Riches*, and lay waste her *Charms*.—Then, ye Trees, must ye stand stript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye Fields, be spoiled of your waving Treasures. Then, the Earth, disrobed of all her gay Attire, must sit in Sables, like a disconsolate Widow: The Sun too, that now rides in Triumph round the World, and scatters Gaiety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, casting a short Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights.  
 —Then, these pretty *Choristers* of the *Air*, will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songsters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. Mute is every shrill and tune-



ful Pipe: The Harmony of the Woods is at an End: and Silence (unless interrupted by howling Winds), fullen Silence, sits brooding upon the Boughs; that are now made vocal, by a Thousand warbling Throats.

BUT, O ravishing Remembrance! the *Songs of Saints in Light*, never admit a Pause for Sadness. All Heaven, will resound with the Melody of their Gratitude; and all Eternity, echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that World; and the harmonious Joy of it's Inhabitants; will be as lasting, as the Divine Perfections, they celebrate.—Come then, Holy Love, and tune my *Heart*; descend, Celestial Fire, and touch my *Tongue*; that I may stand ready to strike up, and bear my Part, in that great *Hosanna*, that everlasting Hymn.

YES; yes; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye must all decay*.—And, indeed, could you add the *Strength* of an Oak, or the *Stability* of a Pyramid\*, to all the *Delicacy* of your Tex-

\* I know not any Performance, in which the *transitory* Nature, of these most *durable* Monuments of human Grandeur, is hinted with such a modest Air of Instruction; or their hideous Ruin described, in such a Pomp of pleasing Horror; as in a small, but solemn, picturesque, and  
ture;

ture ; yet short, exceeding short, even then, would your Duration be. For *I see, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature, are tottering : The Foundations of the round World, are falling away : “ The Heavens themselves, wax old like a Garment.” —But, amidst these Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge ; This our Consolation ; *We know, that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, blessed JESUS, shall not fail : From Everlasting to Everlasting, Thou art still the same : the same most excellent and adorable Being ; the same omnipotent and faithful Friend ; the same all-sufficient and inestimable Portion. O ! may we but partake of thy Merits ; be sanctified by thy Grace ; and received into thy Glory !—Then, perish, if ye will, all inferior Delights. Let all that is

majestic Poem, entitled—THE RUINS OF ROME, Written by the Rev. Mr. DYER. Whom the Reader (if He has the Pleasure of perusing that beautiful Piece) will easily perceive, to have drawn from the *Originals* themselves ; as nothing but the *Sight* of those magnificent Remains, could have inspired his Lines with such Vivacity—As a Specimen of the Work, and a Confirmation of the Remark suggested above, I take Leave to transcribe the following Passage :

———*The Pilgrim oft,  
At dead of Night, mid his Oraison hears  
Aghast the Voice of Time, disparting Tow'rs,  
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,  
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon.*



*splendid* in the Skies, expire; and all that is *amiable* in Nature, be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation, be turned again into one undistinguishable Void; one universal Blank:—Yet, if God be ours, we shall have *enough*: If God be ours, we shall have *all*, and abound\*: All that our Circumstances can want, or our Wishes crave, to make us inconceivably blessed and happy; Blessed and happy, not only through this little Interval of Time, but through the unmeasurable Revolutions of Eternity.

THE *Sun* is, now, come forth in his *Strength*; and beats fiercely, upon my throbbing Pulse.—Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There, the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; and the Jessamines, that line the verdant Alcove, are still impearled with Dews.—Welcome, ye *refreshing Shades*! I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the slackened Sinews are new-strung; and Life bounds brisker, through all her crimson Channels.

\* His Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,  
And bids Earth roll, nor feels the idle Whirl.  
*Night-Thoughts, No. IV.*

RECLINED

RECLINED on this mossy Couch; and surrounded by this fragrant Coolness; let me renew my Aspirations, to the ever-present Deity. Here, let me remember, and imitate, the pious *Augustine*, and his Mother *Monica*. Who, being engaged in Discourse on the Beauties of the visible Creation; rose by these Ladders to the Glories of the invisible State: till they were inspired with the most *affecting Sense*, of their supereminent Excellency; and actuated with the most *ardent Breathings*, after their full Enjoyment. Insomuch, that they were almost rapt up into the Bliss, they contemplated; and scarce “knew, whether they “were in the Body, or out of the Body.”

WHEN *Tempests* toss the Ocean: when plaintive Signals of Distress, are heard from the bellowing Deep; and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck, come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to stand safe on Shore, and hug one's self in conscious Security \*!—When a *Glut of Waters*, bursts from

\* As *Lucretius* gave the *Hint* for these Observations; so He assigns the *Reason* of the Pleasure specified. It arises, not from the Consideration of *Another's Misery*; this would argue the rankest Malevolence: but from the agreeable Contemplation of our *own personal Safety*: which, while We view Circumstances, that are pernicious to Others, but harmless to Ourselves, is not a little heightened by the Contrast. *Suave Mari magno, &c.*



some mighty Torrent; rushes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; sweeps away the helpless Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut: then, from the Top of a distant Eminence, to descry the Danger, we need not fear; how pleasing!—Such, methinks, is my *present Situation*; for, now, the Sun blazes from on high: The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are scorched to Dust: The Woods seem to contract a sickly Aspect, and a ruflet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, hastens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and desists from his Work: The Cattle flee to some shady Covert, or else pant and toss under the burning Noon. Even the stubborn Rock, smit with the piercing Beam, is ready to cleave. All Things *languish*, beneath the *dazling Deluge*—While I shall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and *calm* Reflection; amid the Gloom of this *bowery Recess*, that scarce admits one Speck of Sunshine.

Thus, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, *dwell beneath the Defence of the Most High*, and *abide under the Shadow of the Al-*

*Almighty*\*. Then, though † the *Pestilence* walketh in Darkness, and the *Sickness* destroyeth at Noon-day; though Thousands fall beside us, and Ten thousands at our Right-hand; we need fear no Evil. Either, the destroying Angel shall pass over our Houses; or else, He shall dispense the *Corrections* of a *Friend*, not the *Scourges* of an *Enemy*; which, instead of hurting us, shall work for our Good.—Then, though *Profaneness* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits “hide us in the  
“Hollow of his Hand,” we shall hold fast our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, dearest LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received into thy Protection. Let us take Sanctuary under that *Tree of Life*, erected in thy ignominious Cross. Let us fly for Safety to that *City of Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. These shall be a sacred Hiding-place, not to be pierced by the Flames

\* Psalm xci. 1.

† This was written, when a very infectious and mortal Distemper, raged in the Neighbourhood.



of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, shall be to our Souls, *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place, or as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land\**.

BUT most of all, in that *last tremendous Day*, when the Heavens are rent asunder, and wrapped up like a Scroll: when thy Almighty Arm shall arrest the Sun in his Career, and dash to pieces the Structure of the Universe: when the Dead, both Small and Great, shall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory; and the Fates of all Mankind, hang on the very Point of a final irreverfible Decision:—Then, blessed JESUS, let us be *owned* by Thee, and we shall not be *ashamed*; *defended* by Thee, and we shall not be *afraid*. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we shall behold all the horrible Convulsions of expiring Nature, with Composure, with Comfort! We shall even welcome the Consummation of all Things, as the *Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the LORD* †.

\* Ifai. xxxii. 2.

† Acts iii. 19.

THERE are, I perceive, who still attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun, ply their Work on every expanded Blossom. The *Bees*, I mean, that Nation of Chymists! To whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret, of enriching themselves, without impoverishing others. Who extract the most delicious Syrup, from every fragrant Herb; without wounding it's Substance, or diminishing it's Odours. I take the more notice of these *ingenious Operators*; because, I would willingly make them my *Pattern* \*. While the gay *Butterfly*, flutters her painted Wings; and sips a little fantastic Delight, only for the present Moment. While the gloomy *Spider*, worse than idly busied, is preparing his insidious Nets for Destruction; or sucking Venom, even from the most wholesome Plants. This frugal Community, are wisely employed in providing for Futurity; and collecting a copious Stock, of the most balmy Treasures,—And O! might these Meditations sink into my Soul! would the God, who suggested each heavenly *Thought*; vouchsafe to convert it, into an *established Principle*;

\* ——— *Ego apis matinae*  
*More modoque*  
*Grata carpentis thyma.*

HOR.



## 250 REFLECTIONS ON A

to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate my whole Conduct: I should, then, gather Advantages from the same blooming Objects; more precious than your golden Stores, ye industrious Artists. I also should go home, laden with the *richest Sweets*, and *noblest Spoils*; though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a single Flower my own.

HERE I behold, assembled, in *one View*, almost all the *various Beauties*, that have been severally entertaining my Imagination. The *Vistas*, struck through an antient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Observation, to some amiable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footsteps, to this delightful Seat:—The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extensions; I should rather have said, hung with different Pieces of Nature's noblest Tapestry:—The *Walks*, neatly shorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely smoothened, and coated with Gravel:—The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our Noon-tide Repose; or thrown open for the free Accession of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation:—The decent *Edgings* of Box, that inclose,  
like

## FLOWER-GARDEN. 251

like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and it's splendid Figures:—The shapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*; that strike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this distant Situation:—The *Basin*, with it's crystal Fount, floating in the Centre; and diffusing an agreeable Freshness, through the Whole:—The Waters, falling from a remote *Cascade*; and gently murmuring, as they flow along the Pebbles:—*These*, added to the *rest*; and all so disposed, that each recommends and endears each; render the *Whole*, a most sweet ravishing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM so many lovely Prospects, clustering upon One's Sight, it is impossible not to be reminded of *Heaven*: that World of Bliss; those Regions of Light; where the Lamb that was slain manifests his beatific Presence, and his Saints live for evermore.—But O! what Pencil can sketch out a Draught of that goodly Land? What Language expresses the incomparable Splendors, of IMMANUEL'S Kingdom? Would some celestial Hand draw aside the Veil, but for one Moment; and permit us to throw a single Glance on those Divine Abodes; how  
would



would all sublunary Possessions become tarnished in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taste! One transient Glimpse of those unutterable Beatitudes, would captivate our Souls, and engross all their Faculties. *Eden* itself, after such a Vision, would appear a cheerless *Desart*; and all earthly *Charms*, intolerable *Deformity*.

VERY excellent Things are spoken of Thee, *Thou City of God* \*. Volumes have been written, and those by inspired Men, to display the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and resplendent in the visible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But, indeed, no Tongue can utter; no Pen can describe; no Fancy can imagine; what God, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him.—Seeing then, that all terrestrial Things must come to a speedy End; and there remaineth such a Rest, such a blissful and everlasting Rest, for the People of God; let me never be too fondly attached, to any present Satisfaction. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a superior Indifference, for such transitory Enjoyments; but long, long earnestly, for

\* Psalm lxxxvii, 2.

the Mansions that are above; the Paradise, "which the LORD hath planted, and not "Man." Thither, may I transmit the *Chief* of my *Conversation*; and from thence, expect the *Whole* of my *Happiness*. Be that the sacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart; ever attracts my Affections. *There*, are such transcendent Glories, as Eye has not seen: *There*, are such transporting Pleasures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is such a Fulness of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

INTO that consummate Felicity; those eternal Fruitions; permit me, Madam, to wish You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance*: and to assure You, that this Wish is breathed, with the same Sincerity and Ardor, for my honoured Correspondent, as it is, MADAM, for

*Your most Obedient, &c.*

J. HERVEY.





A  
DESCANT  
UPON  
CREATION.

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*With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I see;  
The Skies it form'd, and yet it bled for me.*

Night-Thoughts, No. IV.

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THE  
CONTENTS.

*Design of the Whole—Angels—The visible Heavens — Stars — Comets — Planets — Sun — Moon — Thunders — Lightnings — Clouds, wintry and vernal—Rainbow—Storms and Tempests — Pestilence — Heat and Cold — Ocean—Woods and Shrubs—Vine and Fruit-trees — Meadows and Fields — Mines and Jewels—Fountains and Rivers—Birds—Bees—Silkworm—Cattle, and Creatures in every Element—General Chorus of Praise.*







A  
DESCANT  
UPON  
CREATION.

**I**F the Reader pleases to look back to Page 197; He will find me engaged by a *promissory* Note, to subjoin a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION*.

To *know the Love of* CHRIST; to have such a deep Apprehension of his unspeakable Kindness, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude to his dying Majesty, and an unfeigned Faith in his precious Merits; this, according to *St. Paul's* Estimate, is the highest and happiest Attain-

ment in the sacred Science of Christianity \*. The following, is an Attempt to assist the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or two of that best and greatest Lesson. It introduces the most conspicuous Parts of the visible System, as so many *Prompters* to our dull Affections; each suggesting a *Hint*, adapted to the important Occasion, and suited to it's respective Character.

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to this heavenly Temper; than to consider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Universe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—Every Object, viewed in this Light, will, I hope, administer incessant *Recruits*, to the *languishing* Lamp of *Divine Love*. Every Production in Nature, will strike a Spark into the Soul; and the whole Creation concur, to raise that smoking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any thing impart a stronger Joy, to the Believer; or more effectually tend to confirm his *Affiance*, in the crucified JESUS; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament shewing his Handy-work? Surely, it must be Matter of

\* Eph. iii. 19.



inexpressible Consolation to the poor Sinner; to observe the Honours of his Redeemer, written with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

LET Those, therefore, who delight to read an Account of their incarnate JEHOVAH; as he is revealed in the Books of *Moses* and the Prophets, the Evangelists and Apostles; endeavour, accustom themselves, to see a Sketch of his Perfections; as they stand delineated in that *stately* Volume, where every *Leaf*, is a spacious Plain—every *Line*, a flowing Brook—every *Period*, a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexercised in such Speculations, I beg Leave (in pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a *Specimen*: to offer a Clue, which may possibly lead their Minds, into this most improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD Any be inclined to suspect the following Observations, as the Voice of Rant, or the lawless Flight of Fancy; rather than acquiesce in them, as the *Words of Truth and Soberness*; I intreat such Persons to recollect, That they are warranted by the unanimous Testimony of the inspired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or

CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cause of All; assuring Us, that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him; and that in Him all Things consist* \*.

ON such a Subject, what is *wonderful*, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the grand Characteristic of God, and his Works; especially, of that most distinguished and glorious even of the divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that, “all the Miracles in *Egypt*, and the “marvellous Acts in the Field of *Zoan*,” all that the *Jewish* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; dwindle into *trivial* Events, and are scarce worthy to be *remembered* †, in comparison of this stupendous Transaction.---Kindled, therefore, into pleasing Astonishment, by such a Survey; let me give full Scope to my Meditations, and pour out my whole Soul on so boundless a Subject; regardless of the Limits, which cold Criticism might prescribe.

O YE *Angels*, that surround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, “that excel in Strength,”

\* *Colos.* i. 16, 17. Before my Reader enters upon the following Descant, he is desired to peruse the Note, pag. 154, 155.

† *Isai.* xliii. 18.

and



and are cloathed with transcendent Brightness; He, who placed You in those Stations of exalted Honour, who dignified your Nature with such illustrious Endowments; He, whom You all obey, and all adore: HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but united Himself to frail Flesh and Blood; communicated with Us wretched Mortals in our Weariness, our Pains, and all our Infirmities, Sin only excepted:—That We might, one Day, be raised to your sublime Abodes; be adopted into your blissful Society; and join with your transported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever \*.

O YE *Heavens*; whose azure Arches rise so immensely high, and stretch so unmeasurably wide: stupendous Amphitheatre; amidst whose vast expansive Circuit, Orbs of enormous Magnitude are perpetually running their amazing Races: unfathomable Depths of Æther; where Worlds unnumbered float, and, to our limited Sight, Worlds unnumbered are lost:—He, who adjusted your Dimensions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once

\* Rev. v. 13.



wrapt in Swaddling-cloaths, and laid in a Manger :---that the Benefits accruing to his People, through his most meritorious Humiliation, might have no other Measure of their Value than Immensity ; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

O YE *Stars* ; that beam with such inextinguishable Brilliancy, through the midnight Sky ; Oceans of Flame, and Centres of Worlds, tho' seemingly little Points of Light : ---He, who shone, with essential Effulgence, innumerable Ages, before your twinkling Tapers were kindled ; and will shine with everlasting Majesty and Beauty, when your Places shall be known no more : HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepest Obscurity ; lay concealed in the contemptible City *Nazareth* ; lay disguised, under the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son :---that He might plant the Heavens \*, as it were, with new Constellations ; and exalt the Clods of Earth to a Radiancy, superior to yours : a Radiancy, which will adorn the very Heaven of Heavens, when you shall vanish away, like Smoke † ; or expire, as momentary Sparks from the smitten Steel.

\* *Isai. li. 16.*

† Alluding to a Passage in *Isaiah*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Comparison.—*Lift up your*

COMETS; that sometimes shoot into the illimitable Tracts of Æther, farther than the Discernment of our Eye is able to follow; sometimes, return from the long, long Excursion, and sweep our affrighted Hemisphere with your enormous fiery Train; that, sometimes, make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almost in his immediate Beams; sometimes, retire to very remote Distances, and freeze, for Ages, in the excessive Rigours of Winter:—He, who at his sovereign Pleasure, withdraws the blazing Wonder: or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to shake Terror over guilty Kingdoms: HE was overwhelmed with the most shocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepest Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehensions of Fear, and scorched by the Flames of avenging Wrath:—That I, and other rebellious Creatures, might not be for ever agitated, in the Extremes of jarring Passions; opposite, yet, on either Side, tormenting;

*Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth beneath: for the Heavens shall vanish away like Smoke, and the Earth shall wax old like a Garment, and they that dwell therein shall die like the feeble Insect; but my Righteousness shall be for ever, and my Salvation shall not be abolished, Isai. li. 6. — With the great Vitringa, I translate the Words כְּמִן, not, in like manner; but, like the feeble Insect. Which renders the Period more complete; the Sense more emphatical; and is more agreeable to the Genius of the sacred Original.*

far



far more tormenting to the Soul, than the severest Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Sense.

YE *Planets*; that, winged with unimaginable Speed, traverse the Regions of the Sky; sometimes climbing Millions and Millions of Miles above, sometimes descending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions: Ye, that are so minutely faithful, to the Vicissitudes of Day and Night; so exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your respective Seasons:-----He, who launched You, at first, from his mighty Arm; who continually impels You, with such wonderful Rapidity; and guides You, with such perfect Regularity: Who fixes "the Habitation of his Holiness, and his Glory," infinite Heights above your scanty Rounds: HE once became a helpless Infant; sojourned in our inferior World; fled from the Persecutor's Sword; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land:---that He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace; that he might bring Us Aliens near to GOD, bring Us Exiles home to Heaven.

THOU *Sun*; inexhausted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort; without whose Presence



sence an universal Gloom would ensue, and Horror insupportable: Who, without the Assistance of any other Fire, sheddest Day through a thousand Realms; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendest thy enlightening Influences to surrounding Worlds: Prime Chearer of the animal, and great Enlivener of the vegetable Tribes; so beautiful in thyself, so beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addressed thee with Adorations, and mistook thee for thy Maker:---He, who filled thy Orb with a Profusion of Lustre; Lustre, in it's direct Emanations, unsufferably bright; but, rebated by Reflexion, delightfully mild: He, before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade; whose Love transfused into the Heart, is infinitely more exhilarating, than even thy sweet and clear Shining after the Rain:---HE divested Himself of his all-transcending Distinctions, and drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity; that, by speaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man speaketh unto his Friend, He might dispel our intellectual Darkness: His "Visage was "marred,\*" and he became the Scorn of Men, the Outcast of the People; that, by this Manifestation of his unutterably tender

\* Isai. lii. 14.

Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuse many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds: that, in another State of Things, He might cloathe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary; and give all the Righteous to shine forth as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.

THOU *Moon*; that walkest among the Host of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art superior to them all: fair Ruler of the Night; sometimes, supplying the Day, with thy waxing Brightness; sometimes, waning into Dimness, and scarcely scattering the nocturnal Gloom; sometimes, covered with Sackcloth, and alarming the gazing Nations---He, who dresses thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed Silver; whose Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own: He vouchsafed to wear a Body of Clay; HE vouchsafed to appear as in a bloody Eclipse, shorn of his resplendent Beams, and surrounded with a Night of Horror, that knew not one reviving Ray:---Thus, has He empowered his Church, to tread the Moon under her Feet\*; and, inspired with the Hope of brighter Glory, of more enduring Bliss, to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and

\* Rev. xii. 1.



vainer Amusements, of this sublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE *Thunders*; that, awfully grumbling in the distant Clouds, seem to meditate Indignation, and form the first Essays of a far more dreadful Peal; or, suddenly bursting over our Heads, rend the Vault above, and shake the Ground below, with the hideous, horrid Crack: Ye, that send your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole, startling the savage Herds \*, and astonishing the human Race:—He, who permits Terror to sound her Trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, inlarging, aggravated Roar: HE uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and strong expiring Groans on the accursed Tree:—that He might, in the gentlest Accents, whisper Peace to our Souls; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE *Lightnings*; that brood, and lie couchant, in the sulphureous Vapours; that glance, with forked Fury, from the angry Gloom, swifter and fiercer, than the Lion

\* Psal. xxix. 8.

rushing



rushing from his Den; or open into vast expansive Sheets of Flame, sublimely waved over the prostrate World, and fearfully lingering in the frightened Skies: Ye, that formerly laid in Ashes the licentious Abodes of Lust and Violence; that will, ere long, set on Fire the Elements, and co-operate in the Conflagration of the Globe:—He, who kindles your Flash, and directs You when to sally, and where to strike; commissions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill, and whom to spare: HE resigned his sacred Person, to the most barbarous and provoking Insults; submitted his beneficent Hands to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail; yea, with-held not his Heart, his very Heart, from the Stab of the Executioner's Spear: and, instead of flashing Confusion on his outrageous Tormentors; instead of striking them dead to the Earth, or plunging them to the Depths of Hell, with his Frown; He cried---in his last Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried, FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a Constellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue; shining, in this Hour of Darkness, with ineffable Splendor.

Splendor and Beauty \*!—Hence, hence it is, that We are not trembling under the Lightnings of Mount *Sinai*; that we are not blasted by the Flames of Divine Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlasting Burnings.

\* One can hardly forbear taking notice of the *disingenuous* Temper, and perverse Taste, of *Celsus*; who attempts to turn, this most distinguishing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach.—Having spoken of CHRIST, as despitefully used, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns; and holding, by way of mock Majesty, a Reed instead of a Sceptre (for he enters into all these Circumstances, which is very remarkable); He adds——Τι κα, ει μη προσθεν, αλλα νυν γυν θειου τι επιδεικνυσαι; και της αισχυνης ταυτης εαυτου ρυηται, και της υβριζοντας εις εαυτον τε και τον πατερα δικαιοι; Orig. contra Cels. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occasion, at least, avert the GOD? Why does He not deliver Himself from this shocking Ignominy; or execute some signal Vengeance, on the Authors of such injurious and abusive Insults, both of Himself and his Father?—Why? Because, HE was Meekness and Gentleness itself: whereas your Deities were Slaves to their turbulent and resentful Passions. Because, they were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and prided themselves in spilling Blood: but, CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to destroy Mens Lives, but to save. Because, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage: But Who, amidst such unsufferable Provocations and Barbarities; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to rescue himself, the Power to avenge himself; could submit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience; and not only not be exasperated, but overcome, in so triumphant a Manner, Evil with Good? None but CHRIST! None but CHRIST! This was Compassion worthy of a GOD; Clemency and Charity truly divine.*



YE frowning wintry Clouds ; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burdening the Winds : He, in whose Hand, You are an overflowing Scourge ; or, by whose Appointment, an Arsenal \* of warlike Stores : He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood gushes forth ; to destroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown the Husbandman's Hopes : Who moulds You into frozen Balls, and You are shot, linked with Death †, on the Troops of his Enemies :

Therefore, the Calumny raised by the same virulent Objector, in another Place, carries it's own Confutation : or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghil Deities ; while it bears a most *honourable* Testimony, to the majestic and invincible Meekness of our Saviour. —

Σαμεν, says He to the Christian, τα αγαλματια τωτων λαιδωρων καταγελας, ος αυτου γε του Διουυσου η του Ηρακλεα παροντα ει ελοιδορησας, η αν ισως χαιρων απηλλαξας· του γε σου Θεου παροντα κατατεινοντες και κολαζοντες, εδεν οι ταυτα δρασαντες πεπονθασιν, *ibid.* p. 404. i. e. You, indeed, take upon You, to deride the Images of our Deities ; but if Bacchus himself, or Hercules, had been present, You would not have dared to offer such an Affront ; or if you had been so presumptuous, would have severely smarted for your Insolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Person of your GOD, and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Cross, suffered no Effects of his Displeasure.

\* Juvenal seems to consider the Clouds, under this same Character, in that beautiful Line,

*Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cæli.* Sat. 13.

† It is well known, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by these *missive Weapons* of the Almighty, *Josh. x. 11.* — But, the most dreadful Description of this great Ordnance of the Heavens, is in *Rev. xvi. 21.* *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

HE,



HE, instead of discharging the Furioufness of his Wrath upon this guilty Head; poured out his Prayers; poured out his Sighs; poured out his very Soul; for me and my Fellow-transgressors:—that, by virtue of his inestimable Propitiation, the Overflowings of Divine Good-will might be extended to sinful Men; that the Skies might pour down Righteousness; and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Blessings, descend to dwell on Earth.

YE *vernal Clouds*; Furls of finer Air, Folds of softer Moisture; He, who draws You, in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep; bids You leave every distasteful Quality behind; and become floating Fountains of sweetest Waters: He, who dissolves You into gentle Rain, and dismisses You in fruitful Showers; who kindly commissions You, to drop down Fatness, as You fall, and to scatter Flowers over the Field:—HE, in the unutterable Bitterness of his Spirit, was without any comforting Sense of his Almighty Father's Presence; had not one Drop of that sacred Consolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been distilled as the Evening Dews, and has "given

“ Songs in the Night” of Distress :---That, from this unallayed and inconsolable Anguish of our all-gracious Master, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of spiritual Refreshment.

THOU grand *ethereal Bow*; whose Beauties flush the Firmament, and charm every Spectator: He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours; and bends thee into that graceful and majestic Figure: at whose Command, thy vivid Streaks sweetly rise, or swiftly fade:—HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty; and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt: insomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, ashamed, or afraid to own Him, “ hid as it were their Faces from Him\* :” ---To teach Us a becoming Disdain, for the unsubstantial and transitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities: to introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy resplendent Arch; even in the Robes of his own most

\* Isai. liii. 3. כַּמֶּסֶת פָּנִים מִמֶּנּוּ *Fuit tanquam aliquis, a quo quisque faciem occultaret. He was as some flagitious and abandoned Wretch, from whom every One, disdainful of such a Character, and disclaiming such an Acquaintance, studiously hid his Face.*



immaculate Righteousness, to introduce Us, unblameable and unconfounded, before that awful Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow furrounds; furrounds, as a Pledge of everlasting Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms* and *Tempests*, that vex the Continent, and toss the Seas; that dash Navies on the Rocks, and drive Forests from their Roots: He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane, in streightened Reins; and walks, dreadfully serene, on the very Wings of the Wind: He, whose Breath rouses You into such resistless Fury, and whose Nod controuls You in your wildest Career: HE went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so he opened not his Mouth:---Thus, are We instructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity, the various Assaults of Adversity; and to pass, with a becoming Tranquillity of Temper, through the ruder Blasts of injurious Treatment: thus are We delivered from the unutterably fiercer Storms, of incensed and inexorable Justice; from the "Fire, the Brimstone, and the horrible Tempest, which shall be the Portion of the Ungodly."



THOU *Pestilence*, that scatterest Ten thousand Poisons from thy baleful Wings; tainting the Air, and infecting the Nations: that leavest mighty Regions depopulated, and crouded Cities, even great and fair, without Inhabitant:---He, who arms thee with inevitable Destruction, and ordains thee to march before \* his angry Countenance: to spread Desolation among the Tents of the Wicked, and bethe Forerunner of far more fearful Indignation: HE, in his holy Humanity, was arraigned as a Criminal; and, though Innocence itself, yea, the very Pattern of Perfection, was condemned to die, like the most execrable Miscreant: as a Nuisance to Society, and the very Bane of the public Happiness, He was hurried away to Execution, and hammered to the Gibbet:---That by his Blood, He might prepare a sovereign Medicine, to cure Us of a more fatal Distemper, than the *Pestilence* that walketh in Darkness, or the Sickneſs that destroyeth at Noon-day: that He might himself say to our last Enemy, " O Death, I will be thy Plague; O Grave, " I will be thy Destruction †."

HEAT; whose burning Influence parches the *Libyan* Wilds; tans, into Soot, the *Ethi-*

\* *Before Him went the Pestilence*, Hab. iii. 5.

† *Hos. xiii. 14.*

*opian's* Complexion; and makes every Species of Life pant, languish, and sicken: *Cold*, whose icy Breath glazes yearly the *Russian* Seas; often glues the frozen Sailor to the Cordage; and stiffens the Traveller into a Statue of rigid Flesh:----HE, who sometimes mingles You both, and produces a delightful Temperature; sometimes, suffers You to act separately, and rage with intolerable Severity: that King of Heaven, and Controuler of universal Nature, when dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, was exposed to chilling Damps, and smitten by sultry Beams: the Stars, in their midnight Watches, heard Him pray; and the Sun, in his meridian Fervours, saw Him toil:---Hence are our frozen Hearts dissolved, into a Flow of divine Love; conscious of a Deliverance from those insufferable Flames, which glow in the infernal Prison.

THOU *Ocean*, vast World of Waters; He, who sunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Channels; before Whom, all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the small Drop of a Bucket: Who, by the least Intimation of his Will, swells thy fluid Kingdoms, in wild Confusion, to



minge with the Clouds; or reduces them, in calm Composure, to slumber on the Shores; He, who once gave thee a Warrant to overwhelm the whole Earth, and bury all it's degenerate Inhabitants in a watery Grave; but has, now, laid an everlasting Embargo on thy boisterous Waves; and bound thee, all fierce and madding as Thou art, in Chains stronger than Adamant, yet formed of despicable Sand:---All the Waves and Billows of inexorable Vengeance, passed over HIS tormented Body, and afflicted Soul: that We might emerge from those Depths of Misery, from that Abyfs of Guilt, into which We were plunged by *Adam's* Fall, and more irretrievably sunk by our own Transgressions: that, at the last, We might be restored to that happy World, which is represented, in the Vision of GOD, as having "no Sea\*;" to denote it's perpetual Stability, and undisturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into distant Provinces: everlasting Pyramids of Nature, not to be shook by conflicting Elements; not to be torn by the Convulsions of Earthquakes;

\* Rev. xxi. 1.



nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time :  
 ---He who bid your Ridges rise so high,  
 and your Foundations stand so fast: in whose  
 Scale, You are lighter than Dust; in whose  
 Eye, You are less than nothing :---HE sunk,  
 beneath a Load of Woes; Woes insupport-  
 able, but not his own; when He took our  
 Iniquities, and heaved the more than moun-  
 tainous Burden from a guilty World.

YE verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills,  
 and are crowned yourselves with leafy Ho-  
 nours: Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring,  
 with opening Blossoms; and fanned, in Sum-  
 mer, by gentle Gales: Ye, that in distant  
 Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe  
 out spicy Odours, and embalm the Air with  
 delightful Perfumes :---Your all-glorious and  
 ever-blessed Creator's Head, was incircled  
 with the thorny Wreath; his Face defiled with  
 contumelious Spitting; and his Body bathed  
 in a bloody Sweat: that We might wear the  
 Crown, the Crown of Glory, which fadeth not  
 away; and live, for evermore, surrounded  
 with Delights, as much surpassing yours, as  
 yours exceed the rugged Desolations of Winter.

THOU mantling *Vine*; He, who hangs,  
 on thy slender Shoots, the rich, transparent,

weighty Cluster; Who, under thy unornamented Foliage, and amidst the Pores of thy otherwise worthless Bough, prepares the Liquor---the refined and exalted Liquor, that cheers the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy: *Trees*, whose Branches are elevated and waving in Air; or diffused, in easy Confinement, along a sunny Wall: He, who loads You with a lovely Burden of delicious Fruits; whose genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their Taste:---HE, when voluntarily subject to our Wants, instead of being refreshed with your generous Juices, or regaled with your luscious Pulp; had a loathsome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addressed to his Lips:---that We might eat of the Fruit of the Tree of Life, which grows in the midst of the Paradise of God\*; and drink new Wine, with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows*; He, who, without the Seed-man's Industry, replenishes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage; who enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue:---Ye fertile *Fields*; He, who blesses the Labours of the Husbandman; who enriches your

\* Rev. ii. 7.



well-tilled Plains with waving Harvests, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows: He, who causes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and sing, for the Abundance of Plenty:---HE was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirst; He eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had "Plenteousness of Tears to drink:"---that We might partake of richer Dainties, than those which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatness of the Earth; that We might feed on "the hidden Manna," and eat the Bread which giveth Life, eternal Life, unto the World.

YE *Mines*, rich in golden Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that distribute your shining Treasures, as far as Winds can waft the Vessel of Commerce; who bestow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Pensioners:---Ye Beds of *Gems*, Toyshops of jealous Nature, which form, in dark Retirement, the glittering Stone; *Diamonds*, that sparkle with a brilliant Water; *Rubies*, that glow with a crimson Flame; *Emeralds*, dipped in the freshest Verdure of Spring; *Sapphires*, decked with the fairest Drapery of the Sky; *Topaz*, emblazed with dazzling Yellow; *Amethyst*, impurpled with  
the



the Blushes of the Morning:—He, who tinctures the metallic Dust, and consolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when sojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of disinterested Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unspotted Purity; poor he was in his Circumstances, and mean in all his Accommodations; that WE might be rich in Grace, and “obtain Salvation” with eternal Glory:” that We might for ever inherit the new *Jerusalem*, that splendid City, whose Streets are paved with pure Gold, and the Walls garnished with all manner of precious Stones\*.

YE gushing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Grass; Ye fine transparent *Streams*, that glide, in crystal Waves, along your fringed Banks: Ye deep and stately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Course, to spread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progress, and augment the Sea with your Tribute;—He, who supplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhaustible Liberality: HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquisite Pain, and his Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and

\* Rev. xxi. 19, 21.

(O! unparalleled Hardship!) was denied, in his great Extremity, the poor Refreshment of a single Drop of Water:—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work Here; and, Hereafter, might be filled with all the Fullness of God, and “drink of his Pleasures, “as out of a River.”

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gaily dressed in glossy Plumage; who wake the Morn, and solace the Groves, with your artless Lays: Surprising Architects, who, without Rule or Line, build your pensile Structures, with inimitable Niceness: You have each his commodious Nest, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cherish the callow Brood.—But He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was “a Man “acquainted with Grief,” and had not where to lay his Head; had not where to lay his Head, till He felt the Pangs of Dissolution, and was laid in the silent Grave:—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and resting in the Bosom of infinite Love, might spend an harmonious Eternity in “singing the Song of *Moses*, and “of the LAMB.”

B E E S,



B E E S, industrious Workmen; that sweep, with busy Wing, the flowery Garden; and search the blooming Heath; and sip the mellifluous Dews: Strangers to Idleness, that ply, with incessant Assiduity, your pleasing Task; and suffer no opening Blossom to pass unexplored, no sunny Gleam to slip away unimproved: most ingenious Artificers, that cling to the fragrant Buds, and, with your nice inserted Tubes, probe them to the very Bottom; drain them of their treasured Sweets; and extract even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants, and Flowers:—You, when you have completed your Work; collected, refined, and securely lodged, the ambrosial Stores; and might reasonably expect the peaceful Fruition of your Acquisitions; You, alas! are barbarously destroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murderers. I cannot but pity your hard Destiny!—How, then, should my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and Eyes flow with Tears\*; when I remember, that *thus, thus* it fared

\* Canst Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments see,  
Nor drop a Tear for HIM, who *pour'd* his Blood for  
Thee?

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with



with your and our incarnate Maker †! After a Life of the most exemplary and useful Piety; a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and slain: He left the Honey of his Toil, the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be shared among Others: to be shared even among Those, who too often crucify Him afresh, and put Him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal, that *spins* her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine

† No One, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *such* an Occasion, Creatures of so low a Rank. Since, even the Volumes of Inspiration seem to lend me the Sanction of their sacred Authority. As they disdain not to compare the blessed JESUS to a *Door*, a *Highway*, &c. And, perhaps, *all* Comparisons, which respect a Being of *infinite* Dignity, are not only *mean*, but *equally* mean and unworthy.

I am sensible, likewise, that in this Paragraph, and some others, all the Circumstances are not completely correspondent. But if, in *some* grand Particulars, the *Red-dition* answers to the *Description*; this, I trust, will be sufficient for my Purpose, and satisfactory to my Readers. —Perhaps, it would be no mistaken Caution, to apply the same Observation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, used by our LORD; such as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjust Steward*, the *Thief* in the Night, &c. Which, if scrupulously sifted, or rigorously strained, for an intire Coincidence in *every* Circumstance, must appear to great Disadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniencies.

*filken* Thread? Whose matchless Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itself more magnificent.— Shall I take notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gaiety and Business of Life are over, the little Recluse immures herself, and spends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?----Shall I rather observe the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleasure, and weary of the World, she prepares for her own Interrment: or how, when a stated Period is elapsed, She awakes from a Death-like Inactivity; breaks the Inclosure of her Tomb; throws off the dusky Shroud; assumes a new Form; puts on a more sumptuous Array; and, from an Insect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air?---No: this is a poor *Reptile*; and therefore unworthy to serve as an Illustration, when any Character of the Son of God comes under Consideration. But let me correct myself. Was not CHRIST (to use the Language of his own blessed Spirit) “*a Worm, and no Man*\*?” Did He not also bequeath the fine Linen of his own most perfect Righteousness, to compose the Mar-

\* Psalm xxii. 6.



riage-Garment† for our naked Souls? Did he not, before his Flesh saw Corruption, emerge triumphant from the Grave; and mount not the lower Firmament only, but ascend the highest Heavens; taking Possession of those immortal Mansions, in our Name, and as our Forerunner?

† This, and several other Hints, interspersed in the Two Volumes, refer to the *active* and *passive* Righteousness of CHRIST, *imputed* to Believers, for their Justification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expositors, is the mystical and the most sublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, so emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher sent from GOD, *Matt. xxii. 11*. A Doctrine, which Some of Those who honour my Meditations with a Perusal, probably may not receive with much, if any, Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be cashiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment: and I beg, that the Sentiment itself may not hastily be rejected, without a serious Hearing. For, I have the Pleasure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and distinguished Sense, who had *once* as strong Prepossessions *against* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now*, not only admits it, as a Truth; but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes. A clear and cogent Treatise, intitled *Submission to the Righteousness of GOD*, was the Instrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing him to a better Judgment.—In which he has been happily confirmed, by the Authority of the most *illustrious* Names, and the Works of the most *eminent* Pens, that have ever adorned our Church and Nation. In this Number are—Bishop *Jewel*, one of our great Reformers; and the other venerable Compilers of our Homilies;—Archbishop *Usher*, that Oracle of universal Learning;—Bishop *Hall*, the devout and sprightly Orator of his Age;—the copious and fervent Bishop *Hopkins*;—the singularly good and unaf-

YE *Cattle*, that rest in your inclosed Pastures; Ye *Beasts*, that range the ample Forest; Ye *Fish*, that rove through trackless Paths of the Sea: *Sheep*, clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are wore by Kings; *Kine*, who feed on Verdure, which, transmuted in your Bodies, and strained from your Udders, furnishes a Repast for Queens; *Lions*, roaring after your Prey; and *Leviathan*, taking your Pastime in the great Deep: with all that wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or swim the Wave:---He, who spreads his ever-hospitable Board; who admits You all to be his continual Guests; and suffers You to want no manner of Thing that is Good:---HE was destitute, afflicted, tormented; endured all that was miserable and reproachful; in order to exalt a dege-

fectured Bishop *Beveridge*;—that everlasting Honour of the Bench of Judicature, Lord Chief Justice *Hales*;—the nervous, florid, and persuasive Dean *Stanhope*;—The practical and perspicuous Mr. *Burkit*; — and, to summon no other Evidence, that *matchless* Genius *Milton*; who, in various Parts of his divine Poem, inculcates this comfortable Truth; and, in *one* Passage, represents it under the very same Image, made use of above. *Book* x. l. 222.—I had almost forgot to mention, that the Treatise intitled *Submission*, &c. was written by Mr. *Benjamin Jenks*; whose Book of Devotions has deservedly passed through *Eleven* Editions; and is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments; as well as for the pathetic Turn of Expression, with which they are cloathed.

nerate



nerate Race, who had debased themselves to a Level with the Beasts that perish, unto Seats of most distinguished Honour; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin, and Heirs of Hell, into consummate and everlasting Bliss.

SURELY, the Contemplation of such a Subject, and the distant Anticipation of such a Hope, may almost turn Earth into Heaven, and make even inanimate Nature vocal in Praise. Let it, then, break forth from every Creature. Let the *meanest*, feel the inspiring Impulse; let the *greatest*, acknowledge themselves unable, worthily to express the stupendous Goodness.—Praise HIM, ye *Insects* that crawl on the Ground; who, though high above all Height, humbled Himself to dwell in Dust.—*Bleat* out, ye Valleys; let broader *Lows* be responsive from the Hills; ye *Forests* catch, and ye *Rocks* retain, the inarticulate Hymn: for the great and good Shepherd, disdained not to be born in the Stable, and, with frequent Step, to retire into the Desert.—*Birds* of the Air, waft on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praise; who, though LORD of the celestial Abodes, while sojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter, commodious as your Nests.—Ye *rougher* World of *Brutes*,

join with the gentle Songsters of the Shade,  
and howl to HIM your hoarse Applause;  
who breaks the Jaw-bones of the infernal  
Lion; who softens into Mildness the savage  
Disposition; and bids the Wolf lie down, in  
amicable Agreement, with the Lamb.—  
Wave, ye stately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worship,  
wave your branching Heads to HIM; who  
meekly bowed his own, on the accursed Tree.  
—Breathe balmy Incense, ye blooming *Flowers*,  
to the incarnate Mystery; who, though his  
Name be, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty  
God, and the Prince of Peace; yet vouch-  
safes to be called the Rose of *Sharon*, and the  
Lily of the Valleys.—*Pleasing Prospects*,  
Scenes of Beauty, where nicest Art con-  
spires with lavish Nature, to form a Paradise  
below; lay forth all your Charms, and in  
all your Charms confess yourselves a mere  
Blank; compared with HIS Amiableness,  
who is “fairest among Ten thousand, and  
“altogether lovely.”—Drop down, ye gentle  
*Showers*; and testify, as You fall; O! testify  
of HIS Grace, which descends more co-  
piously than the Rain, distils more sweetly  
than the Dew.—Let sighing *Gales* breathe,  
and murmuring *Rivulets* flow; flow, in har-  
monious Consonance, to HIM; whose Spirit  
is far more reviving, than the cooling Breeze;  
who



who is himself the Fountain of living Waters.  
 —Ye *Lightnings*, blaze to HIS Honour;  
 ye *Thunders*, sound HIS Praise; while re-  
 verberating *Clouds* return the Roar, and bel-  
 lowing *Oceans* propagate the tremendous An-  
 them.—*Muteſt* of Creatures, in ſilent Oratory  
 diſplay the Triumphs of HIS Meekneſs;  
 who, amidſt the moſt provoking Inſults, was  
 “ dumb, and opened not his Mouth.”——

Great *Source* of *Day*, addreſs thy radiant  
 Homage to a far ſublimier Sun; write, in  
 all thy ample Round, with every lucid Beam,  
 O! write HIS Praise; whoſe Word, ac-  
 companied with his Spirit, ſheds brighter  
 Light, and more exhilarating Rays, through  
 the Mind.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay,  
 thou *Earth*; let every Creature ſmile: be-  
 cauſe, by the Appearance of the Sun of  
 Righteouſneſs, Peace is made with Heaven,  
 and Joy come down to dwell on Earth.——

*Angels* and *Archangels*, let your Songs be of  
 JESUS, and teach the Heaven of Heavens  
 to echo with his honoured Name: Ye beheld  
 Him, with greater Transports of Admiration,  
 when You attended his Agony in the Garden,  
 and ſaw Him proſtrate on the Ground; than  
 when You beheld univerſal Nature riſing at  
 his Call, and ſaw the Wonders of creating  
 Might: Tune, tune to loftieſt Notes your

golden Harps, and waken Raptures, unknown before even in heavenly Breasts: while *all* that has Breath, swells the sacred Concert, and bursts into a boundless Peal of Melody.

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with distinguished Hosannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was stretched on the racking Cross; for Man, He was consigned to the gloomy Sepulchre.---However *different*, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumstances, be *unanimous* in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Respector of Persons; who gave himself a Ransom for all.---Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones of Ivory and Gold; in your Robes of imperial Purple, fall prostrate at HIS Feet; who forsook a nobler Throne, and laid aside more illustrious Ensigns of Majesty; that You might reign with God for ever and ever.---*Children of Poverty*, meanest of Mortals (if any can be called poor, who are *thus* enriched; if any can be accounted mean, who are *thus* ennobled); rejoice, greatly rejoice, in God your Saviour; who chose to be indigent, chose to be contemned; that You might be intitled to the Treasures, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.---*Sons of Affliction*, though harassed



raised with Pain, and inured to Anguish, O! change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude. Let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the universal Symphony; but *glorify* the LAMB even *in the Fires*\*: who himself bore greater Torment, than You feel; and has promised You a Share in the Joy, He inherits: who has made your Sufferings short, and will make your Rest eternal.—*Men* of *hoary* Locks, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation; let his Name, his precious Name, form the last Accents, that quiver on your pale expiring Lips:---and let this be the first, that slips on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants*: remember your REDEEMER in your earliest Moments: devote the Choice of your Hours to the learning of his Will, and the Chief of your Strength to the glorifying of HIS Name; who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionless and ghastly Corpse; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom, of immortal Youth.

\* *Isai.* xxiv. 15.

YE *Spirits* of *just* Men made *perfect*, who are released from the Burden of the Flesh; and freed from all the vexatious Solicitations, of Corruption in Yourself; delivered from all the dreadful Effects, of Iniquity in Others: Who sojourn no longer in the Tents of Strife, or the Territories of Disorder; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where no ungenerous Action creates outward Irregularity, no suspicious Jealousies breed inward Disaffection; where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character; where God himself is pleased *graciously* and *immediately* to preside.—You find, not without pleasing Astonishment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith delightfully superseded by the Beatific Vision. You feel all your former Shyness of Behaviour, happily lost in the Overflowings of unbounded Love: and all your little Differences of Opinion, intirely overwhelmed in the Tides of invariable Truth. Bless, therefore, with all your enlarged Powers, bless *His* infinitely larger Goodness; who, when He had overcome the Sharpness of Death, opened the Gates of Paradise, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.



YE Men of *holy* Conversation, and *bumble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You*, and *washed You from your Sins in his own Blood*: think of Him, on your silent Couch; talk of Him, in every social Interview: glory in his Excellencies; make your Boast of his Obedience; and add, still continue to add, the Music of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue.—*Weakest of Believers*, who go mourning under a Sense of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaseless Assaults of Temptation; O! put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladness. Because JESUS, is as merciful to hear, as He is mighty to help. Because, He knows your Integrity, amidst all your Failings; He is touched with the tenderest sympathizing Concern, for all your Distresses; and he lives, ever lives, to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER.—Why then should uneasy Doubts, sadden your Countenances? Why should desponding Fears, oppress your Souls? Turn, turn those disconsolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; since you have his *powerful Intercession*, his *inestimable Merits*, to be your Anchor in all Tribulations; to be your Passport into eternal Blessedness.—Above all, O Ye *Ministers* of the *Sanctuary*; Heralds commissioned from above; lift, every One, his

his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambassadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains; and spread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, "that was slain, "but is alive for evermore." Teach every sacred Roof, to resound with his Fame; and every human Heart, to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, declare the inconceivable Richness, of that atoning Blood; whose Merits are commensurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY \*. Tell the sinful Wretch, what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL'S Bowels; and *what*, the compassionate High-Priest, has done for his Soul. Invite the Indigent, to become rich;

\* If in this Place, and others, I have spoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and it's unknown Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is expressed, in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greatest *Wits*, who had also been one of the greatest *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of the most remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr. Bayle confesses to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which, a Genius superior to them both, recommends as a *noble* one (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. No. 513.)

The Author, having acknowledged his Crimes to be, beyond Measure heinous, and almost beyond Forgiveness provoking:—so provoking, as to render Tears from such Eyes offensive, and Prayers from such Lips abominable:—composes himself to submit, without the least repining

intreat



intreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; because, in the crucified Jesus is Fulness of Grace, and All-sufficiency to save.—While You, placed in conspicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I steal through the Vale of humble Life, catch the pleasing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Blessings became a Curse: for *me*, his Bones were dislocated, and his Flesh was torn: He hung, with streaming Veins, and an agonizing Soul, on the Cross, for *me*. O! may I, in my little Sphere, and amidst the scanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at least whisper these glad transporting Tidings; whisper them from my own Heart, that they may surely reach, and sweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raise the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective* Acclamations, and unite in harmonious Gratitude;—this full,

Sentiment; to submit, even with Praise and Adoration, to the most dreadful Doom. Accordingly, He stands in resigned Expectation of being instantly struck by the Bolts of Vengeance: but—with a Turn of Thought, equally surprising and sprightly; with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm; adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* ev'n thy Thunders fall?  
CHRIST's Blood o'erspreads and shields me from them  
*all.*

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fervent,

fervent, and universal Chorus, will be so *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER'S Grace; so *disproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will seem but to *debase*, the unutterable Subject, it attempts to exalt: the loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the solemn mental Eloquence of prostrate, rapturous, *silent* Adoration.

O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!

And Love that passeth Knowledge!——

*Words are vain;*

*Language is lost in Wonders so divine.*

“Come then, expressive SILENCE, muse his Praise.”

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